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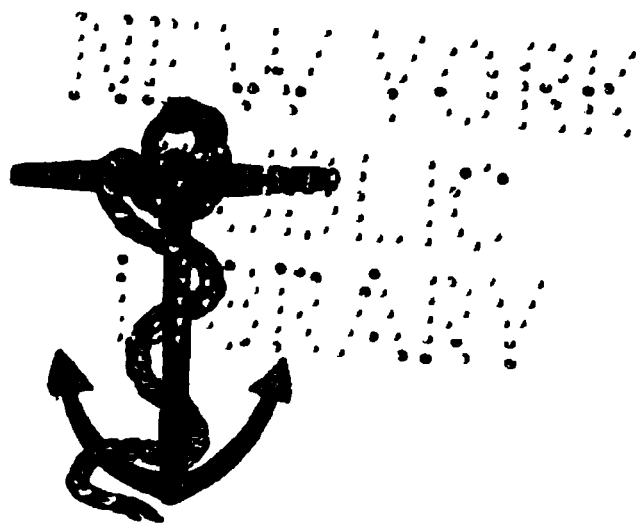
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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

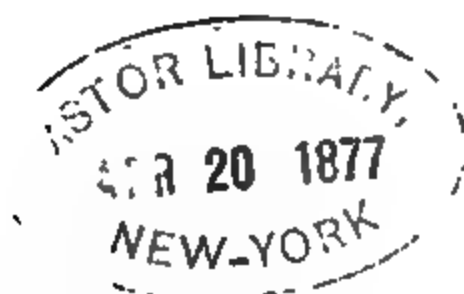
VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

LONDON:
HUNT & CO., 119, CHURCH STREET, N.W.,
EDGWARE ROAD;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

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1870.



WONG WAN
HUNT AND CO.,
CHURCH STREET, N.W.,
EDGEWATER ROAD,
LONDON.

ADDRESS.

IN THE first number of this volume we had the melancholy duty of informing our patrons of the death of our senior, the Editor and originator of those yachting publications which bear his name, it was almost his last wish that the works should be continued in a similar manner, and in endeavouring to carry out his desire we trust we have succeeded. Next year it is our intention to increase the number of pages during the regatta season to keep pace with the passing events. We sincerely thank our supporters, which we are happy to say have increased, although there are now many yachting organs, where, when the Magazine was started there were none.

December 1st, 1870.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1st, 1870.

ROUGH NOTES IN SMOOTH WATERS *

CHAPTER IV.

Of the many advantages of yachting life, not the least, is the being able to move your whole establishment from place to place, without trouble and generally with little notice or disarrangement of plan. It is one's own fault therefore if a place becomes tiresome or a bore after a time, for you can turn your back upon it at any time almost. However, I don't think we should have found Algiers stupid had we stayed a couple of months longer than we did—for we never wearied of "mooning" about the streets, staring at, and admiring the French shops and Moorish Bazaars, and picking up "curios" and bargains at the latter. Of course there was plenty of pretty rubbish, such as one sees at the Algerian shops in Regent Street, and Paris, and various English watering places, and which is chiefly made in Paris or by French workmen in Algiers, but though the French workmanship is greatly superior to the native, yet I preferred the latter myself as being more characteristic and of quainter form. I used to spend whole mornings in one of the

* Continued from page 147, vol. xviii.

squares of the old town, and watch the Arab-Tubal Cains hard at work making brass trays, &c., (not those tawdry colored affairs one sees in the shops aforesaid,) and singing monotonously the while to the eternal, "tum—tumsum, tum—tumtum," drummed with the palm of the hand by some idle looker on, either on table, door, or anything sonorous, in imitation of the native Tomtom. Several of these trays, of large size and really good workmanship, I secured for mere nominal prices, and have since had them electroplated with astonishingly good effect.

All the French shops in the Rue Bab-el-Oued are very good, and as it is now Christmas time they are in full bloom and gayer than ever, and we were therefore enabled to prepare for our especial Christmas festivities in a very satisfactory manner. Our only difficulty turned out to be the turkey; the Beef, (two good sirloins, one for the fore-castle and one for aft,) the steward cleverly contrived to get the French butcher to cut according to English notions,—whilst all hands fore and aft had been employed, more or less for the last day or two, in the composition of what turned out to be, two noble plum puddings. The one especially appertaining to the fore-castle was a marvellous sight to behold, being such a mass of citron, plums, spice, ginger and foreign preserved fruit (introduced for the sake of novelty), and so covered as to its surface, with almonds and preserved fruits, with a sugar canary stuck on the top, in default of holly, that it made me bilious to look at it, and I felt quite sorry for the gig's crew, when they came to fetch us on board in the evening for *our* dinner, for they seemed steeped in pudding up to their very eyebrows, and it was painful to notice how heavily that dreadful condiment sat on each of them, and I should think the snoring that proceeded from the "Violet Flower" that night, might have been heard all over the harbour.

Our own banquet was strictly national, though up to the morning of Christmas day—we had been in great tribulation about the necessary turkey. After scouring the country far and wide, and in vain beseeching the proprietors of the various hotels to aid us, at last a wan and sickly bird far advanced in years, was discovered, belonging to a French soldier, who demanded a fabulous price for it. Our commissioner had been in treaty with him for several days, but some of our compatriots had also heard of the festive bird, yearning to possess him and made such liberal offers that our market was quite spoiled. We bid against each other as keenly as did —

agers at a china auction, and the value of the turkey fluctuating like mining shares, was quoted at a ruinous price on the morning of the 24th December, and finally stood at thirty-eight francs, upon which our steward retired from the bidding, and saw it borne off in triumph to the fortunate purchaser. Good fortune however was yet in store for us, for that very evening there arrived, from Marseilles, L'Imperatrice steamer, having, amongst her live stock, twenty or thirty turkeys, from which we chose a fine juvenile specimen for eight francs only! Thus were we able to celebrate our Christmas festival in a fitting manner and so well was he appreciated that little of the turkey was left after its first appearance; save the legs which were of course reserved for the matutinal "devil."

On the morning of Christmas day, all hands went to church, which was a room, where Church of England service was held whenever an English clergyman could be found, and we afterwards went to the cathedral, where a military mass was being performed, and very fine the music was. Besides the usual choir, there was a large military orchestra of fifty or sixty performers. We went early to secure places, but had not long to wait before the sound of martial music was heard outside, and in came about a score of drummers, marching up the aisle, and making the building echo till it could echo no more, and almost deafening every body.—Then, a string of gorgeous officers, followed by the Commander in Chief and his staff, and a guard of one hundred or one hundred and fifty men who took up their position in single file on each side of the nave, and *at the word of command*, dropped down on one knee, simultaneously, to their devotions—whether they expect to be marched to heaven in the same way—I cannot say.

CHAPTER V.

One of our favorite amusements was sailing about the bay in the yacht's cutter, a fine safe boat, which I had rigged with jib, sprit-sailsail and mizen, before leaving England, and very well she sailed, and I recommend yacht owners to have one of their boats fitted in this way instead of with the usual lug—for there is a great deal of enjoyment to be got in such places as Naples, Algiers, &c., on fine many days when there is little wind, and you can poke into holes and corners and little bays, unattainable in any other manner, a water breaker or two makes the best ballast, and with a well stocked

basket, sufficient to last you till dinner time, to sail about lazily, in such places, for instance as Baice Bay, Sorrento, or Capri, is just about as delightful a way of getting through a day as can well be imagined.

You should, however, be careful not to be out in the night dew, which generally sets in immediately after sunset, but is all gone again in an hour or two.

Still it is not always sunshine, and when the bad weather *does* set in, there is certainly no mistake about it—wind and rain that sets at nought the sturdiest umbrella and the stoutest coat.

One morning we were hastily summoned on deck to look at a waterspout, and a wild and fearsome sight it was—a black pall seemed rapidly spreading over the face of the heavens from seaward, driving before it a mighty rushing wind that tore up the surface of the water in clouds of foam and whirling spindrift, even in the comparatively sheltered harbour. Presently, in the thickest of the gloom, appears a still blacker cloud, writhing and twisting, whilst from the upper mass of vapour, the blinding forked lightning was flashing with a hideous blue glare that at times felt positively scorching, soon a boiling mass of water was slowly upheaved till the two ends met, and the waterspout slowly passed the mouth of the harbour much too near us to be pleasant, and finally burst when close in shore, where the water was shallow. Even here, where such phenomena are not unfrequent, I was assured that this storm was more like a cyclone than the ordinary Mediterranean squall.

Last of all came a shower of hail, so fierce and sudden that we were actually bruised with what I can only call masses of ice in the shape of hailstones, before we could all make our escape below, but just as I was about doing so, a single white speck at sea which I took to be some unfortunate felucca, caught my eye, so I staid to watch her tearing madly through the heavy confused sea outside, until she shot in between the pier heads with the merest rag of canvas set, and spite of tornado, squalls, or waterspout—battered and weatherworn, but with her R.T.Y.C. burgee fluttering as saucily as though we were just rounding the Nore—on glided the gallant little Doris (a yacht of only 45 tons, o.m.) to her well won anchorage and haven of rest. A welcome sound must the rattle of the cable have been to the storm beaten little band who had handled her so manfully.

I think by this time you must have had almost enough of Algie, and as I do not profess to give you a "complete guide," to this place,

or elsewhere, but only a sketch of the various places we visit, I will hurry on and get to sea again as soon as possible—otherwise I could have given you long dissertations on French policy in Algeria—of how much better we (of course) could have managed the colony—of the farce of their cotton cultivation, and the beauties of French free trade, as illustrated by dues of 4s. per ton on all but French ships. I could have filled pages with accounts of the Moorish courts of justice, places I was never tired of dropping in at, for an hour or two, where the women give their evidence behind a little grating, and where the jolly looking old Cadi sentences the culprit to so many strokes of the bastinado, as the case may be, (I am sure he does it, though it is said the punishment is now done away with, and that all decisions are subject to revision by the French)—of the mosques, which are here open to Europeans, the only proviso being, that you leave your shoes at the entrance, and the only risk, the having to walk home barefoot, which well nigh happened to our party on one occasion; as just in the nick of time we dropped down upon some innocent young Arabs in the act of borrowing our Bluchers!—Or how we wondered at the incessant ablutions, and how it came to pass not unfrequently that one worshipper would be washing his mouth (I fancy after each prayer) whilst at the same fountain, and the same time, another was washing his feet. Had I space, I could tell you of our visit to Blidah, (so nearly destroyed by an earthquake) to which there is a railway some thirty or forty miles in length, and which is some time or other to be extended indefinitely, (to Jericho or thereabouts)—of the horse breeding establishment for the French army at Blidah—the orange groves—the valley of monkeys, the ruins of Roman aqueducts, clearly proving that this part of Africa must have been, as is said, the “granary of ancient Rome”—the Moorish schools—the opera and the Moorish entertainments, and a host of other things that you must really come and see yourself, and I promise you, even if you go no further than Algiers, you will not return home disappointed.

Two things especially you must not fail to “go in,” for, and each will give you a “new sensation”. The one is to have a dish of cous-cous dressed in true Arab fashion by a competent (Arab) artiste, and the other is to go and see the “El Hadrah” or “Aissaons.”

This is neither more or less than Arab juggling, though I was glad to understand the exhibition we witnessed was a religious ceremony somewhat analagous to our baptismal service.

It was held in one of the square courts of a Moorish house, about nine o'clock at night, and when we were ushered in, we found twenty-five or thirty Moors seated in a large circle round a cresset or brazier of burning charcoal. Many of these Moors were splendidly picturesque old fellows with long white beards.

The chief of the grey beards holds forth in the most impassioned manner, and with much energy and sometimes, grace of action, and whilst he pauses now and then, for fresh wind I suppose, the rest set up a wild chorus of "La il Allah, Allah il la"—beating their tom-toms the while at intervals, the women, who are in the galleries above, looking like so many ghosts, being completely covered with their white yashmaks, save one bright black eye, break out with a hideous eldritch scream, in token of approval, as our guide told us, but which considerably startled us at first, especially my wife and her sister, who were admitted amongst the women.

After a time, a child of some seven or eight years old was brought into the circle followed by three or four hideous looking creatures of the "male persuasion," with long shaggy hair, dark and swarthy as Indians, and clothed only with a waist cloth, who forthwith commenced, a series of the most absurd, not to say disgusting, self tortures, it is possible to imagine.

I ought to tell you that a child on first being admitted into the Mahomedan faith, is bound to undergo a certain amount of pain for the double purpose of teaching him self denial, and to exorcise the evil spirits that have possession of him—but this may be endured by deputy. Hence these unprepossessing ruffians, who I suppose acted as the lad's sponsors, as it were. For myself, and speaking as a godfather, I confess I prefer the silver cup business of our own native land.

These fellows whirled round and round, tossing their arms and heads about wildly, and sometimes grovelling on hands and knees, with their heads hanging over the great brazier till half stupified with the charcoal, then again throwing themselves about groaning and growling like wild beasts as they worked themselves up to an apparent frenzy. Then they clutched the live coals and swallowed them like biscuit, burnt themselves with red hot irons, searing their legs and arms in broad bands, and holding the hot bars between their teeth, till both sight and smell made it evident their teeth were scorching. Small pebbles and glass they eagerly "scrunched" and seemed to enjoy it as a light and wholesome diet, finishing up the

repast by devouring live scorpions and the leaves of the poisonous prickly pear as though it had been a simple lobster salad. This prickly pear or cactus leaf is covered with long needle like spikes, and a slight wound from one causes the part to inflame and swell rapidly, yet I saw some of the spikes actually pierce through the lip of one of these poor wretches.

To vary the performance, a man stood without support, though for a moment only, on the edge of a sharp sword held by two others, and then threw the weight of his body across it without harm, apparently. That the weapon was sharp enough, I had an opportunity of trying, and cut my thumb in so doing. Another fellow took an iron spike about eighteen inches long, with a heavy round knob and thrust the sharp point into his side, where it hung whilst he coolly walked about, until his companion, anxious to out do him, snatched it from his body, and inserting the instrument into his eye, deliberately "gouged" himself with it, as the eyeball actually hung down on his cheek! and our doctor who suddenly jumped up (thereby greatly scandalising the grave looking assembly) and quickly examined the man with a professional glance, declared that the sight of the eye was ruined for ever.) After this, although we were assured "the best was to come," we could stand it no longer and rushed out to "liquor up," at the nearest cafe.

Robert Houdin, the celebrated French conjuror, in his auto-biography, speaks of this exhibition which he saw or heard of, when in Algiers, as being merely a series of tricks of easy explanation and performance, but I can only say that the solution he professes to give, by no means explain them to my mind, and as I had read it previously, and was within eight or ten feet of the performers all the time, I was prepared to be critical, but was unable to detect the deception. Still I believe it to be after all, only a clever imposition mixed up with much disgusting brutality.

A year or two ago a party of these Arabs came, or were brought over to London, and proposed to give a specimen of their peculiar talents at the St. James's Theatre, but after a private preliminary performance they were advised not to attempt a repetition, as the "entertainment" was quite unfitted for a refined audience.

With this, I will conclude my Algerian reminiscences, and the morrow will, I hope, see us far on our way along the African coast, as all our preparations for departure are made. We have called on the various officials to thank them for many little courtesies, not for-

getting the bureau of the Capitane du Port, where I was told, by the way, that two English yachts, had left their pilotage unpaid. This, fortunately I was able to explain as I knew the dues *had* been paid, but it turned out the pilot had received the fees without accounting to the office for them and allowed the blame to rest on the Englishmen. The safest plan is always to have an official document, duly signed.

And now that we are come to our last evening I find it hard to leave this charming spot where we have spent four happy weeks with only one event to disturb the "even tenour of our way," but that indeed was a sad one, for we have lost one of our little crew by a sudden and fatal illness, which, to me looked terribly like cholera, the poor fellow was always delicate looking, and our doctor on first mustering the crew, shook his head dubiously when he saw him, but thinking a warm climate might set him up, reluctantly passed him. He was only ill two days, and of course removed at once from the forecastle but spite of constant attention, he never rallied and passed away peacefully, poor fellow, on the second night. We buried him in the beautiful Christian cemetery by the shore outside the town, and which seems so fit a place for a sailor's grave, more like a garden than a grave yard, where the sea breeze was blowing gently through the rose bushes and palm trees, whispering of peace and calm, whilst the ceaseless murmur of the waves along the shore, seemed to remind one of the unrest and turmoil of that busy world our comrade had done with for ever.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.

MR. EDITOR.—Another year having past and gone and yachts and yacht racing being for the present, things of the past, I have as usual tacked together a few figures and notes to lay before your readers, *anent* the doings of 1869, which may at least serve to show that the taste for aquatic sports is not declining amidst the general advance of athletics, and the almost too pressing claims of every kind of exercise which can be used as a safety valve to draw off the exuberant energies of the present race of young Britons. Without entering into the question ably discussed in the public papers some weeks ago as to whether "muscular christianity," and the desire, not of young men alone, at

of boys at even the smallest schools, to have their names and doings at cricket, football, racing, leaping, etc., recorded in print, has not become not merely a nuisance, but positively injurious to the rising generation, I must say that I think yacht racing, although for a different reason, has not kept pace as a pleasureable sport with the advance in the number of races sailed, and the vast increase in the size and expense of the yachts which now contend in them. In fact match sailing has latterly become such a business with a certain class of vessels and owners, and the tonnage of the yachts themselves is so great, that an owner who used to steer and handle his own craft now shrinks from the responsibility; added to which the capabilities of the regular racers are so well known, and hulls, sails, etc., are brought to such an equality, that any slip is fatal, and so owners have got more and more into the habit of trusting every thing to their skippers, and even often to the builders, who are thus made much more the real proprietors of the vessels than the men who pay for them, and thus these, deprived of all voice in their management or even in what engagements they shall fulfil, are like passengers on board, and never think of interfering or of even offering a suggestion, knowing that it will be treated with supreme contempt by the skipper and those who look up to him. For my own part I care not for racing after this fashion, and never willingly embark in a racer where I cannot pull, and haul, and amuse myself as I think fit, and for this reason much prefer the racing about the Irish and Scotch coasts to that of the Solent, more important though the contests there may be, inasmuch as the vessels are usually smaller, the courses clearer, and the vile regulations as to "friends not assisting to work the vessel," fortunately almost unknown. This however is a matter of taste, and as I have for the last three or four years, and especially in January 1869, put forward in your *Magazine* much the same views I will not further touch on the subject, but plunge at once into figures, and hope to show that neither in the number of races or the value of prizes given is there any falling off, but rather a steady advance, if we except private matches, which I am sorry to see have become almost a nullity. The total value of the prizes sailed for at the various regattas in which British yachts have contended since I first began to note them stand according to my enumeration.—1863, £4,541; 1864, £5,360; 1865, £5,718, 1866, £5,607; 1867, £5,100; 1868, £6,200; 1869, £6,723.

In these figures the prizes given in francs are reduced to English money, and I have excluded all private sweepstakes and matches, but have set down cups purchased or presented at their nominal value in foreign currencies,—the three Queen's cups alone being stated at guineas, inasmuch as they are always paid for at the full sum £105 at which they

are quoted. The lucky ports which were this year favoured with royal gifts were, Cowes, to which one of the three usually given is always allotted, Rothesay, where the Royal Northern Yacht Club held their annual regatta, and Queenstown, where the sports were managed by the old Royal Cork Club. The first was carried off by the *Egeria*, who also won it at the same port in 1865, and thereby incurred a penalty of five minutes extra time, under which she barely got out of the way of the *Vanguard*, sailing as a maiden racer.

The Scotch prize was won by the *Oimara*, which had also won that given to Plymouth in 1867, and the third went to the *Volante*, her first royal prize in her long career, and from the misfortune which befel her later in the year I fear it may also be her last.

Amongst the other notable prizes of the season, were the gifts of the Emperor and Empress of the French, the first of which, sailed for on his *fête* day from Cherbourg round the Nab and back, a fine fair trial course of some 146 miles, was chiefly remarkable from the beating which the *Guinevere*, who won the Emperor's prize, and the *Egeria* who obtained second honours, gave the American schooner *Dauntless*, of whose size we have heard so much in the paper war carried on for some six or seven months between her owner and Mr. Ashbury the proprietor of the *Cambria*, as to match making. The *Rose of Devon*, one of the new style of large cutters lately come into fashion, carried off the Empress's prize, value £125, sailed at Havre, from the *Fiona*, who sprung her mast, and several other rather puny antagonists, but failed to score another victory, although she came in first at Plymouth, and from her appearance is likely to do her builders, Harvey and Sons, credit at a future day. Another handsome prize was the gift of Mr. Ashbury, sailed from Havre to Cherbourg and back, which produced a most interesting contest between his own vessel the *Cambria* and the somewhat ancient *Julia*, returned to her old guise as a cutter, the former landing first honours by a short head, but contenting herself with the second prize, value £83, while the *Julia* took Mr. Ashbury's handsome present. Mr. Thellusson also gave his annual donation to the club over which he presides, and after a clipping race it went into the *Egeria*'s plate locker, to keep company with a similar trophy won by her in 1867, and the Marquis of Exeter and Mr. Schneider, also found goodly prizes for the races of the same lucky society. The total number of races (again excluding private matches and sweeps) was 142, one less than last year, of which 68 were under the auspices of 16 of the Royal Yacht Clubs, 43 under the management of clubs not dignified with a handle to their names, and 31 at 19 of the principal ports. There was a perceptible falling off in the number of these latter meetings, both in

English and Irish waters, many of the accustomed names being missing, if it had not been for the large sums sailed for at the three French ports Cherbourg, Dieppe, and Havre, almost all of which went to British owners, the sum total would have been much reduced. Some of the towns however joined with the yacht clubs established in them in giving a joint regatta, for instance, Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Hull, and others, such as Cowes and Ryde, found handsome cups, subscribed for by the tradesmen benefitted by the regatta; while Railway Boards, when available were also bled freely, yachtsmen still seeming to think that public money is the only thing to sail for, quite ignoring the sister sports which flourish, not on presented cups, but on sweeps and other stakes subscribed by the owners themselves, and until this system is imitated racing yachtsmen cannot hope to have a proper code of sailing regulations introduced, or what is still more important a proper tribunal established to administer these rules uniformly, and to decide in case of disputes.

Names of Clubs.	No of Races.	Value. £	Ports where Regattas were held.	No of Races.	Value £
Royal Yacht Squadron...	4	405*†	Babbicombe Bay	1	10
" Albert Yacht Club	5	250†	Cherbourg	1	246§
" Cork	5	290*	Dalkey	2	18
" Dee.....	1	20	Devonport	1	10
" Eastern	2	60	Dieppe	1	88
" Harwich.....	3	100	Dovercourt	1	7
" Irish.....	9	837†	Glen Caladh	2	50
" London	3	295	Great Grimsby.....	1	25
" Mersey.....	7	855†	Havre	3	536¶
" Northern	8	345*	Hunstanton	2	30
" Southern.....	2	150†	Kinsale	2	45
" Thames.....	4	480	Lowestoft	2	40
" Victoria.....	5	425†	Lyme Regis	1	20
" Welsh.....	2	75	Malahide	2	25
" Western.....	5	280†	New Brighton	1	15
" Yorkshire.....	3	205†	Ormesby	1	10
			Southampton	3	140†
	68	4072	Torquay.....	2	70
Prince of Wales.....	3	70†	Yarmouth	2	35
Prince Alfred	9	208†			
New Thames.....	4	370		31	1415
Clyde	5	80			
Ulster	4	210††			
Dart	4	146			
Cheshire.....	4	50			
Dunelagh	3	35			
Emple	3	30			
Orfolk and Suffolk.....	4	37			
	43	1236			

¶ Queen's cups included. † Presented prizes included. ‡ Challenge cups included. || The Empress's prize, (value £125,) a snuff-box from the Prince Napoleon, (value £25,) and Mr. Ashbury's prize, (value £125 included.) § The Emperor's prize, (value £104,) included.

Private Sweepstakes and Matches in addition to above.—Siren, (winner,) Kittiwake and Surprise, sweepstakes, £10 each. Guinevere, (winner,) Condor, (2nd prize,) Egeria, Cambria, and Alarm, sweepstakes, £20 each. Meta, (winner,) Flirt and Nikomachi, sweepstakes, £2 each. Clutha, cutter 90, beat Prima Donna, schooner 120, round Isle of Wight. Alpine Rose beat Flying Scud.

The principal winners stand as follows:—

CUTTERS.

FIRST CLASS.					SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH CLASS.				
Names of Yachts.	Tons	Won		Value. £	Names of Yachts.	Tons	Won		Value. £
		1st	2nd				1st	2nd	
Oimara	162	5	1	420*	Thought	27	4	1	240§
Muriel.....	40	5	3	400†	Amberwitch (yawl)	51	2	2	105
Volante	60	3	2	360‡	Kilmeny	30	3	0	80
Sphinx	46	3	0	300	Vampire.....	20	4	1	85¶
Julia	113	1	2	255	Lizzie	20	2	2	60
Fiona	78	2	2	200	Queen	15	5	0	62
Arrow.....	94	2	0	175	Buccaneer	12	4	0	52
					Amberwitch sails as a cutter of 38 tons.				

SCHOONERS AND YAWLS.

Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Won		Value £
		1st.	2nd.	
Egeria	152	5	3	541**
Cambria.....	193	3	2	283
Flying Cloud.....	75	3	1	220
Guinevere	297	2	0	179††
Druid (yawl).....	72	2	0	150

* Including the Queen's cup at Rothesay, value £105.
† Including the Bangor Challenge cup, £100, and two second class prizes.
‡ Including Queen's cup at Queenstown £105, and a sweepstakes of £5 each with £25 added at Ryde.
|| Including cup given by Mr. Ashbury, (£125) which she took instead of Cambria, who was first.
§ Including Challenge cup at Southampton, £100, for second and last time.
¶ Including Corinthian cup of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, value £30.
** Including Queen's cup at Cowes, £105, and the second prize, value £41, for the International race from Cherbourg round Nab and back, won by Guinevere.
†† The Emperor's prize £104, and two-thirds of the sweepstakes of £20 each from Dover to Cherbourg.

Of these the Oimara has really reached the top of the tree amongst the cutters, where I erroneously (as explained in your March number,) placed her last year, through a mistake as to the Royal Albert Cup taken from the Condor and given to the Niobe, and which when added to her score lifted that little craft to the position she held in 1865 and placed her some £45 above her big opponent. The Oimara however this year fairly headed all the cutters, only yielding in the amount of her earnings to the Egeria, while it must also be remembered that the Oimara only started nine times to the Egeria's fourteen, and that the

heavy weighting which cutters received in the Solent, (having their actual tonnage doubled at Ryde, while two-thirds thereof was added at Cowes,) made it almost impossible, on a course where much of the sailing was with the wind on the beam, for any vessel however superior, to make the distance ahead necessary to prevent her fleet-heeled antagonists rubbing it off in the time allowed. The proof of this is, that in all the mixed races at both the above regattas, the two-masted vessels were victorious, except for the Town cup at Cowes, where the Arrow, for some unexplained reason made mince meat of all her antagonists, cutters and schooners included. The truth seems to be, that although in the smaller classes of, say under 50 tons for cutters, and 100 tons for schooners, they would be tolerably well matched by doubling the tonnage of cutters, it is not so when the schooners increase in size and power, which they seem to do at a much greater ratio than the cutters, so that Oimara cannot sail as 324 tons, nor Condor as 258 tons, against Aline, Cambria, or Egeria with any fair chance of success, especially in the Solent courses, and on the very heavy scale of time adopted by the R.Y.S. and Victoria yacht clubs; while on the other hand the trifling allowance given to schooners in the Western waters, viz: (a deduction of three-eighths of their tonnage) makes every race almost an equal certainty for the cutters, so that the "*juste milieu*," remains still to be discovered. To show the difference, of the two systems I may observe that the Oimara met the Egeria in Dublin Bay, the one as 162 tons, the other as 97 tons, and with a time allowance to the latter of 5m. 25s. at which every yachtsman would have bet his last shirt on the former on nine days out of ten, while at Cowes they met as 270 tons to 152 tons, difference 14m. 24s.; and at Ryde as 324 tons to 152 tons, difference 19m. at which the boot was quite on the other leg.

I will in conclusion say a few words on the measurement question, under what is called, "the Thames rule" now almost universally adopted, which seemed even more perplexed and perplexing this year than ever, as we found vessels sailing at every tonnage and even differing in that under which they entered from day to day; and as instances I may remark, the Cambria, who in the New Thames match won second prize from Egeria, on time, being there entered as 186 tons only, (under a certificate of the Royal London Club,) an example which if Egeria had followed, she would have been rated at but 147 tons, and have then easily saved her time from the Cambria, who had sailed only two days before as 188 tons, and, grew afterwards in the South of England, to 193 tons, which, according to the figures

published by her owner in the *Field*, would seem to be her true tonnage, if an allowance be not made for her wales, under a paragraph in the above Rule of Measurement, which seems to me to upset the whole meaning of the rule itself. The Julia too won the race of the Royal Thames Club to Dover as 113 tons, but at Cowes where the races were advertized "to be under Thames Yacht Club Measurement" she shrank to 109 tons, expanding again the next week at Ryde to 113 tons, though still under same rule. I could give many other instances, but these are sufficient to shew that there must be something rotten in the rule itself or in the way of applying it, but as further proof I may remark that I lately inspected three certificates given at Liverpool to a certain well known cutter in 1864, 1865, and 1866, and all differed, as to her beam, quite sufficiently when the calculation was carried out, to rate her either above or below a certain tonnage, and therefore in these days of close races, enough to make all the difference of winning or losing in many instances. In fact it is almost impossible for any man when a vessel is afloat, to get her dimensions exactly, especially when it is remembered that there is at least four inches variation in a fifty foot tape line when dry or wet, and therefore the system of the measurers going on board the day or so before a race, however well intended, must be only a delusion and a snare, and if a favourable certificate is once granted it is naturally always used, and serves as a shield to ward off all blame or responsibility from the owner or skipper who produce it as evidence of their *bona fides*.

Surely it is time to come to some arrangement on this head, when gentlemen are spending such enormous amounts of money and trouble in getting a really fast vessel, only to find the prize slip from them by a few seconds, being pretty sure that there is a *mistake* somewhere, but unwilling to earn the character of a "protester" by objecting. I see but one course to take, viz., to let every racing vessel be measured and certified once for all, under such a rule as the Royal Thames would be, (if the words "such measurement to be taken above or below the main wales" were struck out, and instead "no allowance being made for wales or doubling planks of any kind whatever" introduced,) by one or more respectable persons appointed as sole measurers by all the yacht clubs and residing at convenient places. If this were the rule and this certificate an indispensable condition of entry should see a great reform, especially if this tonnage were affixed to the yacht's name, in the Club and *Hunt's List*, and not as at present some fancy size, which is neither the register, builders, or racing tonnage, but merely a conventional way of speaking of her.

I now close for the present, begging yours and your readers pardon for taking up so much time and space, on a subject about which I, as well as other better qualified persons, have written many times before, and should not have re-opened if I had not observed that the only way to get a nail into an oak plank is to hit it again and again, an analogy that I trust may hold good and reform the present system of measuring racing yachts.

I remain, yours truly,

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

(To be continued.)

LAND WAIFS, BY A YACHTSMAN.

MAN may or may not be a strange, but he is undoubtedly a restless animal, and seems never to be satisfied with the same place or the same amusement for any length of time, but to be continually sighing for fresh fields and new pastures, where he in vain seeks for that contentment he never is allowed to obtain—

“Thus in vain our time is spent,
For never shall we find content,
As we pursue he flies for ever
Ne’er shall we overtake him never,
Or high or low whate’er our lot,
We view it in some distant spot,
But dimly seen where we are not.”—SYNTAX.

And thus it is as the yachting season draws to a close we begin to think that after all there are so many drawbacks to aquatics in the shape of calms and gales, defeats and doubtful victories, that the anticipations of the vast pleasure we had pictured to ourselves in the beginning of May has not been realized by the end of August, and that though the fields of Elysium may be elsewhere they are not on the broad waters of the deep blue sea.

With such thoughts we lay our little craft up at the beginning of September and resolve to seek our ever receding friend in some long-shore “locale”

My aquatic friends will doubtless ask what on earth have land waifs to do with a *Yachting Magazine*? and we fear that to the over-lous youthful aspirant for nautical fame, our reply will hardly be satisfactory, but to others who are not now so zealous it may be possible that “*toujours perdrix*” rather palls upon the taste, and that a little divergence from the usual briny style of contributions may not come amiss, and to such we offer these few lines.

And now with the vessel in ordinary and having made up our minds to study the internal arrangements of some country, the question arises what country shall it be? England! Not if I know it! the choice between dear hotels or bad lodging houses with their accumulation of dirt of many previous tourists is not inviting; then Scotland! No—as we have no shooting! then Ireland! No—we don't want to be shot! So that “abroad” it must be, and never having seen Italy, though often having longed to see it, we make up our minds that in sunny sleepy Italy, on its blue lakes and under its bright blue sky, we shall, free from gales and fogs, find the long looked for Elysium which hitherto we have searched for in vain; so we resolve to visit the country of our old friends Horace and Virgil without delay.

Now if in foreign parts generally it is necessary for personal comfort and convenience to restrict your baggage to the smallest possible compass, so much the more so is it necessary if the voyager has an idea of visiting Italy, as in the first place to get there you probably mount over one of the Swiss passes by Diligence, where much baggage is out of the question, and in the next over the Italian railways you pay for every pound averted you have, which is a matter of no small consideration. With these ideas we reduced our travelling kit to marvellously small dimensions, which our nautical experience enabled us to do without much hardship, and at the same time we impressed upon our “*compagnon de voyage*” the necessity for mortifying the flesh in the matter of silks and muslins to a very alarming extent, a penance that was submitted to with that Christian resignation which marks the true martyr.

Having settled the question of baggage, the next important subject, if indeed it does not take precedence, was that of money, and it really seemed to me that the more people we asked as to the best way of carrying the means of locomotion the more varied was the advice we were given, so to be on the right side we took every one's advice, and procured part of our money in English gold, part in French gold, and the remainder in Bank of England and circular notes, but for benefit of the uninitiated I may here say that there is nothing like English notes and English gold on the Continent, especially in Italy, and as an illustration I may mention that at Florence we got 130 francs for every five pound note, and at Venice the gain was something like seven pence in every sovereign. while for a Napoleon I could only obtain 20 francs. For my own part I do not much appreciate circular notes which seem to me only increase one's responsibility for what appears to us a very slight advantage as you have two documents, which must necessarily be separated to look after, so we prefer having money forwarded to our credit at

some place where we are sure to be about half of our intended excursion, and take enough for immediate use as above mentioned.

And now that the baggage question and monetary difficulty are settled we are travelling for London, the beginning of September, by the Mail train, which we enter at 9h. 4m. p.m., and with tickets taken for London, where after a journey of some 200 miles we arrive at Euston Square at 5h. 30m., here assiduous porter spotting the plural number, and one of them of the feminine gender at once jumps on the step and pictures to himself large boxes with large fare for cabby, and his own large per-centage therefrom, it was not therefore to be wondered at that the said porter was most assiduous in his attention; or that all our belongings should be handed over, and a four-wheeler procured in the shortest possible space of time; and great we fear was the disappointment of our friend at not receiving some recognition of his services in the shape of a small likeness of Her Majesty, but having certain qualms of conscience which forbid our breaking standing orders, having moreover a standing grudge against railway porters, who avoid us "in toto" when "*en garçon*" and leave us to shift for ourselves, we buttoned up our pockets and caused our friend to come to the conclusion that he had made a bad cast that morning; and we were proof against the last delicate attention of packing still more safely our bundle of coats and railway wrappers on the opposite seat when we were inside the cab; and then the door was shut with a bang which showed that our friend, whatever good qualities he might have possessed was no philosopher in his disappointment.

Cabby had previously got his orders, and we were soon threading our way to Victoria Station, through many a winding street, each and all looking as miserable and wretched as second and third class London streets always do look, when the first streaks of dawn are lighting up, the badly painted shutters and worse painted names of the owners, who pay a rent that would shock the nerves of most suburbans, and gain besides a living in a manner that defies the ingenuity of the uninitiated to understand.

For some time we had been picturing to ourselves a cup of hot coffee at the refreshment room of the Victoria Station, which we had expected to find ready swept and garnished for the accommodation of the numerous travellers that leave by the early train for Paris; there was such luck however in store for us, as the dingy little room which we found after some difficulty, and which went by the name of refreshment room, was as unswept and ungarnished as the lady of questionable age that presided over the stale looking bath buns and damp tartlets which

furnished the dirty looking counter behind which the said lady stood. She had certainly one great pull over the surrounding objects in the ready made, curl adorned, chignon, concealing any natural defects that might have existed underneath, and possibly did exist as we presume these articles of female attire are intended to hide something, whereas the counter and its burden were fully exposed to view, and looked as if neither the one or the other ever had the slightest care bestowed upon them, and one longed to throw some farinaceous chignon over them to cover their seedy appearance. As to our coffee, the face of a Frenchman, muffled up as if in mid winter, who amidst a frightful cloud of dust raised by a small boy and a half-worn-out broom, was endeavouring to reconcile himself to a cup of the concoction, deterred us from ordering a similar compound, so, investing a certain amount in newspapers, and seeing particularly to the weight of our baggage, we took our seats for Folkstone and bid adieu to London. At Folkstone there was of course the usual rush to secure a seat on board the steamer, which left the harbour with its wonted punctuality, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of a smooth water passage and bright sun, but a wretched boy whose digestive organs must have been in a most miserable state of disorder, and who seemed to imagine that a clean deck was a secondary consideration on board the Folkstone steamer.

To repeat the every day occurrence of *table d'hôte* and delay at Boulogne would be superfluous, so we will transport ourselves at once to Amiens, where a good lunch awaits the passengers from London, and from thence to Paris, where in a private hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustine we refreshed the inner man, and were soon dreaming of pleasures to be, or not to be, hereafter realised.

We had hardly as yet made up our minds whether the pass of the St. Gothard or the Splügen should have the honour of conducting us into Italy, but whichever was to have the preference, there could be no doubt but that Basle was to be the "*Point de départ*," so after resting a couple of days in Paris, which after all is *the* capital to stop at, we took the 6h. 30m. train by the Chemin de Fer D'Est for Basle, where we arrived after a twelve hours journey. Of course we went to the Trois Rois, and of course we did wrong, and if ever I again visit Basle, the said hostelry shall not have the pleasure of conducing to my discomfort. We were put into the "*Dépendence*" which could not be helped, but the dinner we were served with was that which we did not order, which could have been helped, and after asking for an "*omelette aux fines herbes*," to be served with a sweet omelette, when we had really had nothing to eat, was the climax.

We had reached Basle on Friday evening, and taking into consideration the undesirability of our quarters, we resolved to pass the Sunday in some other more favoured region, and after due consideration fixed upon Neuhausen, where at a certain Scwheitzerhoff we should be close to the beautiful falls of the Rhine, and where we had every reason to believe we should be better accommodated than at Basle. We telegraphed for a room in the morning, and in the afternoon arrived at the hotel after a three hours journey by train. We were at once taken to our room, and stepping on to the balcony, which opened out from it, as lovely a view as could be imagined even in Switzerland suddenly burst upon me. To the right were the Alps with many a snow covered peak in the distance, whilst to the left almost under our feet were the fine falls of the Rhine, rolling in vast volumes of water over huge rocks covered with stunted trees, fit subject for a Ruysdael. Regular morning and afternoon service is performed at the hotel during the summer months, and we were fortunate in finding ourselves under the auspices of one who was most admirably adapted for the post he filled, the service and the sermon admirable. A stroll to Schaffhausen which is a very singular old town, distant about a mile and-a-half from Neuhausen, wiled away the Sunday evening very pleasantly, as we had never before had the opportunity of seeing one of the oddest old towns of the republic, and certainly with its old fashioned court-house covered outside with the rudest frescoe, and its quaint old streets and houses, Schaffhausen is well worth a casual visit.

At the Scwheitzerhoff we came across a Belgian Baron, who had passed a great deal of time in Switzerland, and after consulting with him as to the best mode of getting from Neuhausen to the St. Gothard, over which pass we resolved to go, we made up our minds that the "longest way round was likely to be the shortest road home," and that by rail to Zurich and Lucerne, and thence by steamer to Fluelyn, would be the surest and most probably the quickest route. There is another route by rail to Zurich, thence by steamer to the middle of the lake to a place called Richterswyl, from whence you can proceed by diligence or carriage to Schwytz, and from that to Brunnen on the lake of Lucerne; but the Swiss were now swarming along that road on a pilgrimage, so that there were grave doubts whether on arriving at Richterswyl, we should find any means of transit on account of the aforesaid pilgrimage which always happens about the 10th of September, and it will be well for those contemplating this latter tour to bear this in mind.

Following the advice of the Baron we left Neuhausen the next morning in the omnibus for Schaffhausen, to take rail from thence to Zurich,

and it was with no small regret that we bid adieu to our host, who besides having the only good wine I ever tasted in Switzerland, and for those interested in such matters I may describe as being called Sandwein, had a capital cook and as well conducted and comfortable a house as travellers need wish to find; not to mention that he himself is a most well informed agreeable man.

From Schaffhausen to Zurich the railway runs through the ordinary Swiss scenery, excessively pretty in itself, and telling at every mile of the industry of the inhabitants, until you reach the lake of Zug, where the country becomes somewhat flat and marshy; from Zug one soon reaches Lucerne, generally admitted to be the prettiest of the Swiss lakes, and we suppose we must subscribe to the opinion of the many in forming ones ideas of it; and without doubt it is very pretty, with its combination of water, mountains and woods, and here and there with its little patch of cultivation, distinctly visible on the mountain side as oases in the great desert of nature, formed as it were to show that though nature was supreme yet man was not altogether useless in completing such a picture; and though it may by many appear Cocknified, yet I must say that I delight in some tract of civilisation, even amidst the wildest scenery—and such to me is Lucerne, which far exceeds Zurich in beauty, as though the view of the latter from the gardens at the lower end of the town looking up the lake is very charming, it lacks the mount Polatus and the Rigi, that adorn the Lac des Quatre cantons. On arriving at Lucerne we at once refreshed our inner man at the Inglesherhoff, which we had known aforesaid, and took our places in the diligence over to St. Gothard for the morrow, but we were rather ruffled on finding that every other place in the diligence but those in the "*interieur*" was taken.

At five o'clock the steamer should have left Lucerne for Fluelyn, the other end of the lake, but a vexatious delay caused by a late train made it nearly six o'clock before we started, so that not only did we lose the scenery beyond Brunnen but it got excessively cold and disagreeable before reaching Fluelyn, and still more so by the time we reached Alltorf, where we put up for the night with the view of being some two miles on our journey the next day.

Alltorf has nothing particularly to recommend it, the Clef d'Or received us and lodged us very comfortably, but a shutter without a fastening to it, and a sentry close by without any fastening to his luncheon effectually spoilt a night's rest which was much needed to prepare for the morning's journey. Alltorf must be a very cold place, situated as it is at the end of the lake of Lucerne, and over-shadowed on all sides

huge mountains, so that after August scarce a ray of sunshine can lighten up even the roofs of the houses. It is as every one knows the scene where the principal events of William Tell's life were laid, and in the market place on a species of market cross, some of those events are painted in a somewhat rude manner, after the style of the Schaffhausen frescoes.

It has often struck me on former visits to Switzerland, how odd it is that art, which was generated in Greece and Italy, and which travelled on to France and even to Britain, should as it were have thrown Switzerland on one side, and left not a trace there in her transit. But so it is, and though you see Italy with her monuments of Roman art, France and England with offshoots of the Roman, in the shape of the Gothic art, yet there is not one monument that I know of which tells that art in its best form ever visited Switzerland. It seems strange ! but facts are oftentimes strange, and it is a great pity that Switzerland should have withstood any innovation on its native talent.

Thus far we had been well favoured with the weather, and the following morning it was bright and cheerful as usual, which was so important to our comfort with the long pass of St. Gothard before us. Breakfast over, we had a sort of "stirrup cup" from the waiting damsel in the shape of condolence on our misfortune at having only places in the "*interieur*," her prognostications being most gloomy, summing up all with a certainty of objectionable companions, and an utter inability to see a particle of the scenery.

(*To be continued.*)

A WINTER SCAMPER TO NAPLES AND BACK.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON TO VIENNE.

Departure—London Bridge—Across the Snow to Newhaven—Across the Sea to Dieppe—Frozen Seine at Rouen—New Year's Fair in Paris—Paris to Dijon—Spoilt Child and Prodigal Son—Landlady at l'Hôtel du Jura and Courier—Dijon to Mâcon—Shrivelled Vines and Frozen Saône—Plain of La Bresse—Golden hued Cottages—Reach Vienne.

FRAN:—"For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."—*Hamlet, Act I., Scene 1.*

IT WAS a bitter cold January morning when I hobbled into a cab, and—the watchman, "wishing me safe back again,"—rolled noiselessly through the snow-clad dismal streets of the silent, and still dormant city, towards

the London Bridge Station. There, and in the carriage, I remained shivering in the cold, 'till long after the sun had risen; and as the train whirled past Forest Hill and Sydenham I could see the early crow flapping, the magpie flying, and the ruffled small-bird fluttering, each in vain search I fear, for the then fast snowed-up worm. At the stations down the line, passengers awaiting the train, were stamping their feet, and lashing their sides with their hands, as they sheltered themselves under the lee from the sleet, and when the train stopped, rushed to the doors, fumbled at them with their benumbed fingers, and their noses purple, and teeth all chattering, ensconced themselves snugly within. The guard breathing like a cauldron, hurried noiselessly along, making tracks in the snow; and spiteful at having no doors to bang, blew his whistle snappishly, and sent us rolling onward again. After many repetitions of these monotonous proceedings we reached Newhaven, where save a crew going to join their vessel at Dieppe, a Frenchman and myself were the only passengers by the steamer for the day.

The sleet and snow kept every one below where dullness reigned supreme; a rush on deck now and then as some scoot, smack, or billy boy loomed large in the drift, alone enlivening the scene, and nothing else, absolutely nothing, occurring during the six long hours of the voyage. My fellow passenger indeed expressed his bitter hatred of those blue eyed, stiff necked, sandy whiskered English, who he said stare so unwinkingly through their eye glasses, dress so queerly, and who are never met with out of Paris, but this was nothing new. Frenchmen all say it, and their caricatures proclaim it. The fact being I suppose, that in addition to other deficiencies, a want of familiarity with French, may, as a natural consequence of intensified ignorance, there aggravate some of our Paris haunting countrymen's superciliousness, and increase any national assumption.

Sitting at breakfast in Rouen next morning, I envied the folk pouring to and from the station, in their fur caps, and long wolf skin coats reaching mid-calf down, as they either strode along through the snow with an air of muscular energy, or else trotted past with a buoyancy of spirits, and merry look, that seemed to revel in the weather. *Non miror, in video magis*, thought I, and vainly endeavoured to coax away my numbness over the feeble heat of a tiny coal fire; so to rouse the circulation I at length ventured forth, and stumbled down the *Rue Impériale*. The broad *Seine* at the bottom, I found frozen across, the decks and tackling of the vessels alongside the quays being all covered with snow; and their cables, enveloped in ice, like so many strings of spawn, reminding me of bright water-meadows, and far brighter day. The very air seemed filled with snow dust which floated over the city,

and hung in haze about the surrounding hills; and when later in the day we wound past the river in the train, the Seine was quite undistinguishable from the adjoining plains, being covered with an uninterrupted sheet of spotless snow.

Paris too next day, I found shrouded in a mist, as dark and gloomy, if not as smoky and acrid, as a London fog; and the little striped boxes, perched at intervals on either side along the Boulevards, with blackened snow swept into heaps between them, looked utterly dismal—emptied as they were of the gay Etrennes. Comparatively few people were about, though the various colored *cupicine* head dresses, drawn tight at the neck, and the frilled edges round the face, extending in a curve before and behind round the shoulders, set off the sparkling eyes and rosy lips Parisiennes who ventured through the slippery streets, and made them look excessively pretty.

The river here, as well as the Yonne, and other tributaries of the Seine, were all frozen and snow covered; and the cold was so intense on the journey, as not only to pierce my very bones, spite of clothing, and wrappers; but I verily believe, as the French say, *à pierre fendre!* A little girl however, who, with her young mother, was under convoy of an elderly couple to Dijon, kept our carriage in a fever. Shrewd and intelligent, but excessively boisterous and rude, she bounced to and fro over ones toes, like an india-rubber ball! First she scrambled up the lap of her mother, who doted on her, then wriggled off again and leaped like a monkey on that of the old lady, where seizing her good tempered face between her tiny hands, she beslobbered it with kisses. Next she tumbled off with a bounce, rousing the old gentleman from his slumbers, and deranging his carefully tucked in wrappers. Then she sang snatches of café songs, and finally drew coyly forth a print of *Les petits cuisiniers*, which would scarcely be given any English child, or indeed be seen in England, save in the collection of a connoisseur. The old gentleman however seemed fully repaid by this *objet d'art* for his rouse, and his wife with a charming simplicity utterly unattainable by our insular breeding, smiled at, and passed it around. At Fontainebleau, the old gentleman bustled out, and returned with a bottle of wine, and a small paper parcel; which latter became a source of infinite tantalization to the child. Conjecture after conjecture she hazarded as to what it was, till a brilliant idea striking her, she clapped her hands, and instead of *Alreka!* in the language of the country, exclaimed, *Un petit gâteau!* Her curiosity being tampered with, more than she thought proper, and a hint being thrown out, that it was not for her—she leaped upon the seat, pounced on a fat basket, and triumphantly drawing forth

Saucisse de Lyon, bread, grapes, &c., from its recesses, proclaimed these her own ! The old lady produced her reticule amidst the laughter that followed, and other viands, and a glass being added to the spread, the hubbub and rattle which had continued ceaselessly all the way from Paris, gradually subsided into sounds of grateful mastication, alternated with gurglings of outpoured Burgundy, and subdued indications of gradual deglutition. *Un mauvais sujet*,—who having arisen to go to his father, sat shivering in a corner,—here drew a printed slip from his poke, and conned over the last new song, chaunting it over silently to himself, as he glanced to and from the copy he held in his hand, *Nous aurons joliment de la neige à Pentarlier*, said he, as the kind old lady, who it seemed knew something of his family, handed him over a rug, for on learning whither they were going, he with the true scapegrace feelings enumerated his various connections. Poor fellow ! Spite of his worthlessness, he excited our pity, when stepping out at midnight at Dijon, and hurrying to our respective hôtels, we left him shivering in the cold, waiting for the train to Neuchâtel. A *femme de chambre* who alone, was up at l'Hotel du Jura, ushered me to my chamber, presuming probably that all commissariat needs had been supplied at Tonnere, and wished me a good night, a wish however, which was far from fulfilled. Edredon and railway rug to boot were of slight avail against the bitter cold, and I lay shivering hour after hour, 'till sheer exhaustion resulted in sleep, and awoke in the morning with a racking headache superadded to the other ills my poor flesh seemed heir to. To shake all this off, I limped through the old Burgundian city, admiring the fantastic fret work of ice round the frozen fountains, and the thick layers here and there glazing the pavement. This exertion though fatiguing, was ultimately beneficial; and after having refreshed my memory of Museum and Cathedral, I returned to the Bureau, and sat chatting with Madame, enquiring for the aviary I remembered seeing there six years before. Lord ——'s Courier coming in, just then happily obviated the pilgrimage she was proposing to make there.

This courier was a dark, thick set man, with deeply sunken eyes, that roved to and fro furtively under his scowling brows, scanning the features around. He was as restless as the spirits in Dante's Inferno, and was constantly popping in and out of the Bureau, asking trivial questions. "Which way had My Lord gone?" he asked in a low voice, a kind of whisper, without the ghost of a ring. "Had Mons. —— and he gone out together? Ah! then they had gone to the Museum. A dinner a comfortable little dinner, you know, must be ready for them at 12. No, not in the *salle* to day, in a private room. With a good fire mi !

The fire had better be lighted an hour or two before. A good fire recollect!" Then he sent on a telegram to ——— ordering "a large room for My Lord! and a smaller one, a courier's room in fact, for himself, and he added, *il faut que la chambre de My Lord soit très bien chauffée.*" He made abstruse mental calculations of the cost of the telegram, and slunk in and out so often, watching for My Lord! asked so many questions in his mysterious under-toned voice about My Lord! and so frequently anticipated the wants and wishes of My Lord! that I saw from the nervous expression of Madame's countenance she could scarcely refrain from consigning him and his Lord to Jericho. "Though Milor" said she "is such a quiet, nice man, a bachelor, who always travels alone, and spends most of his time abroad. How nice it must be to be able to speak foreign languages! For my part, I have never been further afield than Romanée, a few miles from Dijon, and suppose now I never shall; as in summer business won't admit of it, the place being then full of wine merchants and tourists, and in winter there is no inducement. You should come here in the summer, said she, her face lighting up with the recollection, the hills then are so purple and lovely, and the grape picking is such fun!" As she sat behind her desk, her little feet perched on a small iron box filled with ashes, her rosy face smiling, and her plump, trim little figure quivering, as she clicked away with her knitting needles, she looked the picture of happiness, and content. A smart young husband, a well frequented Hôtel, and a jaunt now and then to Romanée during the vintage, what could woman want more? Hers was not however a life of everlasting knitting, and unmitigated sedentariness; for though the bulbous corset of her glistening alpaca, rose and fell in regular succession; yet her eyes were continually roving from her work about the room, and darting glances through the surrounding glass; and she dropped her work in an instant, and darted from her perch, whenever domestic requirements suggested themselves to her mind, or her presence seemed needed by visitors in the distant hall. She had no children of her own, but warmly greeted one of her acquaintances, who after the usual compliments were over, and a little chat had commenced, drew forth a *fichu*, worked by *la petite* for madame, and *quelque petite chose pour Monsieur*. The usual depreciative pressings, and *diminuendo* refusals being over, and acceptance concluded; the little hostess exclaiming, as she held them at arms length before her, *qu'ils sont jolis!* ran off with these *etrennes*, and returning with a pretty box of *bon bons* done up in smart bows of ribbon for *la petite*, a presentation scene, was enacted over again, and the visitors withdrew.

After an excellent dinner, I bade adieu to the relics of *Jean sans Peur*, *Philippe le Hardi*, and others, now mouldering in the halls, where those golden fleeced monarchs once held their stately courts, and caroused and kept wassail to the lays of the troubadour; and leaving the queer wooden spires, and fine shops of the Burgundian capital behind, sped onward over the snow clad scene. Rooks I occasionally saw huddled together by hundreds under lee of some food affording heap, busily excavating agricultural refuse; and magpies crossed our course constantly, winging their flight to the trees and hills far on our right. Onward we rolled, now and then skirting the frozen Saône, only distinguishable from the adjoining meadows by gaunt poplars, in crows on either side the adjacent road, and swaying to and fro in the breeze. All along by the way side, the shrivelled vines protruded from the snow covered vineyards, in long rows of curved bines, like thousands of springes set for the few ruffled larks, we occasionally saw flutter from one to the other of them; or here and there, the overflowed waters of some tiny tributary of the river, spread over the meadows in a mirror of ice, from which were reflected the impending willows, where the surface lay free from the all pervading snow. Night closing in, and if possible, intensifying the cold and numbness of my extremities, the being jolted to and fro, and twisted about in the spring rattling, glass chattering Champs Elysée omnibus, was a relief: and on reaching that Mâcon Paradise, I soon buried myself over head and ears in the coverlets; and wooed refreshing sleep.

I stumbled through the steep, hard bound streets, in the morning, gazing up at the queer old Romanesque towers of the ruined church; and down at the snails, truffles, woodcock, and wild fowl, abounding in the shop windows along the quay.

Then I took my stand in the midst of the wire suspension bridge, and excepting a small space of icy green water round the piers, saw snowy plains, here and there broken by huddled barges, packed ferry boats, and a frozen up steamer, stretching above and below me, and the meadows and plains of la Bress across the river still more dreary, with leafless poplars aslant in the wind, and smoke curling from the chimneys of a farmstead or two scattered in the distance. I contrasted this ice bound river, with the sluggish, yellow Saône, down which I paddled one rainy summer's day years before, in the long, narrow, broad ruddered packet, on my way to Lyons. I thought of the monotonous embankments I then gazed at, mile after mile, through the side light when driven below by the rain; and when I saw caricatures of Papal dragons, and scraps of Ultramontane application chalked on the sto-

sentry boxes at the end of the bridge, I thought of the three priests on their way to the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs; and the long chat I had with them all the way from Châlons to Lyon. Continuing my journey in the afternoon, over the same golden hued soil which was occasionally seen cropping through the snow in the surrounding vineyards; and later in the evening passing through the Fourvières tunnel, rumbling across the Saône and Rhone, and admiring the long rows of gas lights reflected from their surfaces, I dined at the Lyon's Railway station, and about midnight reached Vienne.

CHAPTER II.

VIENNE TO AVIGNON.

Contents.

Vienna—Maison Carrée, Market Place, and Marketing—Church of St. Maurice—View from the Suspension Bridge—Surrounding Hills—History of Vienna—Capital of Provence in the time of Augustus—Vienna to Avignon—Rhenish appearance of the Rhone—Mulberry and Cypress Trees—Provençal character of the Country—A Deserted City—Olive Trees—Newly Married Couple and Drowsy Wine-Bibber—Avignon—Long Vista of Gas Lights—Visitors at the Hotel—A Winter's Evening in a French Country Inn.

“Auch gibt es hier schon platte Dächer, wie es in Italien viele geben soll.”—*Herder an seine Kinder.*

AFTER wandering about the ice bound streets, and skirting the Champ de Mars, with its outline of frozen trees, and congealed stone barriers, I enquired for the Maison Carrée, as the well preserved remains of a Roman Temple are termed by the Viennese, and found it lay near the market place. As I wound thither through the tortuous lanes, a pretty Provençale tripped by me, holding by the legs a live fowl. The poor biped vainly fluttering its ruffled, half opened wings, and cackling loudly, made frantic struggles to get free: but ended by relapsing into helplessness, with inverted neck curved stiffly, and bead like eyes darting restlessly, from side to side under its coral red comb. As the poor bird thumped against a dark portal she entered, and gave one last shriek and scuffle in the outward world; I contrasted her meek face, and guileless air, with the foul deed she soon would perpetrate in the *penetralia*. These seemed as incongruous to me, as the glossy black plumage, sparkling eyes,

and bright red facings of the bird then did, if compared with the miserable appearance I knew it would by and by present, when reproducing Diogenes' illustration of the lame definition of Plato's. This happened to be market day, and round about the old temple, its fluted corinthian pillars, and time stained *atrium*, stood crowds of busy folks, bargaining for the oil, cheese, figs, fruit, olives, and legumes, for the pieces of hacked meat, piled on the little stands, or for the poultry tied all together by the legs, and lying in sad, feathery heaps, about the snow in the square.

Now and then some sure footed old crone elbowed past me, basket on arm, bearing homeward the items of a savoury potage : or some predatory cur, stimulated by a flight of projectiles, darted round the corner, followed by dire imprecations from the vendors. Limping on through all this, I toiled up the broad steps fronting the three gothic portals, highly ornamented front, and massy square towers,—each with a tiny pinnacle at its outer corner of St. Maurice, founded A.D. 1,052, completed in 1,513, and all but destroyed by the Huguenots in 1,562; and admired the solemn grandeur, and air of decayed splendour exhibited in the interior, where from a faded azure roof, golden stars scattered about, shone feebly down on a desert, wide spread floor. A worshipper or two, knelt at the tawdry chapels about the altar. A time worn *bénitier* at the door, one or two mutilated tombs and effigies, against the western wall, some stained glass, *et voila tout !* So passing out at the opposite end, I made for the quay, and asked for the house of Pontius Pilate, or where it was, he is said to have committed suicide ? “ Ponce Pilate ? Ponce Pilate ? ne connais pas : or je ne suis pas du pays ! ” was the reply. Ponce Pilate,—so much for renown,—seemed utterly unknown at Vienne ! so paying the fee at the suspension bridge I strolled over to St. Colombe, the suburb across the water ; whence I was driven back again, by hideous rows of disembowled, unflayed calves, bigger than donkeys ; hanging with legs gaping widely, like as many St. Andrew's crosses, heads downwards, against the house front walls. I then stood awhile amid bridge, contemplating the rough material, and simple tools used by the journeymen repairing the flooring : and as each vehicle rumbled across it, with a freight of country folk steaming like so many tea kettles in the morning air, and making the whole structure quiver like a spring board, I saw the carpenters again and again replace the planks they were working on, till it was quite a relief when the yawning slits through which I saw the swift flowing river, were finally closed, and they set the rude spikes smartly home in the holes, that had so long been a boring.

The scene hence was most romantic. It was a cold frosty d

and vapour from the melting snows hung here and there, in fleecy wreathes, round and about the high cliffs on all sides surrounding me. The sun bursting at intervals through the murky clouds, lighted up patches on the slopes of these Drachenfells, threw the column and statue on one of them into high relief, and shone on the ruined walls of Château Labatie on another : whilst the steep sides of the other hills, terraced in vineyards *and, save the terrace fronts*, covered with sparkling snow, presented a strange array of alternate black and white parallel lines from base to summit. On either side of me stretched fine stone quays to which archways suited to the varying heights of the river, opened from inclines, whereon lay hauled up rows of coffin-shaped boats. The Plautus Tower on my left (Pontius Pilate's house ?) stood crumbling by the river, which glittered like diamonds in the morning sun, and down whose dark blue waters came swiftly floating, like sea birds in the distance, white bergs, that after an oscillation or two, and a swirl, were sucked under the packed ice at the bridge, and scraping along its lower surface, sounded aloft, like the noise made by the myriads of skaters, we in hard winters see skimming the surface of our frozen Serpentine. And this was Vienne, or all that was left of it : founded by Allobrox, a contemporary of Babylon and Thebes say some ? Founded by an African 108 years before Rome say others ?

The capital of the Allobroges at the invasion of Hannibal, occupied by Cæsar 60 years before Christ—and then growing rapidly in importance. Walled about, embellished with temples, theatres, forum, palaces, and with a bridge across the Rhone.

The white marble villas of its citizens soon then spread over the slopes of the surrounding hills, and shone in bright contrast with the eddying waters of the swift blue Rhone, and those of its sparkling tributary the Gère which rushes through the city to join it, on its way to the midland sea. Cæsar might well then call this "Vienne the beautiful!" And while strolling among the vineyards crowning its lovely heights, plucking the luscious clustres of purple grapes, or while basking on the sunlit slopes, gazing on the lovely scene beneath, many a legionary beguiled his tale of love with tales of Rome: and when the shrill, though subdued shouts, and sounds of life and revelry from the busy town below, borne on the evening air mounted on high, to the purpling hills around, told of Rome's marvels,—its Flavian Circus, and its Hippodrome, its noble halls and golden palaces ; its stately bridges and its aqueducts ; and as long the quays spread at their feet, the Marseillais revelled o'er their ships, or other seamen were storing wine, or landing golden apples from the Hesperides, told of motley groups that thronged the streets

and squares of mighty Rome, and of the mimic battles in the field of Mars, till the poor Aquitanian maiden's heart quite sank, and as his city's glories shed a halo half divine o'er him, thought the cuirassed boaster another Mars, and sighed and felt o'erwhelmed.

Augustus made Vienne the capital of Province: and when in the fourth century came Christianity, psalmody soon echoed, where war shouts once had rung. Then came the fierce Burgundians, whose kings awhile held rule here, but left the place with neither local habitation, nor a name. The feast of the Holy Sacrament was instituted by a council held at Vienne in 1,311, when it acquired the epithet of *holy*, as well as *beautiful*; but since then it has declined, and is now a mere country town of 20,000 inhabitants, with a few paper, cloth, and iron factories, worked by the Gère; and a forum, obelisk, and a few other associations, to arrest the attention of a passing tourist, who thence may pursue his way by rail, through Lyons to Nismes, or Marseille.

First taking my breakfast under the keen scrutiny of le père Roussel, who seemed the authority generally consulted, in all questions of an archæological nature arising in the hôtel, and then taking my seat in the train, onward I sped towards Avignon. Here and there from the line, could be seen ruined towers and châteaux on isolated peaks of the winding Rhone: whose rocky cliffs, towering vine clad hills, and lofty pinnacles, all but surpass those of the Rhine. Mulberry trees soon began to appear, and cypresses, in rows like riflemen, taking the place of poplars in the line of demarcation, became as marked a feature in the picturesque scenery here, as the latter do, in that of Northern France. At times we sped through mountain gorges, then over lands as flat and stony as some huge river bed, which doubtless in times of yore they were; when the Rhone's course obstructed by rocks, snags, and fallen trees, presented all the wildness of a Macquarie, or a Mississippi. Then the swollen river overflowed the neighbouring lands, roved capriciously from side to side, and formed swampy haunts for wildfowl and beaver; which slain in turn by rude stone "celts," formed the prey of the scattered savages then haunting these gloomy wilds. Even now the river spreads occasionally into widely divergent arms, having broad pebbly flats overgrown in places with stunted shrubs and coppice, between. Whilst in other places, high *Bacharacks* rear aloft their heads, of the same rotten looking stone, which here and there hangs in cliffs over the swift rolling stream. At roughly built wooden quays along the river were huge ferry boats, of the same coffin-like shape as those on the slopes at Vienne, built of rough, warped, unpainted boards, and attached by painters and travelling pulleys, to long hawsers stretched from one high

pole to another across the river. These boats under influence of the current, moved at an angle along the rope, from side to side, in the same way as the ferry boats at Basle, and elsewhere on the Rhine.

The country now began to assume quite a Southern aspect, and the people thronging the stations seemed an entirely different race from those in the North. The *patois* heard, became more and more unintelligible, giving one the idea of being French pronounced with Italian vowels, and divested of its nasality; or of being a maccaronica of Latin, French, and Italian, whose derivation, and half whose meaning seemed familiar to the ear. The towns and houses too, had quite an Italian, if not a Roman look; in fact to forestall my impressions—an appearance more Italian, than that of Italy itself! Campaniles rose here and there, and the red tiled roofs, with their parallel pipings stretching from roof tree to eaves, were not only nearly flat, but projected some distance beyond the supporting walls. The buildings had a general golden, and in some cases pinkish hue, were occasionally tinted, and were invariably furnished with jalousies. Near Donzère, on a hill left of the Railway, rose a deserted town, its tall square towers still standing, its church and houses towering aloft, and its roofs intact, the whole of a neutral grey, and suggesting some sudden death-blast having swept over the place, raising in me feelings of deep emotion, if not of awe. Olive trees with their green mistletoe leaves, now first appeared, and the Rhone, which in many places had been comparatively clear, was again frozen all across, and covered with spotless snow.

As we rolled rumbling along, came a swinging chorus from one of the preceding carriages, filled with jolly tars on their way to Toulon: and a young married couple, who had recently entered the train, made such fierce love, so utterly regardless of every one else,—for indeed the poor girl seemed absorbed in her new husband, and he equally smitten with the charms of his youthful spouse—that spite of the ice on the panes, and the snow in heaps in the ruts and shade, and on the surrounding hills, suggesting Arctic chills, it was absolutely necessary to throw down the window, and seek relief in the outer air, from the tropical atmosphere within. The noise of doing so awoke a little Frenchman in the corner, who first whispering *ils se lèchent encore?* rubbed his inflamed, wine licker's eyes, and asked "*Est ce que c'est Avignon?*" Four times had I passed through that blessed place asleep, and he did not wish to be again laughed at in Rome, for never having seen it! The little fellow had served in Cochin China, in Algiers, and in Mexico; and spoke of the terrible weather, and his sufferings when crossing the Atlantic. He was then on his way to guzzle his fill of *vino ordinario* as a Papal Zouave;

and finding we were not yet at Avignon, gathered up his capote, wound himself up in it like a hedgehog, and became torpid again. The amorous pair soon took their leave in a twitter: and we scoured along among the mountains, with ever and anon a glimpse of the Rhone, till the red sun sank behind the western hills, and the shades of evening setting in, the cold, as usual, grew intense. The little Frenchman rolled himself deeper and deeper in his wrapper, and varied the muffled chattering of his teeth with a shiver and an occasional : hugh! and I was so glad, when the train stopped, and the guard shouted "*Avignon!*" that leaping out at once in the dark, I doubt whether he saw Avignon even then!

Bustling into the omnibus, and driving smartly along the broad silent streets, with here and there long vistas of gas lights stretching in the distance, we turned and twisted again and again, and finally drew up in the court yard of the hôtel, where the second dinner bell not having rung, I hurried to my chamber before descending to the *salle*. On entering this I found there a grey haired old gentleman, with his finger-tips joined across his lap, perched like an owl on one side of the large hearth—on which flickered some logs, all but buried in the heap of ashes surrounding them—talking to a sallow faced, black moustached youngster with a strong nasal twang, seated on the other. He drew himself somewhat together as I entered, and eyeing my unkempt look with a cold grey stare, turned slowly to his vis-à-vis, and resumed his conversation, in the courtly, patronizing tone of the quarter deck on shore. "In Our Service," pompously ejaculated he, casting a glance in my direction, "we have a class of civilians called Purser—at least they were so called when I had the honor of commanding one of His Majesty's sloops of war—they are now however styled 'Paymasters'—and the purser of the ship I refer to had been a lawyer's clerk"—and then the old gentleman went on to relate some funny anecdote in connection with this sea lawyer, which made the young Yankee from time to time chuckle, when not otherwise occupied in venting, in a cringing, overawed tone, an approving, yes, sir! At length the old gentleman threw out some hints about life in New York, at which the Yankee warmly deprecated the idea of life being animated, or more strictly speaking, dis-animated there, by bowie knives and revolvers, in the way he referred to. "The Americans are not North American Indians sir!" snuffled he, "New York sir, is the next civilized city in the world! and the Americans, sir, are the most civilized nation in the world!" at which modest assertion the old gentleman gave an involuntary smile. "The Americans are the most patriotic of mankind sir!" "There I quite agree with you:" said he; and the second

bell then ringing, a tall young Englishman from India, followed by two spare sisters came in, and seated himself opposite me.

And here were six of us, of English race, from north and south, east and west, speaking one mother tongue, all of a bleak winter's night, in an out of the way, French country-inn. The old gentleman contemplated us benignly for a while from his nook in the chimney corner, and then calling for François and his slippers, retired: and the dinner being over, and the ladies seeking their rooms, the Indian, the Yankee, and myself adjourned to the Bureau, for a cup of coffee and a cigar. The landlord, a black eyed, quick little man, with the cut of an ostler; and a tall, grey moustached *distingué* looking Gaul, in a well cut brown *redingote*, and high curved hat, with a very broad brim, we found already seated at the fire. The Frenchman, with his feet on the iron frame round the ashes, was stooping forward, extending his thin fingers over the flame that flickered from the red logs, which he ever and anon adjusted with the tongs, as they fell from the andirons into the scintillating embers below, and recounted amusing tales of his adventures in London, whither he once went years before, on a week's business. He told of his visit to the Cee-tee, and of the person he had to transact his business with there, who concluded the agreement by saying "Oll raite"! there being no occasion for any written agreement in England. "Oll raite" being the invariable and praiseworthy state and custom of the country! "Oll raite," said he, like Japanese Thommy, again and again, shrugging his shoulders, turning his hands inside out, elevating his eyebrows, and protruding his moustache. "Oll raite!" he muttered again, in a subdued "aside," as if to catch, or rather to recall the very tone, in which he last heard those mystic words! Then the pell ell! But here he went into raptures. The Pell ell of England was delicious! "Ah!" said this man of memories, casting his eyes heavenward, with gracefully subdued emotion, drawing an inspiration from all beautiful Bacchus, and his mouth watering at the very thought.—C'est vraiment délicieux! Ah he knew London well! Yes! Laystare Skooaire! Oll raite! Pell ell! and thus, as the wind howled without, and the bureau glass chattered within, we smoked and talked, and talked and smoked again,—the waiters occasionally stepping in to hear our edifying conversation, and leaning against the door posts behind us—till past midnight; when wishing each other good night, we went bedward, and thinking neither of Petrarch nor Laura I slept soundly, and never even dreamt of a hope of Rome.

(To be continued.)

THE LOG OF THE SCHOONER YACHT MAIA, FROM PORTSMOUTH TO NICE.

ON THURSDAY, Oct. 28th, at one o'clock p.m., civil time, the schooner yacht *Maia*, 122 tons, got under way; and left Portsmouth Harbour, a strong wind blowing from N.W. As the Spit Bell Buoy was hauled round, the wind came out stronger from N.N.W., and we stowed foresail, reefed mainsail, and took bonnet off staysail. We made Cowes in two boards, and saw in the roads the American yacht *Meteor*, getting under way, bound, we believed, to the same port as ourselves. At five p.m. we passed the Needles rocks (the *Meteor* following us out), and met a fresh gale outside with a tumbling sea—course W.b.N. At eight p.m. we had brought Portland lights to bear N. two miles distant, and should have taken our departure thence for Ushant, but the gale had increased, and it looked very bad to seaward. We therefore resolved to keep the land aboard during the night, and got another reef down in the mainsail and reefed jibboom. At midnight it blew a strong gale, and the mainsail was close-reefed. After this the wind gradually abated, and at eight a.m., on Friday, as we passed the Eddystone, was quite moderate from N.N.E. The American yacht was nowhere visible, and we concluded she put to sea after passing the Needles. At noon two reefs were shaken out of the mainsail, and at one p.m. we set squaresail and jib-headed topsail. At four p.m. the Lizard Point bore N.E. twenty-five miles distant, and thence we took our departure—course S.W., wind N.E. Up to twelve midnight we did forty miles (nautical), and had light winds right aft, and hazy sky. Saturday, at four a.m., saw us with a fresh W.N.W. wind, accompanied by thick rain; the squaresail was taken in, and foresail set instead. Course S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. At nine a.m. the wind was much stronger, and blew from W.b.N. Appearances were not at all pleasant, and the main-topsail was got down, mainsail double reefed, and bonnet taken off foresail. At noon a fresh gale blew from N., with heavy sea, and foresail was stowed, and double reefed squaresail set, to keep the vessel before the sea that followed us. Lat. by acct., 47° 58' N.; long., 6° 31' W. We had made an average rate of six miles an hour during the last twelve hours. At one p.m. a fresh gale blew from N.E.b.N., with thick rain. From this time up to midnight we had nothing but hard squalls, which set us ten and eleven knots an hour before a tremendous sea. Total distance for the twenty-four hours, 195 miles.

Sunday morning commenced with a whole gale, and we now had a mountainous sea rolling after us, looking green, dark, and dull, and at

at all like the sparkling white-crested surge one is accustomed to see around the English coast. The sky, too, was literally black, and not a ray of light was anywhere visible, save the small glimmer from our binnacle and a gleam from the main cabin skylight. The scene, if it could be called a scene, reminded me very much of a picture of a wreck at sea which I once saw shortly after it had been rescued from a fire. Smoke had obscured everything upon it saving its title upon the lower margin; and all Biscay was obscured to us except the indistinct lights and sails of our own little vessel. However, as long as our gear held on there was not much danger in the solitude of this boisterous darkness, and if worse came upon us we could lie to. At present we were running under close-reefed main and double-reefed squaresail. This pulled us along at the rate of ten knots an hour just in front of the seas; but we could not have done this had the *Maia* yawed about. This, however, she did not do, and although we were threatened once or twice, not a sea broke aboard. Of course she was run off her course now and then to keep the sea off her quarter, and a pull taken to windward during the lulls. The little schooner ran as straight as an arrow, and we had but one sea on the quarter throughout the night, and no great quantity of that came on board. But our delight and thanksgiving for being in such a splendid seaboard received a sudden reverse at three o'clock on the Sunday morning, just as the gale was in the height of its fury. The *Maia* now and again took a weather roll, and then the boom, in spite of a good guy, would fall aboard and fly off again, with a jerk that shook the whole ship. It was just about this time that she took an unusually deep roll, and as she recovered the boom went out as usual until brought up with a tug by the sheet. When this tug occurred, the pin of the mainsheet block that secured it to the ear bolt on the poop flew out—its nut had worked off—and the mainsail was adrift, the boom resting and chafing on the main rigging. Things now looked ominous indeed; but the only thought in such a disaster is, "save the ship and you save your lives." Accordingly, the watch below was turned up, and all hands set to work to get the sail aboard. This was done by getting a tackle on the boom; but it was six o'clock before the sail was stowed and the storm trysail set. From this time, having done all it could to frighten us, the gale began to moderate, chopping round to E.N.E. At 1 o'clock it had so far subsided that the foresail was set; but a tremendous swell remained, and it was still anything but pleasant sailing. At noon the weather brightened up, and an observation gave our position as lat. $44^{\circ} 52' N.$, long. $9^{\circ} 14' 6'' W.$. Distance run in twelve hours 103 miles, course S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. By one p.m. the wind

was still more moderate, with the sea fast going down, and the reefs were shaken out of the squaresail. We were not making now more than five knots, but by five o'clock we began to reel off eight before a strong E.N.E. wind. This blew till nine o'clock, when we began to log ten knots; at twelve midnight it seemed inclined to blow still harder and shorten on us, and the squaresail was got in. Distance for the twenty-four hours, 197 miles.

Monday commenced with a strong E.N.E. wind still blowing, and a clear sky. At four a.m. Cape Finisterre light bore E.b.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., nineteen miles distant, and our course now became S.S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., for the Berlingas. At six o'clock it blew hard, with heavy sea, and the foresail was taken in, the vessel now being under trysail and storm jib alone. At eight o'clock the weather moderated, and again we set foresail and staysail. At noon our position was by observation, lat. 41° 36' N., long. 9° 40' W. Distance for the twelve hours 98 miles. At one p.m. the weather had moderated to a nice fair, whole-sail breeze, and the squaresail was again set. Nothing noteworthy occurred up to midnight, when the squaresail was again handed, as we were hauling by the wind a little more. Distance for the twenty-four hours 195 miles. On Tuesday we brought the Berlingas to bear E.S.E., fifteen miles distant, at four a.m., having just before put bonnet on foresail and staysail. Course S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., wind E.N.E. At eight a.m. Cape Roca bore S.S.E. ten miles distant. Course S., wind E.N.E., light; set mainsail, squaresail and main-gaff-topsail. Distance at noon run last twelve hours, 94 miles. For the next twelve hours we had nothing but light airs and calms, only making thirty-six miles; a total of 130 for the day. At one a.m. on Wednesday Cape St. Vincent Light bore S.b.E. twenty miles distant. From this time up to eight o'clock a.m., when we rounded the Cape, we had paltry winds; but directly the Cape was fairly open a strong breeze from E.N.E., with heavy swell, assailed us. This was nearly dead on end, and it seemed rather hard lines, after bringing a fair wind so far, to be met by a foul one when close to the Gib. However, at noon the wind dropped, and at three p.m. became calm. At eight p.m. we got a light northerly breeze and set squaresail, making, up to midnight, 89 miles only for the day.

During the whole of Thursday we had nothing but very light airs and calms, making 69 miles up to midnight. The weather was beautifully fine. Thermometer 69° in the shade, and barometer 30.070. Friday was much the same sort of day, and we logged 79 miles, under whole lower canvas and square fore-and-gaff-main-topsail. Position at midnight, twelve miles W. of Tarifa Point.

Saturday, Nov. 6th, commenced with a strong wind from S.W., and with its aid we made short work of it to Gibraltar Bay, where we hove to, and awaited *pratique* at six a.m. Thus far our voyage was eight days, seventeen hours from Portsmouth, and seven days, fourteen hours from the Lizard.

Upon landing, the intelligence we received as to the weather in the Mediterranean was anything but reassuring for the continuation of the voyage. Heavy gales had prevailed since Nov. 1st, (probably the same that we had in the bay), and the coast above Carthagera was said to be covered with wreck. The lighthouse on Cape Hormigas had been washed away, and strong easterly winds were still blowing. A dark "Levanter" hung over the Rock—said by the Spaniards to be a curse on British possession—and altogether, as Mrs. P. remarked, "the elephants looked omnibus." We therefore resolved to wait and see what the morrow brought forth.

The Field.

D. K.

PROPOSED SYSTEM FOR UNIFORM BUOYAGE.

(From the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.)

THE Trinity House has given notice, by advertisement, that in the months of March and April, 1870, the Buoys in the North Channels, also along the East Coast from Berwick to Cromer, and from Cromer to Orfordness, will be altered in conformity with the general system adopted by the Corporation:—

"The principal features of this system are that the starboard side of Channels entering from seaward will be marked by black or red Buoys only, the port side by black or red Buoys chequered or striped vertically with white and middle grounds by black or red Buoys with horizontal bands of white. When beacons are considered necessary to be placed on Buoys, the starboard side entering will be distinguished by globes, the port side entering by cages, and middle grounds by diamonds or triangles."

Only one colour, either black or red, is to be used in the same Channel. It is the announced intention of the Trinity House to extend this system to all Buoys under its management. It happens, however, that the entire control of the Buoyage of the United Kingdom is not vested in the London Trinity House, and, therefore, even if the system is extended, it cannot be made to apply to the whole of the Coasts and Harbours of the United Kingdom without a compulsory enactment on the subject. In the letter of "Tzamados," on the Navigation of the Danube, recently published by us, it may have been noted that mention was made of the

perfect Buoyage of that river from Sulina to Galatz with black and red Buoys. That work was performed by a body of Commissioners representing the Maritime Powers of Europe, and they adopted a system which they no doubt considered to be the best of its kind, and in accordance with the modern requirements of Navigation.

We have advocated the application of an universal method of Buoying, and we are still of opinion that there should be no difference in the colour of Buoys in the waters around the shores, harbours, and bays of the United Kingdom; and, further, that the authorities in this country should conform to the practice of other nations; or, if our system is preferable, then that Foreign States should be invited to fall in with it. At present, however, we have no system to recommend to foreigners, for there is a division of authority within our own kingdom. The Lights, Buoys, and Beacons of Ireland are under the charge of the Dublin Ballast Board, and the system applied to the Irish coast is red to port, black to starboard.* The Commissioners of Northern Lights, in 1857, altered the Scotch Buoyage for the system in force all over the seaboard of the United States, and likewise of France. The Scotch system is, port black, starboard red, going in; so that in looking seawards from the land you have always red to port, black to starboard. In Ireland and Scotland, therefore, the system of black and red prevails, but not in uniformity as regards the two taken together, nor as respects the Irish Ports separately. For instance, the Belfast Harbour Commission have adopted, on entering, black to starboard and red to port. In Loch Foyle and Carlingford Lough, there is black to port and red to starboard, as in Scotland. In England there never has been the slightest attempt made towards the adoption of a national, much less an universal system. White, red, green, and stripes of several varieties are to be found on the Buoys of different Ports. The Trinity Corporation of London mark the starboard side of some channels with red and others with black, and the port with red or black chequers. There is no system in this, or, if it is applied in one district in a systematic manner, but different in another, the system is local and not general. The Hull Trinity House have, on entering the Humber, black to starboard, and red and white to port. The Liverpool Board have buoyed the Mersey on what we may call the Universal System, which is that adopted in Scotland, the United States, the British Colonies, France, and Turkey, and partly by Ireland. The Commissioners of Southampton, and a fi

* On reference to the chart this will practically be found incorrect, as the verse arrangement occurs in several cases, and we believe no objection to the Universal Code is made.—E. J. B.

other places in England, have also carried out in practice this now preferred method.

The effect of a want of harmony in the system of buoyage enforced by the conflicting authorities of the United Kingdom is most inconvenient to shipmasters. The master of a foreign vessel who has been in the habit of trading from a country where the system of red to starboard and black to port, on entering harbours or estuaries, prevails, must be perplexed on making our coast, with its multifarious mixtures of colours. The answer to this would be, that our pilotage is good, and that pilots are always at their stations. Ships, however, frequently pass pilotage stations by stress of weather or through fogs; and, therefore, they have to depend upon the buoys and beacons. Hence, the carrying out of a series of local mixed systems of buoyage by the Trinity Corporation, though highly to be commended in one respect, is hardly the right step in these days when the language of the sea is becoming universal. The navigable highways ought not to need any other interpreter than the colour of its buoys and beacons. We insisted, in 1867, when we last discussed the subject, that there should be an international system, and we cannot but think so still. The Trinity House authorities, by adopting a local or block system, are under the impression that by so doing they will mark more clearly and distinctly a particular line of coast or district. This they hold to be better than one continuous row of either black or red. We recommended the lettering of Buoys, and likewise numbering them, in addition to distinguishing colours. To quote our former remarks:—

“The letter or number should be placed vertically on the top of the Buoy, and cut out of *lignum vitæ*, or modelled in iron. Of whatever material composed, they should be open-worked, and not merely painted.”

A large number, standing well out of the water, could be deciphered readily, and this would afford a means of supplying information of a thoroughly reliable character. In thick weather, when doubts exist as to a ship's position, the lowering of a boat to learn the number would be the preservation, perhaps, of both vessel and crew. But there must be harmony between the many Boards and Harbour authorities before any thorough reform can be effected. Alderney, for example, which is under the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, has its own little code. The shore beacons are painted white and conical; the beacon on the half rock is red; the buoy at the outer end of the Admiralty works is black; and the leading lights are red. We might multiply instances of these differences in the mode of buoyage; but it is not necessary to do so. Captain E. J. Bedford, R.N., who has taken a strong interest in the question for many years, advises red either whole or mixed on the

starboard hand on entering harbours or approaching a centre, and black upon the port side, with two colours blended on either hand. Whatever system, however, is arranged for, should not be lightly altered, for repeated changes destroy the value of the charts and guides on which masters rely on making a coast.

Cardiff, November 18th, 1869.

SIR,—Will you permit me once more to address your numerous readers interested in nautical matters upon the important subject of the buoyage of our coast dangers? I fear there is at present but little prospect of influencing the Board who at present hold the chief superintendence over such matters; but the following remarks may yet serve as a caution to many, and direct attention to a subject which eventualities may prove to have been more worthy the consideration and interference of the influential than, apparently, it has hitherto elicited.

I find by a notice dated the 8th inst. that the Trinity Board, after a consideration of nine years, are about to re-arrange the buoys at the entrance of the Thames. But instead of manifesting any willingness to co-operate in bringing about the much-desired arrangement of an universal Code for Buoying) as, through your exertions, has been established for day signals), the Elder Brethren have ignored the long-established system prevailing over a large portion of our own country and among foreign nations, and have amalgamated the two distinguishing colours, regardless of the perplexity and anxiety such a proceeding must occasion. I have before shown, and the Elder Brethren have themselves stated that their chief objection to the system advocated was the difficulty of distinguishing upon one occasion the difference between black and red. That occasion was during an unfavourable condition of the buoys and the difficulty experienced by one or two individuals. I have also shown that if, after the test of years, the objection had really proved a valid one, it could easily have been obviated without any infringement of the fundamental principle of the scheme. I think, however, they have already shown, and their proposed arrangements prove, how little real importance they themselves attach to this solitary objection, notwithstanding it has been so prominently urged in every reply to the applications, from the Chambers of Commerce and others, for the adoption of the code—first, because these condemned colours have buoyed to this day, in juxtaposition, two at least of the important channels at the entrance to the Thames; and, secondly, seven of these channels are now to be buoyed, in nearly alternate rotation of red and black upon the same side. I would ask of what practical use an arrangement can be

which is founded upon colours which "cannot be distinguished one from the other." One scarcely likes to attempt to assign a cause for a scheme so perplexing to the Navigator from every civilized port; for if it was necessary to make a distinction between these channels, would it not be rational to adopt some arrangement other than that which, in their estimation, has been a "grave error" even to suggest? And if the distinction is immaterial, would it not have been wiser, as of an undoubted benefit to the seafaring community, to have adopted, if but on one side only, the colour recognised and familiar to the large majority of seamen?

I think it probable that, when the Trinity Board have completed the arrangements of buoys within their own immediate jurisdiction, a question will arise—how is it that England, which might have been expected to set an example in such matters, should be without any system of Buoyage whereby to facilitate the navigation along her dangerous shores; and that whereas, besides over the immense American continent, British as well as American, a system has prevailed for years in France similar, in main characteristics, to that urged for adoption, a seaman frequenting the ports most contiguous to our continental neighbours, will find scarcely two buoyed alike, and such also is the case around the Irish shores? Will not, then, an attempt be made to force the arrangement of the Trinity Board upon the authorities at present holding local jurisdiction, and many of whom have hitherto carried out a more enlightened and beneficial course? I fear it will, unless some more strenuous efforts are made by persons of influence to prevent so lamentable a retrograde movement, and to induce the Elder Brethren to recognise a principle which extends, if not over the whole, at least over the far largest and most important, portion of the commercial seaboard. It will have been observed, and will unfortunately carry its due weight that the Trinity Board assume the approval of the Admiralty and Board of Trade to their arrangement; but I am inclined to doubt their Lordships' full concurrence, and believe that, if official etiquette was less regarded the Admiralty would scarcely give their sanction to a scheme so opposed to general utility, and to an arrangement adopted by themselves; and I think it would also be found that the approval of the Board of Trade referred to an original sanction, given as far back as 1860, to a proposition to substitute mixed coloured buoys on one side of a channel, instead of whole coloured for both—a very different arrangement to the unnecessary and dangerous confusion now being carried out.

I am, &c., E. J. BEDFORD.

Capt. R.N., and late Admiralty Surveyor.



THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE following notice to mariners has been issued from the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty :—

“ The following information has been received from Commander G. S. Nares, of Her Majesty's surveying vessel *Newport*, which vessel passed through at the opening, November, 1869 :—

“ Approaching Port Said.—The coast in the neighbourhood of Port Said is unusually low, being out of sight at three miles distance. The lighthouse, town, and shipping are the only objects seen from the offing. At present there are two tall obelisks, one on each side of the Canal entrance, but, as they are merely built of boarding, they can only be temporary. At six miles to the west the coast is marked by Gemileti Tower, a low, square building, standing by itself on a low sandy coast; but to the eastward of the Port there is nothing to mark the low shore.

“ Current.—The current off the coast is very uncertain. It generally runs with the wind, from half to a knot-and-a-half an hour. The general set is to the eastward.

“ Owing to the current and low shore, more than usual caution is necessary in approaching the harbour.

“ Port Said Harbour.—The harbour is formed by two concrete breakwaters running off from the sandy shore. Inside the piers the harbours is at present constantly silting up, in consequence of the current, heavily laden with sand, running through numerous openings in the piers, and depositing the sand in the quieter water inside. A good straight channel of 26ft. of water has been dredged, leading into the inner basins, about 100 yards inside, and parallel to the west pier. It is marked by black buoys on the east side, and red ones on the west side; and it may be presumed that the authorities will be careful to keep it clear. The basins inside the harbour have a depth of 26ft. of water; they are sufficiently large for the trade which may be expected. If not, there is ample space for enlarging them.

“ Light.—On the outer end of each breakwater there is a low light—red on the west pier, and green on the east one. The Port Said lighthouse is a tall white stone tower, 180ft. high, standing close to the inshore end of the west breakwater. It shows a flashing white lime light, visible eighteen miles.

“ Pilot Signal.—The pilot boats carry a blue peter flag.

“ Outer Anchorage.—The best anchorage in six fathoms is with the low red light on with the high lighthouse; or the west pier head a little open of the lighthouse on either side. The bottom is mud and very good holding ground. A bank with 12ft. of water has been formed to the eastward of the harbour. The east pier head light (green) on with the high lighthouse leads over the west edge of the bank; therefore, these marks must be kept well open. In approaching, allowance must be made for a bank which is forming

outside the west pier end. In November, 1869, there was six fathoms at half-a-mile from the pier end, with the anchorage marks in one.

"Entrance to Canal.—The entrance to the Canal is conveniently situated at the inner end of the basins.

"From Port Said to Kantara. 24 1-6 miles, the usual depth of water is from 26ft. to 29ft. Immediately south of the Campement de Cap is a short bank of 24ft. ; and one mile north of Kantara, opposite the 43rd kilometre mark, is a bank of 23ft. The whole of this distance. 24 1-6 miles, with the exception of one-sixth mile at the Campement, which is higher, the Canal runs through a wet, flat, sandy plain—scarcely higher than the level of the water on the east side, and a little below it on the west side, which, with a 'high Nile,' is completely overflowed, and the sand rendered firm by the deposit of mud from the river. In this part of the Canal there is no sand-drift, and it may be considered as completed. The *debris* thrown up on the banks is firm, black, sandy mud, protecting the Canal from the water in Lake Menzaleh, without any opening in the whole distance.

"Kantara to the North End of Lake Ballah, two miles and-one-third.—The Canal passes through sand-hills from 20 feet to 30 feet high, and has a depth of from 26 feet to 28 feet. This part of the Canal is completed, but it is subject to a severe sand-drift in high winds.

"Lake Ballah, seven miles.—The Canal here passes through a lagoon, with a depth varying from 19 feet to 24 feet, but the dredges are still at work. There is constant trouble in this part of the Canal, in consequence of the banks on each side, which are composed of fine sand *debris*, not being firm enough to resist the constant ebb and flow of the water between the lake and the Canal ; which, carrying large quantities of sand with it, is constantly altering the depth of water.

"Lake Ballah to Lake Timsah, eight miles.—In this cutting the sand hills are about 40 feet high. The depth of the Canal varies from 22 feet to 24 feet, but there is work still goin on in the shallow parts. All this part is subject to heavy sand-drift. For about four miles in the neighbourhood of El Guisr the canal is cut through a strata of soft lime or sandstone. The sharp turns between El Guisr and Lake Timsah are probably owing to the engineers having following the softest part of the rock. Ships can pass round the curves without trouble.

"Ismailia, Lake Timsah.—The central station in the Canal is well situated for a stopping place. There is at present only 22 feet in the middle of the lake, but the dredges will soon give deeper water.

"Through Lake Timsah to Toussoum.—The depth varies from 22 feet to 27 feet, except one bank of 20 feet in the Lagoon. The *debris* banks here of pure sand, like those in Lake Ballah, are not adhesive enough to form a barrier between the Canal and the Lagoons to keep the silt from running into the channel, but the Canal is sufficiently wide to allow dredges to work without stopping the traffic.

"Toussoum to North Entrance of Bitter Lakes.—In this cutting the canal is carried through a strata of sandstone with depths from 22 feet to 24

feet, except in one place one mile south of Serapeum, where for about 30 yards there is a narrow ridge with only 18 feet of water over hard rock. A strong party of men are at work, and the obstruction will soon be reduced. At the south end of the cutting the deep channel is narrow and incomplete. This cutting is subject to a very heavy sand-drift. From the *debris* on the bank it would appear that the narrow ridge of stone running across the canal had only lately been discovered.

“ The North Bitter Lake to the South Lighthouse, nine miles and-a-half.—The margin of the deep water in the lake, a mile and-a-half from the entrance, is marked on the east side by a red iron pillar lighthouse 40 feet high, showing a fixed white light visible 10 or 12 miles. The excavated channel leading into the deep water has a depth of from 24 feet to 29 feet. It is conspicuously marked on each side by iron beacons 15 feet high, with a black ball 3 feet in diameter at the top. As we passed, each beacon was lighted, but whether the lamps are to remain could not be ascertained. The margin of the deep water at the south end of the lake is conspicuously marked on the east side by a lighthouse similar to the north one, and by a buoy on the west side. A straight run may be made between the lighthouses (a distance of eight miles), with not less than 22 feet depth of water; 26 feet may be obtained by passing nearer to the west shore of the lake.

“ From South Lighthouse to South End of Bitter Lakes, ten miles and-a-third.—The water in this part of the lake being shallower, a cutting has been made, giving from 26 feet to 27 feet depth. The channel is well marked by numerous iron beacons on each side (from four to six to a mile), similar to those at the north end of the lake.

“ Bitter Lakes to Suez Lagoon.—This part is quite complete, with hard banks, and depths of water from 26 feet to 30 feet at low water. It is subject to sand-drifts. At Chalouf the cutting is carried through sand-stone; the *debris* is hard and lumpy. South of latitude 30 degs. 6 min. N., the Canal passes through sand-hills; it increases in width, and the *debris* on the bank is more than usually large. At Madama the banks are of firm marl or soft clay.

“ Suez Lagoon to Two Red Lights at Entrance.—This part of the Canal is incomplete; the *debris* banks are sand. The soundings were irregular, the depth varying from 21 feet to 26 feet at low water. A large number of men are still at work here. At the entrance a good stone wall is built on the west bank, but it requires to be raised and extended. Another is much wanted on the east side, where the curve already shows the usual signs of scouring out on the outer and depositing on the inner side.

“ From the Red Lights to the Gulf of Suez, a mile and-three-quarters.—The south end of the Canal may be said to extend a mile and-three-quarters beyond the two red lights, passing the Suez Creek and the new dock and harbour works into the Gulf of Suez with not less than 27 feet at low water. With a flood tide a great quantity of silt pours into the Canal from the sandbank on the east side of the entrance, but doubtless means will be taken to prevent it. A breakwater has already been carried across the sea

face of the bank. The mouth of the Canal is marked by a red light on the west side at the extreme end of the new harbour works, and by a green light on the opposite side on the nearest end of the breakwater. Both lights are at present only hoisted on temporary poles. Outside these marks the Channel is further shown by a line of buoys, white on the east side and red on the west side.

" Suez Dock.—The dry dock is 430 feet long, 83 feet broad, and can dock a ship drawing 23 feet when the Channel outside is completed.

" Current in the Canal at North End.—The current depends on any variation in the height of the water in the Mediterranean. The banks show that the Canal here is subject to a rise and fall of one foot, the current and height lessening as the distance from the entrance increases. There is no tide or current in Lake Timsah or the Upper Bitter Lake.

" Tide at Suez end of Canal.—The tidal influence extends from Suez to four miles north of the southern end of the Bitter Lakes. The stream commences to flow from two to three hours after low water at Suez. A spring tide rises six feet at Suez, two feet at Madama, a foot and-a-half at Chalouf and half-a-foot at the south entrance of the Bitter Lakes. At Kabiet there is no rise and fall. The immense reservoir of water in the Bitter Lakes with an ebb tide, and in the Gulf of Suez with the flood, will prevent the tide ever having a greater range. With a strong southerly wind in the Gulf of Suez, the water rises to from eight to nine feet at the head of the gulf, and may affect the water in the Canal to some small extent. From two to three hours before high water at Suez the flood with a spring tide was running a knot and-a-half at Chalouf, increasing to two or two knots and-a-half at Madama, with the water very much discoloured. By starting from Suez an hour before low water a vessel will arrive in the Bitter Lake before the flood tide overtakes her, and having nearly slack water all the way.

" Ships passing Each other.—Every five or six miles a short widening in the Canal (a gare) gives room for a vessel to haul in and allow another to pass her with ease. Vessels can pass each other at any part by using warps, but they cannot do so without stopping, except at great risk of running on shore and delaying the whole traffic of the Canal.

" Time taken to pass through the Canal.—A single ship could pass through in from 14 to 16 hours; and two small ships, entering one at each end, could pass each other without slackening speed. But it is impossible to carry a train of large ships through in one day. Lake Timsah and the town of Ismailia are conveniently situated and sufficiently large for a stopping-place; and doubtless arrangements will be made for ships to start from each end on one day, for all to meet and anchor for the night at Lake Timsah, and to start for their respective ends the following morning. This, allowing eight hours for passing through each end of the Canal, and twelve hours for remaining at Ismaili, will give twenty-eight hours for the transit. With a full moon, a handy ship, by entering the Canal in the evening and arriving at Ismailia in the morning early enough to join the train of vessels, might perform the voyage in from sixteen to twenty hours. With a train of only

two or three ships, and no delay at nights, the transit would occupy about eighteen hours.

" Damage to the Canal by the Wash of Steamers.—There is no doubt that every vessel will cause more or less damage to the banks on passing, but screw ships only going five or six knots will hurt the Canal very slightly, except in the lagoons, where the banks are formed of very fine sand. The Pera, a large paddle-wheel steamer, on passing with great speed, (eight knots), and displacing the water in the whole breadth of the Canal, did considerable damage, the wave she made swamping several boats. Large vessels should be made to reduce speed more than small ones.

" Damage to Ships touching the Ground.—Should a vessel touch the ground in any part of the Canal, except in the tidal part the Suez end, she will sustain no damage, merely being thrown out of her turn in the line. A good coating of sand has formed at the bottom of the Canal in the sandstone cuttings. In the tidal part near Suez, if a vessel is passing through with a following tide and the bow touches either bank, there will be great danger of her swinging across the Canal, with a two-knot current running against her broadside. With a wind blowing across the Canal, vessels touching the lee side will be blown at once against the bank, but without any damage.

" Pilots and Navigation.—The present pilots will rapidly gain experience; with trained leadsmen, and a lead going on each side of the ship, there is no difficulty whatever in navigating the Canal and keeping in mid-channel. Should a bank form, it will be at once detected, and ample means are ready for reducing it. The precautions necessary are similar to those in any river, with the advantage of there being fewer and better curves, and nearly a straight course throughout.

" Sand-drifts.—Thirty-five miles of the Canal are subject to the sand-drifting. One squall was experienced (force 6) when the drift was as thick as an ordinary fog, and most distressing to the eyes; so much so, that, had the ship been in a curve at the time, there would have been great difficulty in keeping her in the proper channel. Fresh-water pipes run along the west bank of the Canal for the greater part of its length, and doubtless, as soon as the water is no longer required for the engines, it will be used to irrigate the banks and endeavour to stop this nuisance.

" Present State of Canal.—In the total 86½ miles 65 may be considered as quite completed. Throughout the remaining 21½ miles there is either dredging or embanking work still going on. For five miles in the worst parts of Lake Ballah, and the lagoons south of Lake Timsah, constant dredging will be required, until means are found to keep the bank solid enough to prevent the waters communicating. In the Serapeum cutting there is a rocky ridge of a few yards with only 18 feet water upon it, which will soon be removed. Except for about ten miles there are 24 feet of water throughout the Canal. Vessels drawing 17 feet can pass through with ease. When the barrier at Serapeum is removed the Canal will be open to ships drawing 20 feet. The largest ship that passed through the Canal at the

opening was the Peluse, Egyptian yacht, drawing 16 feet, about 250 feet long. Several ships grounded on the passage, but all got off again with a little delay. The grounding was caused more by the desire of the forty or fifty ships to get quickly through than through any fault of the Canal.

"By command of their Lordships,

"GEO. HENRY RICHARDS, *Hydrographer*.

"*Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, London, December 10th, 1869.*"

THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE.

UPON the eve of going to press we have been favoured with the copies of the following telegrams in reference to this important match:—

"*Ashbury, Brighton, December 17th, to James Bennett, junr., Esq., New York Yacht Club.*

"I unreservedly retire and waive the question of the four Channel or inland courses, and will race Dauntless from Cowes to New York any time in March or July, to suit your convenience for £250 service.—Answer prepaid."

"*Bennett, New York, December 21st, to Ashbury, Brighton.*

"Will you, or will you not, sail the Dauntless in accordance with my acceptance of your challenge of Sept. 27th, starting point being Old Head of Kinsale and not Cowes, July equally agreeable.—Reply, twenty words paid."

"*Ashbury, Brighton, December 25th, to Bennett, New York Yacht Club.*

"Been absent, returned last night.—Cambria will unconditionally race Dauntless any time in July. From Old Head, Kinsale, to Sandy Hook, or New York for £250 plate; nevertheless I cannot admit your acceptance of of September 27th challenges, seeing you absolutely refused four out of five races, and changed the course of the fifth, the inconvenience and disadvantage of a start from the Irish Coast, as compared with Cowes, I unreservedly agree to, to prevent the possibility of the race being once more off.—No reply necessary."

"*Bennett, junr., December 27th, to Mr. Ashbury, Brighton, England.*

"Your telegram satisfactory, as you say any time in July, I name the fourth, as the day of starting if agreeable to you, other preliminaries of course can be arranged upon my arrival in England in June next. Please answer if this meets with your approval.—Twenty words reply, prepaid."

"*Ashbury, Brighton, December 28th, to Bennett, New York Yacht Club.*

"The unconditional race, Cambria against Dauntless for the fourth of July is quite acceptable."

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1870.

ROUGH NOTES IN SMOOTH WATERS. *

CHAPTER VI.

ONCE more "on the glad waters of the deep blue sea."—We have left Algiers far behind in the hazy distance.—It is a bright fresh morning, the sun dancing merrily on the clear crisp waves, a balmy south-west breeze just filling the sails of our little vessel and carrying us onward rapidly and almost imperceptibly,—Surely this is enjoyment without alloy, pleasure without pain.—Yachting, to a true lover of the sea, is ever, and must be, an all-absorbing pleasure, how much more then, when under a Mediterranean sky, to find your early yachting aspirations realized at last,—that you are actually in your own little ship, (and she the perfection of order and comfort,) with a quiet well-ordered crew, your little community on board being now more drawn together, as it were, from the feeling you are far from home.—What *can* we wish for more?—Never further than six or seven miles from the land, and often much nearer, there is a constantly changing panorama before us,—now a rocky coast bare and weather beaten, and wild and desolate to a degree—then a wide

* Continued from page 8.

sandy beach furrowed with many a winter's torrent, tho' now the mountain streams appear only as silver threads as they trickle down the deep gorges—and now again perhaps, a verdant sweep of thick forest creeping down to the very water's edge, a puff of blue smoke alone indicating the whereabouts of some Arab encampment, and to crown all, the mountain backing rising higher and higher till it reaches the snow capped ridges of the Atlas chain, some 14,000 feet high. This is scenery worth coming twice as far to see.

The afternoon wore quickly away, and soon the exquisite "after-glow" of sunset, (so wondrously beautiful on the African coast,) blending sea and land in one lustrous rosy light, died out suddenly and without an interval of twilight, leaving "the world to darkness and to me"—The solemn shadows of the land seem to gather slowly round us, covering us as with a mantle—the lofty mountains towering high above our heads apparently, throw their dusky shade upon us, while the mysterious influence of "night on the ocean," adds its illusions and lends its peculiar charm.—Now is the time of all others when a man, even the most matter of fact, and unimpressionable, will feel a dreamy sensation stealing over him,—a time when his imagination is most prolific. What strange weird sounds you sometimes hear or fancy you hear, at sea—babbling voices and low murmuring conversations seem going on around you, though you know all is silent, and this only a delusion.—Hissing whispers, as it were in your very ear, startle and rouse you, and you may give yourself up to this glamour 'till all at once the sharp chatter of some sleeping sea-bird alongside, roused out of its dreams by the passing vessel, sets your nerves quivering and your pulse throbbing, and you jump up, wide awake now, and rather ashamed of yourself. Not only have I myself been often deceived thus, but I believe there are few who have not experienced similar delusions. Can we wonder then that seamen are proverbially superstitious and greedily believe every sensational story they hear. I fancy the brain is peculiarly affected at sea—but this is a question I leave to the doctors.

To night, however, I find myself gazing intently into the obscurity of the land, as I lay stretched on the stern gratings and conjuring up all sorts of odd fancies, every idle tale and long forgotten yarn of fierce pirates, armed feluccas, and swift galleys, are now vivid remembered. It suddenly occurs to me that we are very close shore and that the breeze has fallen away to a dead calm, for the s

is another sky with each particular star glittering in duplicate. We are out of the regular track of vessels, and I confess I was warned that it would be by no means prudent to keep very close to the land in calm weather. How silent is every thing,—the yacht herself, like every one else, seems to be sleeping, except when she gives a slow sluggish roll as a slight heave of the sea lifts her gently now and then, but she immediately settles down to her slumbers again, with an impatient shake of her mainsail, that wakes up every reef-point for the moment, while the main-sheet block just gives a lazy rattle and the main-boom a complaining moan, like the voice of the sluggard, and then all is quiet again. The only one awake to all appearance, is the helmsman who leans listlessly, both elbows on the tiller, looking out seaward and whistling softly to himself, not from “want of thought” but to woo the absent breeze; and now I must tell you “a horrible adventure.”

I know not what possessed me that night, but hearing the “dinghy” which had been left in the water, for some purpose or other, possibly for the convenience of catching turtle, of which we passed many asleep, hearing the dinghy rubbing against the side of the vessel, (for we were now nearly motionless,) I quietly, and without being observed by any one, slipped over the taffrail into the boat and casting off the painter, paddled gently away. I say I cannot tell what evil spirit incited me, but I had a most insatiable curiosity to go and see what those flickering fires on shore could possibly be, and I thought I might row into the shadow of those dark mountains unseen and undisturbed.—How miserably I was deceived the sequel will show.

My object in leaving the yacht so quietly was lest my wife might be unnecessarily alarmed. On, on, I rowed, leaving a long silvery wake of rippling sea astern, and was soon a mile away from the vessel, and then I paused to look round and reconnoitre—Merciful heaven, what is this? A large galley filled with Moors—their eyes gleaming bright as their long knives, as with stealthy strokes they drew rapidly towards me. Shall I ever forget the agonising terror of that moment—a cry—a splash,—a stunning blow, and I lost all consciousness!

On awakening I found myself in an Arab tent, tied hand and foot, a woman in one of those eternal “yashmaks” was rubbing my hands, and another holding a bowl of camel’s milk, whilst a number of swarthy Bedouins, with dirty bernouses and shady looking turbans,

were sitting round, and smoking gravely, as tho' nothing particular had occurred.—Shortly, the chief or sheik, for such I supposed him to be, approached, and by means of signs endeavoured to ascertain from me whether there was any treasure on board the vessel, and whether she was armed or no.—Instantly the thought occurred to me to persuade the Arabs the yacht *was* armed but had little or no treasure, hoping they might thus be induced to give up the attempt to board, signs of which I now distinctly observed, in the preparation of their boats, arms, &c.—It was of no avail however, and I soon had the misery of seeing them leave the tent, with the exception of the women, and one ferocious looking fellow left as a guard over me, and proceed to sea. Oh, the fearsome despair that crept over my beating heart as the sound of their oars grew fainter and fainter in the distance—and yet at the same time, strange to say, an unnatural calmness and presence of mind possessed me and I began to collect my ideas.—Let me consider now, what must I do to save my wife and children. At the thought of my little ones, I felt I should go mad—to fancy their death struggles and piteous cries, their throats cut, and their bodies tossed overboard.—No I cannot, must not think of this.—Stop! perhaps they and the crew may escape in the boats and leave the vessel to the pirates.—But no, my wife I felt sure would never go unless she knew that I was safe. Fool that I was ever to leave the yacht in the way I did—Still, could I only free myself from these bonds perhaps I might yet find the dinghy and so escape. Why not?—these ropes are but grass, and had I a knife I could soon unloose myself—a lucky thought struck me—I had a flask of brandy in my pocket and by signs I made my jailor understand as much. To my great delight, I saw the swarthy Arab take the flask and give a hearty good pull at it. The women then retired to another tent and the man, after sundry applications to the flask, all the pleasanter perhaps because forbidden, became more amiable, and at last, seeing me in pain, loosed my arms.—Cautiously I began to feel for my knife, but alas! without success, for my pockets had been rifled previously, and I was without the means therefore of releasing my legs. “Necessity,” however, “is the mother of invention, and my keeper, being overcome by the potency of the spirit, laid down to sleep.—This is my only chance, thought I, and working myself slowly towards the fire, I seized a brand and burnt thro' the rope that bound me (to the serious detriment of my shins by the way

and was again free!—I was sorely tempted to give the drunken brute on the ground his *quietus*, but I refrained, consoling myself with the reflection, that he would have a frightful headache on the morrow. A few minutes more and I was on the beach, where I found the dinghy safe, oars and all. 'Twas the work of a moment to haul her into the water and pull off with all my might and main towards the schooner—Too late, tho', too late, for the loud boom of our carronade and the rattle of musketry mingled with wild shouts and yells, amid which I could distinctly recognize my wife's agonizing cries for me, rang thro' the night air, curdling my very blood and almost paralysing my arms, but despair lent me strength, and at last, aye at last, I found myself alongside the yacht, when some one of my men, I know not whom, dragged me on deck and addressed me thus.—

"Please Sir, missus has been singing out for you ever so long, and you'll catch your death of cold, in this dew, if you don't go below!"

Yes, I had simply been dreaming! wet with damp and perspiration I subsided into my berth and told my dream to no one until next morning when I related it to our doctor, whose only remark was, "Well if a man will take turtle soup and hot lobster for supper he must expect the nightmare, however it's not a bad yarn, so put it in your notes, it will do to fill up as well as any other stuff."

The next morning dawned over a still glassy, and smooth sea, Cape Carbon is yet in sight, just hereaway as we left it last night, but what a lovely morning it is. Some of the crew are grouped forward in all sorts of easy attitudes and *dishabille*, very wisely taking their breakfast on deck, or smoking the matutinal pipe with a quiet enjoyment, all in keeping with the pleasant tranquility of everything around. During the forenoon, light flaws of wind and cats'-paws stole over the water, and we availed ourselves of their assistance to haul further off the land, and towards afternoon, industrious whistling procured us a nice fresh breeze which brought us past Mellys and Bujeya before evening. This portion of the African coast cannot be excelled any where I think in the Mediterranean, beauty and variety, yet how different to all one's preconceived notions of "Afric's burning shore." Instead of arid plains and sandy deserts, the sides of the mountains are clothed with forests of trees and smooth swards, while here and there, are glimpses so park like

that you almost expect suddenly to come upon a handsome mansion (Bujeya Hall, or Djellys Manor) with handsome turn-outs and merry riding parties on the lawns, as a broad sweep of green with fine trees upon it, catches your eye. But no, not even an Arab hut or a solitary camel is visible. Nature is truly unadorned and Art would be out of place in such a landscape as this, where despite its attractiveness, there is an oppressive solitude about it, that strikes one with a sense almost of awe. I don't know that I can give a better idea of the country than by comparing it to some parts of the Clyde and the Highlands of Scotland, far surpassing the latter in sublimity of proportion, yet not inferior to the former in its almost sylvan beauty.

It is highly probable that climate has much to do with our favourable impressions of the country, and had the weather been such as it generally is in the Highlands, wet and windy, a different verdict might have been arrived at, be that as it may, we had a charming three day's sail along the coast, and the fourth morning after we left Algiers, found us at anchor off Bona.

THE PROPOSED ANGLO-AMERICAN ATLANTIC YACHT RACE.

AFTER a correspondence between Mr. Ashbury the owner of the *Cambria* and Mr. Bennett the owner of the American yacht *Dauntless*, so long and so tedious as at one time to make it appear likely to be interminable, and to cause us to think that it could lead to no result, a match across the Atlantic has been definitely arranged between these two vessels which are to start for New York on the 4th July from the Old Head of Kinsale.

We have received the accompanying letter from Mr. Ashbury written to Mr. Bennett in answer to a communication from him which appeared some months ago in many of the English journals, and though it would take up too much of our space to enter "*seriatim*" into the various questions that have been raised and brought before the public in connection with this correspondence, yet we will spare as much of our space as we can in order to make a few remarks on a subject which is fraught with so much interest to all our readers.

To begin with the very commencement of the proceedings we cannot help regretting that the correspondence between Mr. Ashbury and M

Bennett should have been allowed to assume such lengthy proportions, and it is still more to be regretted that Mr. Bennett, when at one time he failed to have the match entirely to his own liking, should have been betrayed by a too anxious temperament to adopt a tone by no means courteous and to cast an imputation upon Mr. Ashbury which it would have been impossible to substantiate, as it must be most clear to any impartial person, understanding the merits of the case, that the owner of the *Cambria* has from first to last shewn the greatest desire to test in the fairest possible way the merits of the two yachts. But whatever may be the difference of opinion on this point there can be no doubt but that the end of all the correspondence is that Mr. Bennett has managed very adroitly to secure his own terms for the match.

For our own part we think it a great pity that Mr. Bennett has so persistently refused to sail against the *Cambria* in the three Channel Matches proposed by Mr. Ashbury, as over such a course each vessel would have had precisely the same breeze, and nothing would have been left to chance as must be the case in an Atlantic race where the yachts will be separated and one may get into a calm or have a foul wind while the other is going along with free sheets, contingencies very likely to happen in the month of July when calms and variable winds are so prevalent on the Atlantic. We fail entirely to agree with Mr. Bennett when he says that the English Channel is an inland sea, subject to variable winds and incapable of testing the merits of the two yachts, as whatever the breeze might be in the Channel both vessels would have had the same and as regards the sea we have seen quite as nasty a sea in the Channel raised by a strong wind and adverse tide, as any we have ever seen in the Atlantic where the waves are much longer and more easy to keep out of a two hundred ton vessel than the shorter boiling sea of the Channel. Nor are his remarks much happier when he says that the course round the Isle of Wight is an unfair one for a stranger, and we do not remember any such observations to have been made when the *America* so gallantly won the Cup of '51.

We can hardly imagine that these are Mr. Bennett's only or principal reasons for declining the Channel matches, and we cannot help entertaining the idea that he has a strong impression that the days fixed upon for such a race might all prove to be light summer weather when the *Dauntless* would lose the benefit of her extra power, and much of the advantage she will assuredly derive from her larger size in some of the heavy weather Mr. Bennett may reasonably expect to meet with during a part of the long journey across the Atlantic, but whether this

is the light that the owner of the larger vessel—which ought to outpace her smaller rival in light or heavy weather, and ought not to court any advantage—should look upon the question we must leave to the decision of our readers on the other as well as this side of the water.

As regards the match generally we must say that nothing would have afforded us greater pleasure than to see two vessels of English and American build of the same size contending in a proper course, but as it is, be the result what it may, we do not look upon this match with much favour, as in the first place the victor whichever it may be may owe her success entirely to chance, and not to superior sailing qualities, and in the next place the difference in size between the yachts—the Dauntless being by our measurement about 70 tons larger than the Cambria—is really too great to allow us to look upon the match as a fair one. Should the Cambria be victorious, it will no doubt be much to her credit, but should she be defeated it will very naturally be said that the odds were too much against her.

What we really wanted to see was whether the English build of a longer, deeper vessel, with more displacement for her size and finer run aft was or was not superior to the American build with its greater beam and less depth and smaller displacement in proportion, with its longer bow and heavier after run; and this in a fair whole sail breeze and not in a gale, as yachts are not built, nor are yachtsmen for racing in a gale of wind.

As regards the Cambria herself there is no doubt that she is one of the best examples of an English schooner, and a very proper representative of this country, but at the same time there is no disguising the fact, that there are certain elements in her construction which will be very detrimental to her sailing powers in the event of her meeting with three or four days of very strong northerly or southerly winds on her quarter while crossing the Atlantic Ocean, when she will find a heavy lead keel, and her fine lines aft plunge her fearfully into a sea, and also find it impossible to keep the water off her decks aft with anything like a press of canvas, and it is under such circumstances that the "Dauntless" will distinguish herself, carry a much greater press of canvas, and we fear get the better of our favourite, and bearing this in mind we fear we must say that in our opinion the American yacht will gain the Sand Heads first. But it is by no means certain that such will be the case, as should the weather prove moderate and not swamp the Cambria in one or two gales, we have a lurking impression that the Cambria may arrive first, though we are afraid that Mr. Ashbury has made a somewhat rash match.

But having said this much of the Ocean Match, we wish to give all credit to Mr Ashbury for the sacrifice he is making of his time, his pleasure, and his money while undertaking to go to America, and using his best endeavours to recover our long lost Cup! It is only those who know what the pursuit of yachting is and what the relinquishment of the best part of the yachting season would be, who can appreciate the sacrifice, and there is not a yachtsman from Caithness to Cornwall that will not watch the telegram conveying the news of the Cup Race with the keenest anxiety, or who will not wish Mr. Ashbury the success he deserves. With regard to the issue of this race it must of course be doubtful where so many vessels, as will no doubt contend this time for it, are to start, but those elements in the construction of the *Cambria* which we have pointed out as likely to tell against her in crossing the Atlantic will not tell against her over the ordinary American course, and taking into consideration the success of the *Egeria* at Cherbourg last year we venture to predict that the Cup of '51 will once again see England, and that through the medium of the "*CAMBRIA*"

Brighton, December 31st, 1869.

SIR:—I only require to draw your attention to a letter from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, in some of the London papers of November 3rd, to justify my asking for the favour of your inserting the enclosed correspondence in reply thereto; and which you will note is of a final character and can lead to no further publicity; beyond in a few months hence *our* asking you to make known through your medium the code of day and night signals which will hereafter be decided upon. In thanking you for the courteous manner in which you have always noticed the above and other proposed American races, I may in conclusion state that on the arrival of the *Cambria* in New York, I shall endeavour to regain the Cowes Cup won in '51 by the *America*; and now held by the New York Yacht Club, as a challenge cup against the world! The necessary six months notice I have already given, and I shall in due time be prepared to contest for the cup in question, under the conditions laid down by the N.Y.Y.C.

Yours truly,

JAMES ASHBURY.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

Suez Canal, Port Said, Egypt, November 14th, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—On Friday the 12th inst., one of the honourable members for Sunderland gave me the "*Times*" of the 3rd, and directed my attention to a letter from you. Later in the day I received the letter in question simply dated October, but which my secretary advises me

bore the London post mark of 30th October. This voluminous communication does not appear to me to be a simple reply to my letter of September 27th, but a supposed resumé and a severe criticism of my challenges of October the 3rd, 1868, as well as those which followed. It would be a matter of great regret on my part to find I had said or written anything offensive or disparaging to you or any American yachtsman, which I might almost assume to be the case from the somewhat acrimonious tone which unfortunately prevailed in your favour.

I have read through the correspondence and can find nothing which appears to call forth any expressions of apology, although I admit it may be desirable I should endeavour to disabuse your mind from a series of misunderstandings, doubtless consequent on your not having carefully perused my letters before rushing into print. As regards the publicity you have given your letter, no objection could be raised by me, if you had given the correspondence in extenso so that interested parties in both countries could have formed their own opinions, which in the absence of it, coupled with material suppressions they cannot do.

I can scarcely be expected to fully reply in detail to your various assertions and impressions, but in as brief a manner as possible I will as an act of courtesy endeavour to shew that you are scarcely justified in forming your conclusions that there has been on my part any inconsistency or any want of courtesy to you personally.

In paragraph No. 1.—You deprecate the publicity given to my challenges, but you are evidently not aware that the challenges of October 3rd, '68, were not sent by me to any of the London papers, but were copied from the American papers (see "*Times*" December 1st, '68, headed "copied from the *New York Herald*"), and on the "*Dauntless*" and "*Phantom*" accepting a portion of the *series* it appeared to me and others that the English public could best know the state of the case, by the publication of the letters, to which even you ought to raise no objection, seeing they first appeared in the "*Standard*" of December 24th, '68, and other papers headed "copied from the *New York Herald* of December 10th"! Since that period you are aware no communications took place until our correspondence in August and September, none of which you know were published until some time *after* you gave the *exparté* statement in the "*Times*" of November 3rd, although I admit they were posted before I had any reason to know you had written thereon, but if it had been convenient for you to have favoured me with an earlier reply within a reasonable period they might not have been published at all, if you particularly desired a suppression of the facts. You conclude this article by stating that I had

challenged you for the third time for an ocean race,—permit me to state the letters would scarcely bear that interpretation. The letter of September 27th, contained my only challenge for an Atlantic race.—You must be aware that the communication of October '68 was not addressed to you or to any one for an Ocean race, but only as one of a series ; the conditions for which in tonnage and other respects you and others up to this day have never complied with. The measurement question being still unsettled I will modify the latter challenge by accepting the N.Y.Y.C. rule of measurement, and in all other respects keep open the challenges until 3rd October '70—centre-board vessels excepted—on which date the challenges—if not taken up—will have been open to all America for two years. You will as a matter of course know this cannot apply to you after your refusal to sail in open Channel races, but as this letter may appear in the American papers, I take the liberty of securing this medium of conveying the extension of time to all American yachtsmen.

Paragraph No. 2.—You allude to my coming forward voluntarily as the champion of England as understood or expressed by the challenge of the 3rd October, '68. Before I knew of the existence of the *Sappho* in the winter of '67-68, I suggested at the annual dinner of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, that a series of races including an Atlantic race should be arranged with the Americans, and for certain vessels to be selected as representative or champion vessels. This was not acted upon, and at my earliest convenience I issued the challenge in my *individual* capacity, and there is nothing in that letter to justify the interpretation as to *Cambria* being the champion vessel of England, although I will now admit that I believe her to be the champion schooner of England of her tonnage.

Respecting my being gratified by the acceptance of my several challenges by different American yachts, if I could not find any single vessel prepared to sail for the whole of them,—I can say with pleasure and confidence it would at any time be gratifying to me to race American vessels desirous of a race with the *Cambria*—but as intimated on the 3rd October, '68, and since in more detail, to have races of any real interest and for any practical result or good, it was absolutely essential that a selected vessel should sail a *series*, and *not one race*, and that be an Atlantic race. I believe equally with others that you refuse to race against the *Cambria* in the open channel from a fear of defeat in *every race*, whilst on the other hand for an Atlantic race from shore to shore clear of the English Channel, you imagine you would have a better chance from your vessel being over 70 tons larger, and thereby

a probability of the smaller vessel being overpowered in heavy weather. The Phantom on the other hand accepted for smooth water races in New York, believing she has a fair prospect of success, and declines an Ocean race probably from a fear of defeat!

Paragraph No. 3.—On the arrival of the Dauntless at Cowes in July, the only intention on my part to have an Ocean race with the Dauntless was in the event of your entering for any race at the R.Y.S., and Dauntless being found *about* the 10 tons excess I fixed. In "*Field*," "*Bell's Life*," and "*Land and Water*," of July 17th, you will find letters notifying my intention not to race the Dauntless. These notices I thought it necessary to send from the general idea prevailing that a race to New York would take place between the two vessels. :—so far as you were concerned, you had *then* no engagement to race Cambria. On December 6th, '68, you challenged Cambria for an Atlantic race, or rather accepted *one of the series* which practically was a challenge.—This I declined consequent on the great disparity of size. On the 1st August, I saw you for the first time, and suggested your entering against Cambria for races round the Wight and to Cherbourg and back—these you at once declined, as being what you term "inland" water!—but you said you were open to race to the Azores and back, or Cowes to New York. Whether such remark was intended to signify your adherence to your former acceptance or challenge of December 6th, or whether they were new challenges is really immaterial, excepting that it indicated the race to be from Cowes to New York, as stipulated in my communication of 3rd October, '68, *and in your own letter of December 6th.*

It was simply and purely the said *verbal* challenge which caused me on the 7th August to accept *it* unreservedly; and coupling with it two other races so as to better test the two vessels, because having accepted a reiterated challenge against my intention, I thought there was nothing unreasonable in suggesting two short courses, and such as even you would not term inland waters at certain seasons; but an intimation on your part that Dauntless would race on the 1st September, but not in the others, would have found Cambria at the starting post at two o'clock on the 1st September.

The insinuation that you gave no challenge on the above day is I doubt not from forgetfulness consequent on your having so many visitors on board, but one thing you cannot forget,—that Sir Kingston Jame, Bart., was with me when the conversation took place,—and as I know he keeps a diary he may have made notes which might freshen your memory on this point.

Paragraphs No. 4 and 5.—You say you received three challenges from me on the 9th August. I can however only admit two—the Channel races. The third one although embodied with the others was really and practically the formal acceptance of your verbal challenge of the 1st August, and you will find it specially referred to as such in my letter of August 20th.

I regret I cannot agree with you that no explanation was necessary as to why you did not duly reply in some way or shape, as in this country we studiously acknowledge letters !

Paragraph No. 6.—Permit me to say that few would take the letter of August 20th, as another series of challenges, but that taken in conjunction with the one of the 7th would indicate surprise and disappointment on my part, that any communication of mine should have caused such a marked silence on yours.

Paragraphs No. 7 and 8.—After such delay on your part in replying to the letter of the 7th August,—which I knew had been received,—you could not be surprised at the one of the 20th, requesting an answer one way or the other within twenty-four hours ! I learnt afterwards that the latter letter had been forwarded to you, and consequently finding you were not at Cowes when I sent the letter it is obvious I had no means of knowing when the twenty-four hours expired. Your prompt telegraphic reply, however, was conclusive although not satisfactory ; you say “ I feared that I could not have made you understand that in accepting your first challenge for an Ocean race I declined to sail you any other courso.” Your letter of the 6th December was clear, conclusive and courteous,—but when I received your renewed challenge of the 1st August, I erred in believing you might assent to the two Channel races on your finding I unreservedly accepted yours for the Atlantic, and if I could have foreseen the apparent annoyance the suggestion appears to have caused you, I confess I would simply and without comment have accepted for the Atlantic race alone.

Paragraph No. 9.—You state, “ as you have now reconsidered your refusal and challenge the Dauntless to an Atlantic race, I accept your proposition, and exercising the recognised right of the challenged party, I name the course from Cape Clear to the lightship off Sandy Hook, and the day of sailing the 15th September.” This refers to the letter of August 7th, a portion of which I asserted and confirm was an acceptance of your verbal challenge of the 1st August. Your denial that such was the case is entitled to as much consideration as my statement that you did give the challenge as described. If Sir Kingston James members the case, or made a note of it, and says you did not make a

challenge, I will unreservedly accept your version, and race the Dauntless from the West Coast of Ireland to New York,—Cape Clear to the lightship off Sandy Hook, or the Old Head of Kinsale to the same place; if on the other hand Sir Kingston confirms my statement as to your giving the verbal challenge, then the race must be *as always intended*—Cowes to New York.

Paragraph No. 10.—As to whether Dauntless could have been ready between the 9th August and the 1st September, I leave others to judge, as it is not necessary for me to give any further opinion, *vis-a-vis* of the one expressed by you.

Paragraphs No. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16.—In these paragraphs I think on a careful reading, you will admit that your impressions engendered into insinuations are not borne out by the facts of the case. You are aware that irrespective of any races with Dauntless, Sappho, or other vessels I contemplated racing this year for the '51 cup, and as expressed on the 3rd October, '68.

On the 20th July, I wrote to the N.Y.Y.C. sending Registered—Builders—and Club' Measurement Certificates, and an authority from the R.T.Y.C., authorising Cambria to race in America as its representative vessel, and so far as I knew I conformed and agreed to all the conditions fixed by the N.Y.Y.C., but if no Atlantic race took place I had no object in going so late to New York, unless allowed to sail for the cup; in order to be sure on this point I telegraphed thus on the 18th August.

"Ashbury, London, to Mr. Morton, N.Y.Y.C. Will Cambria be allowed to sail your champion schooner for the American Cup on basis of my letter July 20th."

On the 21st at Ryde I received the following :—"George L. Schuyler, Moses H. Grinnell, F. Osgood, committee, H. Morton, secretary N.Y.Y.C, New York, August 20th, to James L. Ashbury, London.

"The necessary preliminaries having been complied with by you upon your arrival here, you have the right provided no match can be agreed upon to sail over the annual regatta course of the N.Y.Y.C., for the Queen's Cup won by the America. You will be heartily welcomed, and will find this club prepared now as always, to maintain their claim according to the conditions upon which they accepted the cup, these have been received by you, and your letter of July 20th, does not entirely conform to them.

On Monday, August 23rd, I had the pleasure of replying as under :—

"Ashbury to Messrs. Schuyler, Moses Grinnell, and Osgood, committee N.Y.Y.C. Many and best thanks for your courteous and prompt

reply. As I cannot contest for the cup on the basis of my challenge and letter of 20th July, I regret I cannot compete for it this year—Dauntless's challenge for a race from Cowes to New York has been unreservedly accepted by Cambria for the 1st September.

In paragraph 11, you make a gratuitous and uncalled for statement, that I telegraphed the N.Y.Y.C. that I could not go to New York to race for the '51 cup, and giving as you say the following reason for the disappointment:—"Dauntless's challenge for a race from Cowes to New York has been unreservedly accepted by Cambria for September 1st."

I am unwilling to believe that you purposely inserted such part of the telegram as suited your purpose, but in case you have not seen a copy of the despatch in full, I give it you above, and it will speak for itself: to any disinterested person I feel sure it will be clear that the latter portion of the telegram referring to the Ocean race was given as information, and not as the excuse why Cambria did not go to New York. I cannot congratulate you on your argument, seeing that the Dauntless race alone would have taken me to New York to contest for the cup of '51, if allowed to do so. If you saw the latter portion of the telegram alone, I can understand you would feel surprised on seeing it as stated in paragraph 13, but I still have to learn by what singular coincidence you saw one part of a short telegram and not the whole. There was no misapprehension on my part and nothing said to mislead the N.Y.Y.C., beyond having unfortunately believed that you meant what you said, when you offered on the 1st August, to race to New York. I never stated to the N.Y.Y.C. a race would take place,—I simply said I had accepted one from you, under circumstances already explained. My telegram to New York was sent *before* yours was received by me. After posting the twenty-four hours ultimatum I learnt you were not at Cowes, and I had no means of knowing where you would receive it and when the time would expire;—the time was fixed when I was under the impression you were at Cowes, and of which I could be advised, and therefore as an act of courtesy under these circumstances I could not and should not have taken advantage of the twenty-four hours clause, if I found that you had accepted.

After the receipt of your telegram of the 23rd August, you for some reason or other quite omitted to notice that I did not reply to it—finding you were at Cowes. I knew it would be more agreeable and better to settle *tete-a-tete*. I saw you the day before the Harvard boat race, and told you the race must be from Cowes to New York and not as you stipulated. I urged and pressed for a reply whether you would

race and you requested twenty-four hours to think it over, fixing next day at Long's Hotel to give me the final answer. The supplemental races had tacitly dropped, the only question was if there was to be the Atlantic race, and if so from what point, and on what date. The Cape Clear start I repudiated,—you agreed to start from Cowes, but asked until the 15th September,—I gave you to the 7th or 8th ;—longer I declined to give as being needless and unnecessary, the delay appearing to me to be a desire on your part to drive the yachts into bad weather when size and power would tell.

Paragraph No. 17 Challenges.—I now come to my letter of September 27th, in which I can find nothing to cause you any offence ; if you think so I only have to assure you it was unintentional and not written in that spirit, and to express my regret that anything should have been inserted to give you annoyance.

Paragraph No. 18.—As regards the time I fixed for the proposed races in March, I was anxious not to lose my English season and the races in our waters during the summer. Secondly, having at Mr. Douglas's request promised to race the Cambria against the Sappho for three important races, I wished to avoid their taking place in the summer, when light winds and calms prevail. In March we should probably have plenty of wind and thereby better for both yachts. By leaving for New York early in that month I could have raced the Sappho first, raced the Dauntless to New York, and returned to England about the end of May, for the racing and London season. I had no idea when you wished to return to New York, but as you mention June or July, I assume the latter month will be more agreeable than March. To me it will only be a slight inconvenience, as the London season would be nearly over, and I would willingly forego the Thames Channel races, and Cowes and Ryde regattas, rather than cause you to return sooner than you intended. *Any time in March or from the 1st to the 15th July*, I shall be glad to race the Dauntless to New York, from Cowes or Old Kinsale Head, *as may be decided by the proposition I have already made.*

In my letter of September 27th, I stated I never bet or sail for large amounts ; I have only been engaged in private matches three times, and in no case exceeding a 50 guinea cup, and I am not prepared to deviate from my established rule. In this particular Atlantic race I make an exception to the extent of a 250 guinea service of plate, but no more, race or no race !

As regards your concluding paragraph as to my having published erroneous statements concerning the Ocean race, I may simply remark

that this reply together with the letters which are about being inserted in some of the London papers, will enable yachtsmen and all interested persons to form their own opinions as to the justice of your closing remarks, and without the necessity of our continuing the controversy.

The resumé of this communication is that if Sir Kingston James states you challenged me on the 1st August, I will race you without any restrictions, from Cowes to New York any time in March, or from the 1st to the 15th July '70. If Sir Kingston James has no recollection of what I have stated or throws any doubt upon it, I will accept the inconvenience and disadvantage of your starting point on any date as above, to suit your pleasure and convenience. Kindly address your reply as before, and believe me, yours truly,

JAMES ASHBURY.

A WINTER SCAMPER TO NAPLES AND BACK.*

CHAPTER III.

AVIGNON TO ARLES.

The Promenade—Palais des Papes—Medieval Walls and Towers—The Museum—The Conciérge and his story—Regimental Inspection—Youthful American Travellers.

“——— Empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggitta
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori;
Albergo di dolor, madre d'errori.”

Sonetto xci. del Pe'rarca.

THE following morning was Sunday. Rising betimes I strolled forth, and passing the bronze statue of Le brave Crillon, its alto relieves and inscriptions, I mounted the steep street leading to the Promenade des rochers du Dom. Half way up the steep incline, on the right hand, the tall gray walls, massive buttresses, and huge square tower of the Papal palace, reared high in air. This château says Dumas,† “has the middle ages written as plainly on its stone walls and towers, as

* Continued from page 33.

† Pictures of Travel in the South of France.

the history of Ramesis is upon the granite of the Pyramids: it is indeed the fourteenth century, with its religious wars, its arguments of the sword, and its Church militant. You would think it rather the citadel of Ali Pacha than the dwelling place of John XXII. Art, pleasure, luxury, everything is sacrificed to the means of defence, and it is the only complete model which remains of the military architecture of that age. In front nothing is to be seen but the walls, and the city lies hidden behind it. Enter the court yard, and you will find the interior of the palace as strongly fortified as the exterior. Everything is ready in the event of the gates having been taken by surprise; on each side towers command the enclosure, and death threatens: the assailants who had fancied themselves conquerors, find here that they must begin the siege again, and supposing the second assault to have been as successful as the first, there is still a sombre, isolated, gigantic tower, into which the besieged and pursued can make a last retreat. Should this tower be forced like the others, the staircase which leads to the pontifical apartments is suddenly lost in the wall, and while the last defenders of the fortress crush the beseigers beneath a false ceiling, the sovereign pontiff reaches a vault, the iron gates of which open before and close after him; this vault leads to a secret door, which opens to the Rhone, where a boat which has been waiting for the fugitive, bears him off with the speed of an arrow.”

French intrigue procured the election in 1309 of Bertrand de Sotte to the Papacy, under the name of Clement the Fifth: when says Gibbon*, the Cardinals of both parties were soon astonished by a summons to attend him beyond the Alps; from whence, as they soon discovered, they must never hope to return. He was engaged by promise and affection to prefer the residence of France; and after dragging his court through Poitou and Gascony, and devouring by his expense, the cities and convents on the road, he finally reposed at Avignon, which flourished above seventy years the seat of the Roman pontiff, and the metropolis of Christendom. By land, by sea, by the Rhone, the position of Avignon was on all sides accessible; the southern provinces of France do not yield to Italy itself: new palaces arose for the accommodation of the people and cardinals; and the arts of luxury were soon attracted by the treasures of the Church. They were already possessed of the adjacent territory, the Venaissin county, a populous and fertile spot, and the sovereignty of Avignon was afterwards purchased from the youth and distress of Jane, the first Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence.†

* Decline and Fall, vol. iv., chap. 69. p. 403.

† Macchiavelli. Istorie Florentine lib. i., cap. xxxii.

The Palace was founded in 1319, and once formed the prison of Rienzi. The anti-pope Benedict XIII. here sustained a long siege from Marshall Boucicaut, and finally escaped by the postern referred to by Dumas. The Popes used to bless the people from the balcony over the entrance, and in the Salle brûlée were assembled the guests of Pierre de Lude, the Legate, when they were blown into the air, in revenge for the murder of his nephew. The place is full of mementoes of other priestly torture, vengeance, and oppression.

Eight popes, Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XII., Clement VI., Innocent VI., Urban V., Gregory XI., and Clement VII., filled the papal chair at Avignon; till their residence had been invaded by hostile violence. While the Pope was driven from Avignon, he was strenuously invited to Rome. The Senate and people acknowledged him as their lawful sovereign, and laid at his feet the keys of the gates, the bridges, and the fortresses, of the quarter at least beyond the Tiber. But this loyal offer was accompanied by a declaration, that they could no longer suffer the scandal and calamity of his absence, and that his obstinacy would finally provoke them to revive and assist the primitive right of election*."

The county of Venaissin, ceded to the Popes by Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse about 1215, as a consequence of Simon de Monfort's crusade against the early Protestant Valdenses, Vaudois, or Albigenses as they are variously called, and confirmed to Gregory X. in 1274 by Phillipe le Hardi; and Avignon, purchased as before mentioned—remained under the Papal See till taken possession of in 1768 by Louis XIV†.

It was not however till the revolution of 1798, that all previously existing conditions in connection with this long held Papal Feif, entirely disappeared. French soldiery now haunt the chambers, and hang about the gates, thronged of yore by cardinals and courtiers. Guard-room songs echo from the halls where Petrarch's sonnets were once the theme: and bright tubed fusils, Roman swords, and baggy red pantaloons now give a local colouring to courts and chambers, erst bedecked by red robed cardinal and purple priest, by poet laureate and lady gay.

Scaling the steps to the terrace above, I came to the cathedral, a heavy looking building, adjoining the Palais, with a gilt figure of the Virgin in front, and in the interior the tombs of Popes Jean XXII., Benedict XII., and other church celebrities, as well as the quondam papal throne, and a marble gallery, wherein when alive, the popes perhaps trifled with the beauties that haunted their abandoned court.

* Decline and Fall, vol. iv., chap 70, p. 426.

† Dictionnaire Philosophique, art., Avignon.

"Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova,"

Says Petrarch in *Sonetto CV*.

"Fire from heaven on thy tresses rain,
 Since ill doing be in such repute,
 Thou ill liver ! that by stream and fruit,
 Art rich and great through other's pains!
 Nest of treasons, wherein is hatched
 All the ill now spreading o'er the earth!
 The slave of wine, lust, feasts, unmatched!
 Where luxury proves its claims to birth.
 Through thy chambers old men and girls
 Go toying, Beelzebub in the midst,
 With fire, and bellows, the mirror twirls,
 Nestled in down thou once not hidd'st,
 But naked to the wind, 'midst thorns bare-footed trod,
 Tho' now thou livest so—the fumes mount up to God!"

Still ascending the steep slope beyond the Cathedral, I came to the Promenade des Rochers du Dom. The ornamental garden there was buried in snow: the sun's rays struggling through the vaporous morning clouds, flickered on turret, tower, and dome beneath: gleamed from the bronze statue of Alten, the introducer of madder, and were refracted in prismatic hue from the fretted ice, enveloping the rock-work imitation of the fountain of Vaucluse, which occupied the midst of the platform. The view from the eastern margin of this terrace was as magnificent, as it was extensive. At the foot of the perpendicular walls and fortifications, rising hundreds of feet, flowed the

"Rapido flume, che d'alpestra vena
 Rodendo intorno."

Sonetto clxxiii., del Petrarca

Could be just heard rippling along, ice grating its margin; and its stream winding right and left in broad blue bands, glittering in the diffused light, here and there fringed with ice at the banks, and occasionally frozen from side to side. On the left hand crumbled the ruined arches of the bridge of St. Benezet, under pretext of crossing which, Louis VIII in 1228 besieged, and took possession of, the formerly powerful republic of Avignon. The river taking a turn beyond this, expands into two wide arms, enclosing between them a cultivated ait of a league or so in extent. The sunlight fell in patches on the flanks of the distant hills, which extend in serrated ridges from north all round to east; and whose crests were all mantled by the lifting vapours of early morn. On the side of a twin hill to the Dom, across the Rhone, rose the town of Villeneuve, fortified by Phillippe le Bel to arrest papal

aggression: lights fleeting across its walls and towers, and adding to its otherwise threatening aspect, one rather bordering on the spectral.

Rearward, and beneath me, rose cathedral and palace; hidden behind which, and spreading on the right, lay the City, surrounded by its still perfect Mediæval walls. The whole formed a fine study for a picture, though from the wintry tone a rather melancholy one; and gazing eastward towards the vale of Durance, and Vaucluse, Petrarch's Xth Eclogue.

“———. Fuit alta remotis,
Silva locis, qua se diversis montibus acti
Sorga nitens Rhodano, pallensque Ruentia miscent.
Hic mihi, quo fueram Tusco translatus ab Arno,
Sic hominum res fata rotant, fuit aridulum rus—
Verum inter scopulos nodosaque robora quercûs,
Creverat ad ripam fluvii pulcherrima *Laurus*
Huc raptor - - - - -
Has ego delicias et opes, hæc regna putavi.”

Which may be rendered :—“In a remote place, where impelled from diverse mountains, the sparkling Rhône and pale Durance mingle; there was a deep wood. This, whither I had been translated from Tuscan Arno, for thus turns fate the affairs of man, was for me a somewhat dry retreat. For among the rocks and knotty trunks of oaks, had grown on the river bank a most lovely laurel thither am I borne. These joy and riches, these have I deemed my realm,” recurred to mind, though at the time,

“———Già son quasi di cristallo i fiumi ;
E'n vece dell' erbetta, per le valli
Non si ved' altro che pruine e ghiaccio
Ed io nel cor via più freddo che ghiaccio
Ho di gravi pensier tal una nebbia,
Qual si leva talor di queste valli
Serrate incontr' agli amorosi venti,
E circondate di stagnanti fiumi,
Quando cade dal ciel più lenta pioggia.”

Scitina iii. del Petrarca.

“Already as if of crystal are the streams
And in place of sward, through the vales
Nought else is' seen, save frost and ice.
I too, in mine heart; than ice far colder
Have, of grave thoughts such a cloud,
As at times from these valleys,
Lock'd in from the amorous winds,
And encompass'd by stagnant floods,
Rises, when a softer rain from Heaven falls.”

Would have been more in tune. After remaining awhile entranced with the scene, from which the blue vapours, as the sun rose, rolled gradually away and were dissipated among the mountains ; and inhaling with delight the fresh morning air,—I mused on the changes in fortune, and times witnessed by the tall battlements about me, till I got so bewildered with popes and anti-popes, kings, counts, catholics, and crusaders, Avignon, Vacluse, and Rome, that turning hastily I descended, and continued my way through the city to the bridge over the Rhone. Broad, grey, pebbly banks, like heaps of road metal, lay in mid stream, and turning, and looking back from the bridge, I had a fine view of the crenelated, and macchicolated walls, and the frequent tall round towers, surrounding the town ; which strongly reminded me of old pictures and tapestry I had seen, depicting arches leaning from tower and battlement, stretching their bows to the full, and aiming their shafts at other disproportioned giants, crowding up ladders, to the assault from below. High at the back towered the huge Palais des Papes, left of which and still higher rose the steep cliff of the promenade, forming striking profiles against the clouded sky. On my return, I noticed a space intervening all round, between the houses and surrounding walls ; and after visiting a church or two, of which there are many in Avignon, I accosted a smart looking bombardier, and asked my way to the Museum. “Il y en a ’deux Monsieur,” said he, “lequel voulez vous ?” The principal one I said ; or at least that in which the local antiquities were. “Sui-vez donc cette rue la ’bas,” said he, “then turn to the right, and so on,” finishing with a bow, replacing his cigarette, and clinking off with his sabre across the snow. Following his directory I rang at the door, when after a few moments delay a child admitted me into a court full of mutilated figures, and then ran for the *concièrge*, first comforting me, while eyeing the monuments, sepulchral cases, and ill cut inscriptions usually surrounding such places, with the remark, that “the museum did’nt open till noon.”

In a moment or two I heard a slip slop in the passage, and a little old man with a very red nose came forth wiping it, his mouth, and his jolly red face, with a faded blue handkerchief: and still smacking his lips over a breakfast, which I had occasion frequently after to notice, had been flavoured with garlic. “You are very early Monsieur, said he,” his grey eyes smiling good naturedly, and his intelligent look quite ready to accept my explanation. “I am going away by the next train,” I said, “and did not like leaving the city, without seeing what I was sure must be a most interesting collection.” “Du tout ! Du tout !” said the old fellow, to my apologies for disturbing him from his breakfast, and

once bustled up the silent stairs in his slippers, and trotted me through the echoing galleries, with all the ardour of a connoisseur. "That is the battle of Lake Thrasymene," he said in reply to my question about a spirited battle piece on the landing. The place was swarming with Vernets, whom he spoke of as though they were "de ses parents": and there was one painting of Vernet primus, lashed in a tragic way to a leaning mast, sketching the sea raging around him. "That was not an Annibale, but an Agostin; I'll show you an Annibale, by-and-by;" and when we reached it the old fellow stood before it with unction, balancing himself first on one leg then on another; polishing his burnished proboscis with the faded blue cotton I mentioned before: or rubbing his blue tinted fingers to alleviate the cold. "Pas grande chose!" said he contemptuously, as I rather admired the effect in one picture.—"Look at that;" pointing to Eckhout's Crucifixion. Here I recognised more than one copy of the orthodox Mazeppa urging on his wild career: and the old man told me the tale represented in one of the paintings of the Avignon Penitents. How a sculptor's nephew condemned to death, had been pardoned at the intercession of the uncle a penitent, who gave the crucifix, I should see by-and-bye, in atonement. The Penitents still exist said he, you will see them to day at your hotel. They go round every morning soliciting alms for the sick and unfortunate. Then the old gentleman laughed till he coughed, and tears came into his eyes. "Such fun had occurred a year or two ago. An English gentleman coming down stairs was suddenly accosted by one of these figures in domino, which peering through its two round eye holes, muttered in dismal tones, as it held forth its hand, 'Misericorde! Misericorde!' and they do say, Ah! ah! oh! oh! Qu' il lui donna un volée de coups, ah! oh! ma foi, he took it for a robber! Ah! oh! oh! They do say he belaboured him finely with his cane! Ah! hah! and, the Penitent, he ran shrieking away! Oh! oh! hah! ugh! &c. It was the amusement of the whole town for months after!" and the old fellow laughed and coughed to such an extent over his story, that I verily thought something would give way.

The black, white, and grey Penitents of Avignon, are ever at variance and this adventure of one, possibly furnished fine food for fun to the others. "There! what do you think of that?" said he, showing me an ivory crucifix, with two spare arms,—"for you will be carrying it in procession some day" said the thoughtful donor, "and the arms if anything, are most likely to be broken—look at the expression! Is it not marvellous? One side of the face shows intense agony, the other you see the repose, and resignation of death." He shewed me the Celtic, Gallic,

and Roman remains, disposed round the rooms in cases; the aquila of a legion and other curiosities of the place, till I was really quite loth to leave him ! Near the station, at my departure, I found the regiment in garrison undergoing inspection; its arms glancing in the sun, and its band playing airs from Faust, that echoed from the walls, and sounded far away among the distant hills. Little, big-trowsered officers, the bullion of their epaulettes dancing in the sun as they paced to and fro, and chefs d' escadron galloping along the line, with their scabbards leaping and rattling as they went, were the delight of their admiring spouses; who parading the adjoining boulevard, held aloft their little ones to admire pa-pa en grande tenue ! When we moved off I leant from the train to take a farewell look at the once papal city, and seeing the huge pile of the Palais des Papes, towering like a giant from the surrounding town on our right, pointed it out to two youngsters I found lolling in the carriage, amidst scattered fusee boxes, and stumps of cigars ! They didn't understand French, so I tried English ; and then found they were Americans, and didn't understand anything. They had never heard of Avignon, nor of Arles, whither I was bound ; and had scarce ever heard of the Pope. Everything they had on, or about them, was spick-span new, and seemed far more interesting to them than the objects around ; of which they took not the slightest interest, but lolled each in his respective corner; his legs sprawled over the cushions, and sucking indefatigably at an apparently inexhaustible supply of abominable cigars. " They had come from New York," they said, " and were just having a bit of a run to see the world." " God help them !"—though without knowing exactly where they were going, more than they had taken tickets at Paris for Marseille !

As we advanced in Provence, the country looked more and more classical and Roman. The people more than ever seemed of southern caste, and now and then bundled into the train, in their quaint costumes, on their way to Arles for the day. Green leaved olive trees, grey stumped, well pruned mulberry trees, scarcely distinguishable from the willows, grew more frequent than ever; and the ditch sides were generally lined with sienna stemmed withies. The snow was now rarely seen save in the shade, or on the mountain tops ; and as I got out at Arles, a native, observing my infirmity, acted after the fashion of Joh's comforters, by telling terrible tales of the mountainous lanes, the sharp flint stones, and the pits and piles I should have to contend with, in perambulating the highways and by-ways of that most ancient, but most abominably paved city of France—Arles.

CHAPTER IV.

ARLES TO MARSEILLE.

Arles—Coliseum—Regimental Band and the Promenade—Necropolis—Beauty and peculiar dress of the Women—Church of St. Trophimus—Museum and leaden pipes—History of Arles—Barbarian Captives song—Quondum Grandeur of Arles—Plaine de la Crau—Railway Station at Marseille—Dinner and English Waiter at the Hotel—Mildness of the air, but chilliness of the Trieste Skipper—French Midshipman and the Cafés Chantant.

“Pillettes de Provence

Aux yeux brillants et noirs.”—*Aux bords de la Durance.*

“Ornat quoque vestibus artus :

Dat digitis gemmas ; dat longa monilia collo.

Aure leves baccæ redimicula pectore pendent.

Cuncta decent ; nee nuda minus formosa videtur.”

Ovidii Metam Lib. x. 8.

Two fine yellow lions perched at the end of the new railway over the Rhone, faced me as I limped from the train ; and Job's comforter escorting me, we stumbled along, first over the chippings from the stone dressing going on there, and then over the glazed pebbles and ice, in the narrow winding lanes of Arles past the amphitheatre, to hear the military band playing on the Eliscamp promenade, at the foot of the hill. The bright sun here shone forth from a cloudless southern heaven illuminating the hoar coliseum, and its arches, friezes, towers, and sculptured pillars ; that seemed swimming in a sea of limpid ether, against the clear blue sky. Through the vomitory, and winding down the garden slopes in front, came the population of the higher town, and those just arrived by rail, to swell a buzzing throng of promenaders below, whilst the shrill sound of the trumpets, the rolling bass of the ophicleides, and the boom of the drum, swelled and reverberated from the huge Roman walls, and made the whole welkin ring.

To and fro along the broad avenue, extending on either side between the amphitheatre and the Elysean fields—a vast Necropolis where sepulchral stones inscribed “dii manibus, quietique æterni,” moulder side by side with others bearing the cross,—paraded in pairs, or in groups, thousands of the good folk of Arles and its immediate neighbourhood. I had touched here chiefly to see whether the beauty of its women recalled the fervid portrait painted of it years before, by one employed

constructing the railway in the departement du Drôme. The women of Arles are said for centuries, to have pertinaciously chosen helpmates from their native town, and thus kept up the purity of their breed.

I was greatly struck with the gait, and carriage of two girls of about seventeen or eighteen ; who swept languidly along with their mother. Their long black hooded cloth cloaks were thrown back from their shoulders, round which they were plaited, and exposed their richly worked stomachers, crossed at right angles, on the breast, by three contiguous puffs of tulle surrounding the neck and shoulders behind, and though they were tall, all but swept the ground, just allowing a well turned ankle to be seen occasionally, as they paced to and fro. Picture to yourself oval olive faces, with large, dark, dreamy Asiatic eyes, long black lashes, and well arched brows ; noses straight as those of Phidias's statues ; short, curled upper lips, medium-sized mouths, ivory teeth, and finely chiselled chins. Fancy hair black as the raven's wing, gathered up from the dancing ear drops in massy bands to the crown of the head, round which four inches wide of black velvet, with a gauze cap peeping through at the apex, is fastened by an ornamented gold pin, and falls in a tapered point behind. The loose flap and upper edge of the velvet being often trimmed with fine point lace. Imagine classically formed heads balanced proudly on finely arched necks, surrounded at the swell by necklaces of pearl, from which hung, resting on their stomachers, tiny gold crosses : and think of swelling and elastic hips and charming figures shewn by the waving folds of their long cloaks in every passing breeze. Add to all this a pensive air, every motion replete with native grace, and *poses* as statuesque as that of Pygmalion's master piece ere it stepped from its pedestal, and you will yet have but a faint idea of the belles of Arles.

What I have attempted to describe was the invariable costume,—whether lounging at the band, gossiping at the doors, or paying their orisons at the chapel shrine. In the venerable basilica of St. Trophimus, I found hundreds of Arlesiennes kneeling in long rows, their cloaks thrown back, their necks arched, and their pearl necklaces dangling over their stomachers, between the three rows of spotless tulle. All were inclined in deep devotion, though a glance, a nudge, and a smile, occasionally shewed, that some of the fair worshippers were not utterly unconscious of a stranger's presence ; or of the pilgrimage of admiration he was making to their shrine.

Some Arlesiennes had Arabian or Phœnician features, with bead-like restless eyes, bright cherry lips, pearly teeth, and gipsy hue ; others were as fair, and Clytie like, as Britain's beauties ; indeed talking of

Clytie, I saw next day at Marseille, a charming marble bust of a maid of Arles, which if known might become all but as popular as hers.

The beauty of all I thought however, greatly enhanced by their tasteful head gear, and rows of tulle, no less than by a natural consciousness of these and their other charms. I tore myself most reluctantly from this gay parterre, and visited the museum which contains many waifs and strays from the neighbouring Rhone. Richly sculptured sarcophagi, on some of which scriptural and mythological subjects, were strangely blended together : whilst others had the mythological figures converted into scriptural ones, when the bones of the former Pagan occupant made way for the corpse of the Christian. There was a fine mutilated female head there, the torso of which was sent to the Louvre : and there were some leaden pipes, supposed to have once conveyed water to Trinquetaille, dredged out of the Rhone, that still bear the name of the immortal plumber who cast them, and heaps of mutilated figures lay about, the best found from time to time having been removed. For Arles says Dumas* is the Mecca of French Archæologists : it is their ancient city *par excellence*. The ground is covered with Roman monuments; and around these at their feet, beneath their shade, within their very crevices, thanks to the religious civilization of St. Louis, a second and gothic town sprang up, which in its turn, has given birth to the houses of which, well or ill, the modern town is formed. At first sight the two latter styles strike the eye, but if the foundations are examined, the narrow streets searched and the various ruins put together, the Roman city re-appears, with its theatre, its circus, its prætorian residence, its baths, its forum, its imperial palace, its altar to the goddess of fortune, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus.

The skeleton of the giant has not been completely buried, and its bones protrude through the earth on all sides. In fact Arles, if Ausonius is to be believed, was the Queen of Gaul. The situation in which it is built, wrote Honorius and Theodosius to Agricola, the prefect of Gaul, was so happily chosen, so large a number of traders and travellers flocked to its harbour, that all the produce of every other part of the world found its way thither ; so much so, that being the *entrepôt* of the whole world, it might be imagined, for the quantity of things displayed in its markets, that its foreign riches were the produce of its own soil. In fact, all that the rich East, odoriferous Arabia, fertile Africa, soft Assyria, beautiful Spain, and fruitful Gaul contained, was found there in plenty, according to the want, desire, or caprice of the most refined Sybarite. Everything that could be produced was brought there by land, by sea, or by river, in boats, ships, and chariots.

* Travels in the South of France.

Though the rich produce of the East and elsewhere, can still be seen at Arles, as it may be in these days of steam and rail, in any village throughout the civilised world : yet the tone of the foregoing long quotations is no more applicable to fallen Arles now, than are the epithets therein employed, to the sterile Africa, and the desert Assyria of to day.

The "mistral" of Provence, in its furious course, rushes indeed over far happier scenes, than the sandy deserts now swept by the Simoon ; but since then the Rhone has pushed forth its delta, removing Arles farther and farther from the sea, and spite of its beautiful women, leaving it a mere country town of 23,000 inhabitants. After his conversion to christianity, Constantine returned to Arles in 314, and subsequently established it as head quarters of the prætor of Gaul.

Roman, Gothic, Frankish, and Saracenic invaders, and Arlese kings, have all aided in metamorphosing, and all but the first perhaps, in deteriorating this ancient city ; but an Egyptian obelisk, frieze and columns of the forum, and the amphitheatre with its dens for beasts, its cells for gladiators, and its seats for spectators, still remain to tell of Rome ; and throw over the place an air of melancholy gloom, which I vainly sought to shake off ; and as I passed the coliseum on my return, and halted for awhile in the interior, looking upwards at the oval vault of sky, and the lights and shades falling therefrom on the arches, caverns, and galleries of the vast interior below, I saw a row of old crones, and my fair studies of the promenade, seated on a lower bench or podium, as if waiting for the performance to begin. There, on such another day, a thousand years and more before perhaps, the velum flapped and bellied o'er a close packed throng of their ancestors, eagerly anxious for scenes which flooded the arena with gore.

On the benches, piled to the topmast wall with restless heads of buzzing thousands, the townsman and his wife, in gay array, were making this their holiday. The Roman legionary in bright cuirass, toyed with and flattered the rustic maid, and overawed her scowling partner, with his insolent glance ; or trod on the toes of gaping clowns, that swayed to and fro, in the surging crowd. Luxurious matrons in the foremost row, eyed with envy the splendour in the Prætor's box, and dunned their husbands for some gaud from Rome. Pampered children tyrannized over slaves, who though perhaps, as anxious for the scenes of death, as any were around ; must yet at times have felt a pang, when some well known form from far away, poured forth its blood ; and as life ebbed fast away, turned its dim eyes eastward, and wafted a sigh towards home ! When pestered by her little charge to sing her native

ballads, croon some foreign ditty, or troll forth northern lays, well might she say as the tear drop then trembled in her deep blue eye:—

“ At quid jubes, pusiolo,
Quare mandas, filiolo,
Carmen dulce me cantare
Cum sim longe exul valde
Intra mare
O cur jubes canere ?” *

“ Ah you pretty little thing,
Wherefore order me to sing?
Wherefore make me, tiny boy,
Chant a song of love and joy?
Far ! Far ! am I across the sea,
An exile lone ! A slave to thee !
Ah ! Why order me to sing ?”

And as she hove the heartrending sigh pray deeply for revenge. The prayer was indeed at length heard, and the Huns came; but passed away. Then in 465 came the Goths, sweeping southward from their frozen zone. Franks followed in 537, and were in turn over-ridden by Saracens in 732, who laid the town in ruins. The amphitheatre was then walled up, had towers added to it, and became a citadel. Next sprang up the Kings of Arles, who reigned there two and-a-half centuries, and gave way to republics, when the cathedral and cloisters rose. Then the state was bandied to and fro, between Naples and Germany, till Louis XI inherited it for France. One felt an indefinable sensation of romance, while moving about among the descendants of these Romans, Goths, and Saracens, hearing them talk the language, sung by good King René and his troubadours, and gazing on the ruins around. One seemed rather on one of the seven hills of Rome, than on a hill by the banks of modern Rhone; and the short swords, the air, and eagles of the soldiery, did not tend to dispel the illusion—indeed the very sound of the city's name, had about it a something, echoing times gone by. Time however will fleet on, in moments, as in ages, and I had to reach Marseille that night, so hurried to the train.

As we wound southward over the plain, I could see the hill, and crowning amphitheatre, and the houses clustering around them, standing out against the western sky, whose changing tints of limped rose and pink, and purest green, already greeted the sun fast sinking towards the distant hills. Olive trees, as well as melancholy cypresses, for a time attended; the plain was utterly free from snow: and the arid, stoney fields across which we soon sped, illumined by the lurid light of a now

* Hallam's Literature of Europe, vol. 1, chap. 1, p. 23.

set sun, told us we had entered on the Plaine de la Crau, the Delta of the Rhone, and were perhaps, rolling over pebbles, boulders and sands once rolled over by the deep blue sea, and grated in days long past by keel of many a tall Phœnician bark. I saw caverns hollowed among the boulders by the rail side, where wearied gangers probably 'scape the noon tide heat, and whilst the mirage dances around above them, while away their siesta, with a whiff of the weed brought in mid-ages, from isles much farther west, than were the golden Hesperides.

A light in time gleamed across the dull flat moor, from a Phare on our right; then another, and another, came into view; till bye and bye, the whole horizon in the direction in which we were bound, shone like a field of fire-flies, and the cry became Marseille! Hats were now handed down from nets above, and baggage drawn from seats below. Coats were buttoned, sticks and umbrellas grasped, and after skirting all the bay, passing rows of houses, whence streamed the lights we had seen, and rumbling into a huge railway station: we hobbled out, and like wild beasts, roved to and fro, glaring through the glass, and Salle aux baggages bars, till the door was opened, and shoulder to shoulder, we all rushed in. A perfect storm of shouts and altercations then rattled down the counter; along which were heaped long rows of trunks and boxes, of every conceivable kind; and behind which porters, utterly inadequate to the task, were rushing to and fro bewildered, and entirely losing their heads. My baggage, being but a small affair, I luckily soon secured it, and hurried off to the Hôtel du Petit Louvre to dine. A dinner after such a day, was doubly welcome: and though the fish was strange, and very bony, and the bread, still stranger for France, was very doughy—yet the soup, dishes, and fruit were good, and the wine delicious. Drawing my chair to the stove, as I sipped the last glass or two from the bottle, I pictured strange fancies in the embers. Visions of days long past flitted through the chambers of the brain, youthful aspirations blighted; hopes once so sanguine crushed; cold winter settling on a shattered frame, and darkness creeping on. There is some life yonder at all events! said I, seeing the laurels green and blooming in the square across the way. "I didn't know you were English sir!" said the waiter, "And where do you come from?" was the rejoinder. "Kew Green sir." "Which is the way to the port?" "To the right as you quit the hôtel.—The lamps you see, about a hundred yards off at the end of the street, are along the quay." So I stepped forth into the gloom, and soon came to the water rippling within a few inches of the quay surface, against the sides of the latteen rigged craft in the darkness. "Is the water always at this height?" I asked some one standing by. No answer! After a

moment came "Non parlo Francese. Vi ha pesce?" Enquired I. "No: acqua sporca!" was the curt response. An Italian rarely wastes a superfluous word. Indeed next to the music, and beauty of the Italian language, what most strikes a foreigner in Italy is, the short though wonderful perspicuous reply he gets to any question. One exception to this brevity, if indeed it be an exception, and not rather a peculiarity, is when an answer is given to any enquiry about the way. The respondent after saying turn down the street to the right, then to the left, and so on, generally concludes his information with "that is the way to —" the place you asked for.

This stranger of the night, turned out to be the skipper of one of the Trieste craft close by. His hands were buried in the sleeves of his grego, and as he stamped his feet, he complained bitterly of the cold at Marseille. "E molto piu caldo in mar", said he, and added "that unless it invariably were so, sailors would be unable to stand it."

The mild night air to me however, seemed quite tropical, when compared with the cold I had endured in the north. In fact, instead of being muffled, I was glad to loosen my top coat for relief. We chatted for some time together, both he and the boy with him helping me to a word, quick as lightning, whenever my stock ran short, and shouting "Addio"! after me, as I took leave, and turned back the *Cannebière*. Strolling up this long street, I asked some people at a corner, what the word Alcazar meant, which I saw glittering in an illumination of coloured glass on an arch over the way? and was told, it was the name of a *café chantant*. "Ah! you are English!" said my little informant, who at once became most communicative. He was a midshipman who had failed to pass his last examination, and was now working up for the merchant service. His father was very strict with him, he said, and just allowed him enough pocket money in the whole week, to last him quietly for one day. "*Le dimanche*," said he, "I make my *jour de fête*, all the rest of the week, I work furiously. Have you taken your café? Then you will take it with me!" He passed several cafés, which for reasons best known to himself, he avoided. "This is mine" said he, entering one of the very large ones with which the street abound: and calling for pen, ink, and paper, and then for the railway table; he drew up a route de voyage, for Toulon; which like the minute of a commander-in-chief, in whose office he once had been, was couched in the imperative mood: thus, "En arrivant à Toulon dans la matinée, aller vers les onze heures à la majorité générale, sur le champ de bataille, et demander l'autorization de visiter l'arsenal, chose que l'on permet toujours &c., &c."

Having with great show of combination, varied with puffs from his

ever expiring cigar, completed this effort of genius, he chatted away incessantly on all kinds of subjects, never waiting for my remarks, but continually asking questions ; and then suggested our taking a turn through the cafés chantant. "You need'nt stay: but just lounge through: every one does it! Follow me!" He implored the gendarme who barred access to the Alcazar, with tears in his eye, to let us pass. I was a foreign friend of his, who wished to see it, and who left Marseille to morrow! "The place was already full to suffocation," said the gendarme, "there is not room in the house for another fly?" "No matter" said I; "I really don't care about seeing it." "Du tout! du tout!" whispered the little man; and then again set to wheedling the obdurate Janitor. "Allons!" said he putting a bold face on the matter. "Come on!" and made a show of elbowing through the crowd at the door. The mirmidon of the law again interposed, and spite of my cicerone's whisper to him "that we would just squeeze through," he shook his head, so with that favourite French ejaculation of b——, the little man turned away from the café, and trotted me through several others: nodding here and there to an acquaintance, and telling me the various notorieties as from time to time they came on the stage. He would have trotted me about the whole night through I do believe, had I not pleaded fatigue, and a desire for sleep. "Eh bien; adieu!" said he, "Je ne vous reverrai plus: demain il me faut travailler comme tous les diables!" When the little man had left, and I heard him shambling homeward along the Rue du Paradis, I reflected, that though too communicative by half with regard to himself, he had yet succeeded in finding out who I was; whence I came, and whither I was bound; and for awhile I was uncharitable enough to take him for a mouchard.

We are all I suppose, somewhat prone to attach interested motives, to any more than usual courtesy shown us by a stranger. During the three or four days I remained at Marseille however, I caught no further glimpse of my little friend; so hope he may have been as industriously applied, as he stated it his intention to be: and should he ever be placed in circumstances similar to mine, may the same attention be shown to him that he shewed to me.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

IN last month's number I safely weathered the Scilla of figures on which any unfortunate who attempts such an article as I have rashly undertaken to lay before the readers of *Hunt*, generally manages to get his bark safely planted, but hardly was this trouble surmounted, 'ere I was whirled away into the Charibdis of difficulty which overwhelms any man rash enough to try to steer a middle passage between two opposite and irreconcilable antagonists. There are two classes of racing yachtsmen, one consisting of those who swear by cutters, the other of the schooner men, and any attempt to find an allowance for rig which should content both, is as likely an enterprise as the chase of the far famed Flying Dutchman. Since my last appeared in print I have heard nothing from one side or the other but abuse, one contending that the heavy addition to their tonnage, which cutters were made to carry in the Solent, is nothing but a fair penalty for their rig, and not as a handicap between good and bad vessels, the other that it was a gross over-charge, and proved to be so by the result of the racing there during the two last seasons, while a third excellent friend of mine takes the middle ground of protesting against all mixed races on any pretence whatever, and would have them expressly prohibited by any future parliament. Amidst such a diversity of opinions it is not easy to judge where the truth lies, but in my humble judgment the third course would be clearly wrong, as races between vessels of different rigs appear to me not only the most interesting and exciting, as it enables those who care for sailing as a scientific sport, and not merely as a means of winning cups, to compare the different qualities of the vessels and to judge whether the schooners and yawls, avowedly inferior to cutters in going to the wind, and probably so in running dead before it, are able to make up in the reaching portions of the course, with the wind before or aft the beam, the loss on the other parts, and if not, how much additional advantage should be given to enable them to do so. As to determining how much this allowance should be, we have not yet sufficient data to go upon, but I should be inclined this season to an allowance of $\frac{1}{2}$ their tonnage to schooners and $\frac{1}{4}$ to yawls when sailing with cutters, and if this scale was uniformly adopted over the great variety of racing courses which exist, including the runs from port to port, now very common, the results, even if not altogether satisfactory to owners, would enable some attempt to be made at ascertaining a general principle. At present

* Continued from page 15.*

all is confusion, and no two clubs agree in their programme or allowances, but if this season in settling their prize sheets all sailing committees would go on the same plan, viz., to have *no races* exclusively for cutters, schooners, or yawls, but to open *all* to vessels of any rig, allowing schooners to enter at half and yawls at a quarter their real tonnage, which need not interfere with the scale of time adopted by each club, they would probably ensure better entries for their own matches and the results would as I said before, go far to enable some principle to be arrived at which would guide the future. No doubt in rivers such as the Thames and Mersey, the large schooners would be at a great disadvantage, even at this allowance, but so they must always be if they attempt to sail where they are out of place, but on the other hand, there are plenty of places where they would have an equally great advantage, and I think Aline sailing as a cutter of 106 tons, Cambria as 86 tons, and Egeria as 76 tons, could not complain they were handicapped out of the matches, especially if every owner was compelled to certify under his hand in his entry paper *that his vessel did not exceed* the size attributed to her under the rule of measurement and allowances laid down.

The Oimara will not I fear be found amongst the racing craft of 1870, as she has gone foreign, and after the knocking and battering about she has lately had is not likely to be improved, and moreover her old captain has left her: this is a pity as more speed could certainly have been got out of her, and she was a noble vessel to look at when engaged in a match. The Condor has also changed hands and been bought by an Australian gentleman who formerly owned the Alerte, but whether for exportation remains to be seen. If these large cutters are removed the fun seems likely to be chiefly confined to the old hands amongst the single masted vessels, as I do not hear of any new racers of the larger classes on the stocks, and the Sea Bird and Rose of Devon do not seem very successful; while amongst the schooners the Cambria, if she fulfil her present engagement for New York, is also likely to be out of the way, which ought to open a clear stage for Aline and Egeria, unless the Alarm, under her new guise, and Major Ewing's new schooner turn out teasers to them. The former is, I am told, to have new masts, much reduced in weight from those put in last year and not so upright, and a running bowsprit in imitation of her newer sisters, a change which I for one doubt suiting her build forward.

The new vessel building for the former owner of the Condor, by Camper and Nicholson, is described as a very fine one, an improvement on Aline and Blue Bell, and being nearly 200 tons, ought to be fit to

go anywhere and in any weather, and to uphold the superiority of British yachts, against even our bold cousins across the Atlantic.

The long talked of race to New York between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless* is at last a settled affair, and fixed for 4th July, when I have no doubt many yachts will assemble off the Old Head of Kinsale, to see the start, and wish them God speed, especially as it is probable the Royal Cork Yacht Club will take advantage of the attractions of the match to fix their regatta for the beginning of the same month, and the inhabitants of Kinsale arrange for a regatta at the Head, on the same day as the great match starts. This subject naturally leads me to the fixing of the programmes for the year in the Irish Channel, when the great difficulty will be to accommodate all the ports where regattas are usually held, before the 1st August, when the Royal Yacht Squadron commence their annual gathering on the Solent. The Mersey, Clyde, and Kingstown, can hardly be doubled into the interval, allowing a sufficient time for racing vessels to go from one place to the other even without regarding the claims of the smaller ports and clubs, who usually take advantage of the intervals between the fixtures of their bigger brethren. The best arrangement under the circumstances would seem to be the following :—Royal Cork, Thursday and Friday, June 30th, and July 1st; Kinsale and start of American race, Monday, July 4th; Royal Mersey, Monday and Tuesday, July 11th and 12th; Clyde Saturday, July 16th; Royal Northern, Monday and Tuesday, July 18th, and 19th; Bangor, (Belfast), Friday, July 22nd; Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Race to Kingstown, Saturday, July 23rd; Prince Alfred Yacht Club; Champion prize, Monday, July 25th; Royal St. George's, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26th and 27th; Royal Yacht Squadron, Monday, 1st August.

This would give a hard month's work to the racing crews, but I cannot see how it can be avoided, unless the Mersey or Northern came before Cork, which would be inconvenient, and moreover have always found that, unless in such a port as Kingstown, where there is safe and quiet anchorage, and Clubs for the owners to frequent, it is useless trying to give racing vessels a quiet day, as they are sure to slip off to the next point the moment they get a chance, and therefore may as well be kept going as not. The sooner the arrangements are made and published the better, and I hope soon to see those of the principal clubs, while to guide them I may add that the first and last may be considered as fixed or nearly so.

To return now for a short space to the races of last season, the little vessel which stands second on the list of winning cutters showed at what

a number of places a really active and determined racing craft could present herself even if of small tonnage, as from the 21st of May when she made her first appearance in the Royal London Match, to the 27th of August, at Torbay, she hardly missed a regatta, starting fifteen times out of which she was eight times either first or second, and taking her place like her sister the Niobe at the top of the list of winners. She is certainly a wonderful little craft to go, and was splendidly turned out last year under the personal superintendence of her owner, one of our oldest racing yachtsmen, and was equally well handled by Captain Thompson, who formerly had charge of the Lulworth for Mr. Duppa, and I think previously commanded the Phosphorus during her prosperous season. This craft seems to be one of Dan Hatcher's most successful productions, and like another of his good things, the Dione, she proves it does not require a lean oversparred useless boat to win Cups, but that the fine bold well proportioned able vessel will certainly hold her own in any company, if properly equipped.

The Muriel was certainly a great contrast to the abortion which a well known northern builder turned out at nearly the same time for another well known yachtsman, and which in spite of all efforts could not be made to beat a jackass. It will take some time and effort on his part to efface the memory of this failure from the minds of intending builders; but as he has a new vessel on the stocks to replace the ill fated craft of last year, we shall see in due time whether all the glory has departed from the Clyde to centre in the Southampton Waters.

The third on the list of winners was nearly the most industrious, having started no less than twenty times of which she won three 1st and two 2nd prizes: three races being unfinished from want of wind. She sailed remarkably well on some occasions, but when in Ireland was evidently quite under-ballasted, and seemed ready when pressed to turn the turtle completely. Her rounding the Kish Light in the 1st class race of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club was fearful to look at, as she was quite on her beam ends in a squall, and her crew sitting on the outside of her rail. She was lucky in picking up the Queen's Cup at Cork and £70 prize in one race which swelled her sum total and placed her above her owner's later vessel the Sphinx, which after trying one season, not very successfully, except in strong weather, he sold to Mr. Earle who made a fair season out of her in 1868, winning two 1st and two 2nd prizes £205, and this year she certainly was the best performer out as she only started three times and won each time, beating all the fastest cutters of her class, including Volante, Muriel, Fiona and Condor, but was then laid up and did not try her luck in the south. She is a

remarkably nice little craft, and very well fitted up and from her composite build has much more accommodation than most of her size, tho' it cannot be called a very good one for racing at the present day, as it is rather under the first and over the second class, but she would be just the thing if a 50-ton class could be re-established, which used to be the favourite, and to my eyes about the "*ne plus ultra*" for racing purposes.

We spring at once to another big and old one in the Julia, which built as long ago as 1851, by Ratsey for Mr. Peareth, was thought quite a leviathan for a cutter yacht, and distinguished herself by a very close contest with the American sloop Sylvie in 1853. Like most of the fast craft she is a lengthened and altered vessel, but still a handsome one to look at, and after spending many years under the guise of a yawl, and being considered a cruising vessel she made a new start under the big mainsail and boom in the Royal Thames Channel race to Dover, and *exceedingly* astonished the cracks of the day who looked on her as quite an outsider by giving them a handsome beating in a fresh breeze, and with a smart turn to windward.

She afterwards sailed a neck and neck race with the Cambria at Havre where she was beaten in a very light wind, but only by a few feet, a sort of repetition of her close race with the Sylvie, getting the first prize however, as the first was the gift of Mr. Ashhury. I trust we shall see her in Western waters this year, especially as her owner hails from the Mersey, as she is a fine wholesome vessel, and a contest between her, Condor, and Fiona will always be interesting. The latter has suddenly fallen much from the pride of place which she maintained so many years, but still proved herself although unlucky, well capable of going amidst the very first racers of the day, and unless overpowered in severe weather by such giants as the Oimara and the big schooners, or cheated of her prize by light puffs bringing up smaller craft within their time, few vessels could count on a certainty when she was engaged and I would rather pin my faith on her than on any other craft afloat to head the prize list of 1870. If she could only keep her gear over her she would do better, but after all her misfortunes culminating in being dismasted in 1868 she contrived to spring her new stick in the Havre race, and to commit other depredations which hurt her chances sadly in other races. I do not know her owners present intentions or what improvements or alterations have been made during the winter, but fully expect to see her as usual making her mark this year, when if Oimara and Condor be absent she will have a pretty clear stage, altho' the Vanguard and Muriel will keep her busy to take her time when she meets them in moderate weather.

The last on my list is the most wonderful craft of all, and without going into the warm controversy carried on in the *Field* between Captain Chamberlayne and other gentlemen as to whether a single bit of the original Arrow of 1825 at present exists in her which I should beg leave to doubt, suffice it to say that her biography as given in page 30 of last years' *Magazine* shows how continuous her course of victory has been, and that at least since 1847 there have been few years she did not win more or less, although only racing in the Solent, or at furthest at Plymouth, while the number of Queen's and other Royal cups, she has won, made the Sailing Committee of the Squadron frame special rules to exclude her. This year (1869) she started five times, winning twice, once the Tradesmens' Cup at Cowes with ridiculous ease, and would have carried off the Albert Cup with equal ease had the fickle breeze but treated her at the last with the slightest fairness, as she beat everything, including Fiona, Volante, and Vanguard on the first round to fits, while on the second the saying of "the last shall be first" was strikingly exemplified by Muriel at the tail of the fleet saving her distance on the whole of her antagonists.

I have now gone through all the first class cutters, though very cursorily and must postpone until next month any remarks on the rest of the racers of 1869.

And remain, yours truly,

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

[We thank our correspondent for the following report which we had entirely overlooked, and shall esteem it a favor to be reminded at any time of a similar occurrence.]

Besides the cutter match, already reported, one took place between smaller yachts, as under, for a prize given by the ladies, value £15, with £5 for the second yacht; time allowance, three-quarters of a-minute per ton.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1869.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton	Owners.	Builders.
1408	Quiver	cutter	12	Captain Chamberlayne.	Owner
374	Dudu	cutter	15	G. E. Hammond, Esq.	Hatcher
178	Buccaneer	cutter	12	Captain Bayly.	Bulley
	Xanthe	cutter	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	
1387	Proserpine	cutter	12	Captain Arscott.	Bulley

This was a smartly-contested match, but rather disastrous to the boats, for there was scarcely one that did not carry away something. The start was effected at 12h. 27m., the yachts getting under way very evenly. Many persons with whom the *Buccaneer* is a favourite were in hopes that she would take the cup, but there were some doubts, because they were unacquainted with the performances of the *Proserpine*, a new boat, especially as the skipper of the latter remarked that he expected to carry away something—either the cup or his mast! They were very well matched, and were capitally handled. The contest rested between the *Buccaneer* and the *Proserpine*, both of which crowded on all the sail they could stagger under, and struggled bravely for the mastery. When just about the same spot as where the *Christabel* lost her topmast in the previous race, the *Proserpine*'s immense spinnaker was seen to collapse, and drop idly inboard. She had carried away the boom, and could no longer calculate upon the aid of that useful sail in running, and fell astern of the *Buccaneer*. The first round was as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Buccaneer</i> ..	3 21 40	<i>Quiver</i>	3 29 28
<i>Proserpine</i> ..	3 26 46	<i>Xanthe</i>	3 33 27
<i>Dudu</i>	3 29 8		

It was thought that the *Quiver* would have made a better job of it than she did, as she is a very fast boat, but undoubtedly the roughness of the sea was against her. The *Xanthe*, on bearing down to the committee steamer, was observed to have a flag hoisted, declaring that she protested against the prize being taken by the *Buccaneer*, because she fouled the *Quiver*. The committee steamer was rounded in a famous style. In gybing over the main boom of the *Proserpine*, the sheet got round one of the men and flung him overboard. Nothing daunted, however, he seized hold of a rope and was drawn in the boat, which kept her course; but she had not proceeded much further, when away went the topmast, the spar and sail going over to leeward. The owner was anxious to hold on, even in that condition, if possible, but found that the boat was completely disabled; it was not alone the topmast, but the carvel, to which all the ropes were belayed, had been damaged, and hence it was impossible for her to go on with the race, so she returned to her anchor. The *Buccaneer* then led on well, now and then heeling over to the breeze and giving her spars and gear a rare straining. Following up came the *Dudu* and the *Quiver*, the latter feeling the breeze very much, her square-headed topsail being almost too much. Suddenly her topmast was seen to bend over like a whip—the topmast back stay had gone. With every lurch to leeward the spar was expected to go; but it was saved by letting go the topsail sheet and hal-yards, and getting the sail on deck, sending up a smaller one.—The second round was:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Buccaneer</i> ..	6 18 13	<i>Dudu</i>	6 54 24
<i>Quiver</i>	6 53 6	<i>Xanthe</i>	6 57 22

The *Buccaneer* and *Quiver* were the winners.

THE LOG OF THE MAIA FROM PORTSMOUTH TO NICE.*

GIBRALTAR is certainly more attractive than one might suppose; it is very like Torquay turned into a military station, with the Queen's or Royal Hotel at the latter place for the Club House Hotel at Gibraltar. The houses are all either Spanish or Moorish, and the streets narrow and irregular. Here the resemblance to Spanish towns ceases for English sanitary notions have rendered the little spot, clean, free from tainted odours, and thoroughly wholesome. The streets are macadamised and hard, and, if generally devious and steep, are not bad travelling. One thing about them will instantly strike the stranger, and that is the bustling crowd of human beings that throng them, the main street being the principal resort. They are a strange mixture of races—Spaniards, Jews, Moors, Italians, and "Rock Scorpions," or *habitués* of the place, who were born on the Rock and claim Great Britain for their nation. The Moors and Spaniards generally do not wear an appearance of prosperity. The Moors, such as we saw, had begrimed faces, looking as if they were carved out of teak, and they wore the dirtiest of *haiks* made of the coarsest material. Some had their feet swarthed in filthy rags, and thrust into slipshod papouches; the legs of others were *in naturalibus*, their feet dragging along in the wide sebahath. The Spaniards seem to do all the drudgery of the place, from carrying water down to breaking stones. There are, however, other and more attractive Espanolas—veiled ladies, senoras and senoritas, who wear the lace mantilla and sway the indispensable fan; and at the Spanish Church on Sunday we saw beauties of the true type, but they are seldom seen except on these religious occasions, at the windows of their dwellings, at the Alameda on "band days," and occasionally at the regimental balls. The English ladies at Gibraltar are almost without exception wives of officers, and ride or drive out in the afternoon, paying their visits, &c., as at home.

Of course it is unlikely that four or five regiments would be in such a place without races of some kind, if 100 square feet of level ground could be found. Accordingly Gibraltar has two "meetings" over the flat, each enduring a week. They are looked upon as keen sport; the latest betting is recorded in the *Chronicle*; and there is a general migration to the "neutral ground," where the races take place during the Carnival. The course—which is situated, above all places in the world, in a cemetery—is over half-a-mile round, and the cleverest horse and jockey are sure to get the best of the spin. As firing off a gun on the Rock entails some dreadful punishment, shooting is not practised as a sport; but Tangiers is only three hours distant by steamboat, and there good shooting is to be had.

The "sights" of Gibraltar are the galleries and caverns. The former everyone knows, contain munition of war, and the latter a great deal of filth, air and damp vapour. Stalactites are forming throughout them, and if

*Continued from page 37.

we were told, a subterranean passage does exist to Cueta on "Apes' Hill"—the Abyla of the ancients—through which monkeys get to the rock, it is in a fair way of becoming impassible by reasons of these formations. These stalactites certainly take fantastic forms, and in Leonora's Grotto have real architectural beauty. The ladies who were with us—how they got through and down some of the narrow passages is a marvel—went into ecstasies as our candles lighted up each succeeding Gothic-looking arch and cluster of pillars. One more imaginative than the rest, when we had penetrated very far down indeed, suggested that if these "holes" really communicated with Africa, perhaps Dr. Livingstone is returning this way *sub terra*. We commend her to Sir R. Murchison. The cathedral has a rather gorgeous interior, although the outside is plain and clumsy. It was recently built and decorated in the Moorish style; the services are well conducted and well attended. The library is one of the best in Europe, and contains many thousand volumes; the reading room attached to the library is well supplied with London papers, magazines, &c.

Living, we should imagine, is comparatively cheap on the Rock, as beef coarse though it be, is 6d., and mutton 7d. per lb., and fowls 2s. 6d. per couple; vegetables are dear, and bottled beer 9s. per dozen. House rent is also dear, and houses difficult to obtain; but at San Roque, Campo, Campo Mento, each an hour's easy drive from the Rock across the Spanish lines, houses can be obtained at a rent of about 14*l*. per month for a building of twelve rooms. On the opposite side of the bay is the picturesque town of Algeiras, four miles across from the Rock, but not so "convenient," as the Irish say, to Gibraltar as the other places mentioned. In fact Campo and Campo Mento may be looked upon as the Clapham and Brixton of the town, and although on Spanish territory, are principally inhabited by the merchants of Gibraltar.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed, and still the easterly wind raged, and the sombre Levanter hung over the Rock; but on Tuesday morning, Nov. 8th, the cloud had cleared off the heights, and *le vent d'orient* had calmed down, as a March wind is said to do, from a lion to a lamb. We got under weigh in company with the Sultana, bound to Malaga—we to Nice—at 8 a.m.; but made sorry progress during the day, as the wind was light and baffling, and the previous strong winds had left a heavy swell. There was "much of a muchness" about the weather—saving that it rained in torrents on Wednesday morning, and threatened a storm which never came—up to 12 p.m. on Thursday, when a fresh breeze came out from E.b.S. This was nearly a "nose-ender," and not at all promising, after the light fresh winds of the two previous days. On Wednesday we had passed a quantity of wreck, some evidences of the recent gales.

On Friday, Nov. 12th, at 4 p.m., Cape de Gata bore N.N.W. distant eight miles, and 160 from the Rock. From this time we had strong E.S.E. winds and a heavy sea to beat against, making by the wind five knots under reduced mainsail, and bonnets off foresail and staysail. During the night the wind increased to a fresh gale; but we continued to thrash against it,

standing on off the land, and making very good weather of it, if scant progress.

At 8 a.m. on Saturday, we were off Cape Paloa. The sky looked dirty and the wind piped up for another reef in the mainsail, with a heavy sea running. We had made eighty-five miles by the land since three o'clock on Friday morning, and covered about 150 miles in doing it. This was very good work considering the weather; but, as there was every indication of a strong gale blowing above Cape Paloa, we did not deem it prudent to thrash out sails and gear to so little advantage. Accordingly we bore up for Cartagena, and a very commodious harbour we found it. But here our praise must end :

Cartagena la bella;
Mar sin pescao,
Montes sin lena,
Ninos mal educao !

So says the Carthaginian satirist, and certainly the place does look beautiful from the sea, and we began to think of the Carthago Nova of Asdrubal, and expected to find some evidences at least of ancient grandeur on shore. But all is barren there. As the doggrel says, "Its sea is without fish, mountains without vegetation, and children without education." A tumble-down, dirty, uninteresting place it is indeed. It has the best harbour in the Mediterranean, but no wharf for a ship to unload or load at although a considerable trade exists in lead and iron ore, and esparto grass. The Provisional Government, it seems, took the place in hand after the revolution, and in the first fury of regeneration commenced pulling down an old monastery which occupied a commanding site for a fort, turning a nunnery into a market place, building a row of houses by the side of the arsenal, and projecting wharves. The pulling-down was not completed, the building-up remains unfinished, the wharves turned out a mere project, and, as half the existing houses are in a state of decay, the town looks little better than a wretched ruin; and yet this is Spain's principal arsenal! However, things may take a turn there some time hence; but at present no one seems to know what the Government intends doing, and perhaps least of all does it know itself. The streets are unusually bad, and where they are not covered with mire worse than London mud, a foot deep, they are paved with shapeless stones, and walking over them is like clambering over rugged rocks. At Gibraltar we lamented that there were no conveyances but Irish cars; here the only public vehicle we saw was a kind of tented springless cart, with a mule that might probably travel four miles an hour, and its adaptibility for getting over such crags and swamps may easily be imagined. All the houses are flat-roofed and leak more or less—generally more—as it rained here heavily at the time, the dripping ceilings suggested the idea of going to bed with waterproofs on. The houses, as a rule, have a dilapidated look, but in many cases the insides do not correspond in shabbiness to the outsides. A few that we entered were gorgeously furnished, but still had leaky roofs. This defect was accounted for by saying it had

rained for three years, and everything had dried and opened. The British and French Consuls have nice houses, but that is saying very little to compensate for living in such a place. We wonder if they offended their respective Governments to have entailed such awful banishment upon themselves!

There are no promenades here, saving one now a desolation by the Arsenal, and the only regular dissipation going on—the bull fights only last over August—is a *reunion* at the Casino (the finest building by the way, in the place) on Sunday evenings from half-past eight until twelve. Here in the Sala de Baile, stately senoras and aspiring senoraitas meet, dance, chat, and unburden themselves of a week's pent-up scandal. The senoritas, by the way, only dance, and their *bailarinas* are chiefly young naval officers, of whom there are plenty here. The military are certainly not in good odour, and are scarcely countenanced. Indeed, the soldier seems to be neglected altogether, and the wretched looking objects met in the streets, crabbing along on soles of wood sandalled to their naked feet by twists of esparto grass, make one wonder if they are really under the care of a government. But they are no worse than the general masses met in the streets, and all smoke, drink absinthe, and eat garlic, and, no wonder, look impenetrably stupid. The number of old women and their intense hideousness form a marked feature in the streets. It would be difficult to say if these crones were ever comely, but now their faces look like a very old pigskin saddle drawn up by a thousand deep wrinkles; many are nearly if not quite blind, and nine out of ten have raw and swollen eyelids. Nothing good is to be gotten here in the way of eating or drinking, and, as Spanish cooking is about as bad as it is possible for bad cooking to be, it would be a pity that they should have good things to spoil. The place is environed by towering hills, wonderfully picturesque and rugged in outline, but all bear a barren, sterile look; not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen from the town, saving one or two stunted orange trees in a tumble-down square, and these look, amid ruins, even less picturesque than the Dutch toy-box trees in Trafalgar-square. As a naval arsenal, in spite of the efforts of the new government, Cartagena is of very small importance indeed; and if the mines failed we are afraid it would, like its ancient namesake on the African coast, become blotted out altogether. Still, its harbour is good; the government, it is said, are about to shelter it from the S.W. winds by a breakwater, and no doubt, with capital its trade could be largely developed.

The sport in the vicinity of the town—that is, within ten or twelve leagues, does not seem to be worth mentioning, as upon making various inquiries we could only ascertain that quails and partridges were to be had in small numbers, and sometimes foxes in abundance. The latter vermin seem to be themselves up to destruction, for, as a Spaniard gravely informed us, we might “catch them by throwing stones.”

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed without any change for the better the weather, and it was not consoling to hear that the British barque *Ellen Liver*, sixty-one days from Newcastle, had been forty-eight hours trying in vain to get into the harbour. She had had foul winds the whole voyage, but

now at last, on Tuesday morning, November 16th, she got a fair wind from the S.W., which blew her with squared yards into port. This was a fair wind for us too, and with light hearts we resumed our voyage.

The Field.

D. K.

(To be continued.)

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly ballot of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was held at the club house, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday evening, January 5th, when W. B. Tyrringham, Esq., owner of the screw schooner yacht, *Ceres*; Captain H. M. Fletcher, *Kingfisher*, yawl, and other gentlemen, were elected members of the club. The next ballot is appointed for Wednesday, February 2nd.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting and annual election of officers took place on Monday evening, January 17.

S. F. Oriel, Esq. presided during the retirement of the officers.

A. Archdeckno, Esq., was re-elected Commodore; T. Broadwood, Esq., Vice.; G. Charlwood, Esq., Rear; G. C. Eagle, Esq., Treasurer; Under Sheriff Crossley, Cup-bearer; and T. Gregory, Esq., Secretary.

The sailing committee, consisting of the flag-officers, treasurer, and cup-bearer, and C. Borrass, Esq., E. Boutcher, Esq., E. S. Bulmer, Esq., J. F. Delaney, Esq., J. S. Earle, Esq., T. Field, Esq., T. Groves, Esq., jun., G. Haines, Esq., and C. R. Tatham, Esq., were re-elected.

The house committee chosen were (besides the flag-officers, treasurer, and cup-bearer) Captain Burgess, T. Brown, Esq., E. Crosley, Esq., Marshall Hall, Esq., S. F. Oriel, Esq., W. H. Ridgway, Esq., J. A. Silk, Esq., W. H. Tregs, Esq., E. Vigers, Esq., and R. J. Wood, Esq.

The Auditors were E. Crosley, Esq., O. D. Osborne, Esq., and S. F. Oriel, Esq.

Measurers of Yachts, E. T. Bulmer, Esq., J. F. Delaney Esq., and J. H. Ridgway, Esq.

The officers duly returned thanks.

The annual ball has been fixed for Monday, February the 14th.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening, January 10th, at the Freemasons' Tavern; W. L. Lowe, Esq., the Vice-commodore, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, P. Turner, Esq., the treasurer, v into the financial account of the past year, showing a good balance in h l after paying every liability. He congratulated the club that they contin l to hold their own and uphold the sport of yachting as they had ever de . They had never sought to put by money; their object was to spend t r funds in prizes, and give as much gratification as they could to their m -

bers. Their expenses of the last season were heavy, and yet they were in as good a position as they had been when they were less. The audit report was received with satisfaction, and adopted.

The ball will take place on the 2nd proximo.

Editors' Locker.

THE SAPPHO v. THE CAMBRIA.

Paris Jan. 6th, 1870.

DEAR SIR : Not having been favoured by you with any correspondence since the 27th Sept. 1869, I was somewhat surprised to find stated in *Bell's Life* of Jan. 1st. that you had, on your return from the Suez Canal, given me the option of sailing the three races proposed by you last summer, either immediately or during the month of May next.

In your letter of the 14th Dec., addressed to Mr. Bennett, you allude to three important races to take place between the Cambria and Sappho next spring *at my request*.

If you will kindly look over the correspondence which has taken place between us, I think that you find that in every instance I have objected to the course round the Isle of Wight. My first communication to you, on the 19th of January, 1869, was a challenge for an open race, free from the influence, of light land breezes, currents, &c.

You replied, accepting my challenge, but qualifying it by naming the three following courses, viz., round the Isle of Wight, Eddystone and back, Cherbourg and back. In answer to this I stated that such were not the courses contemplated by me when I named an open course, and concluded by offering to sail the Cambria, either to the Azores and back or 50 miles out to sea and back from the west coast of Ireland. I then received a letter from you, saying, that although the same objections that you had made to the Dauntless were applicable to the Sappho, still, at the same time, it would give you much pleasure to sail the Sappho a longer race did your engagements permit you to do so. You were going to Cork or Dublin for racing purposes, and had no doubt but that I would sail to either of those places with you.

When I had the pleasure of meeting you at Cowes, I endeavoured to explain both to you and to Sir Kingston James that the course round the Isle of Wight was as unfair to an American yacht as the course round Long Island would be to an English yacht competing in our waters. I thought at the time that you were convinced by what I said. After this, wishing to bring the matter to some satisfactory termination, I addressed a letter to you, asking you to give me the first race in the spring of 1870. On the 2nd of September, you replied as follows:—

"As regards the proposed races—Cambria and Sappho—you are aware that I did not challenge you, but simply consented as an act of courtesy to give you the Wight race and two longer ones. As I do not profess to be able to pit my vessel against yours for ocean purposes. I consider myself bound to give you the three races, as promised, viz., round the Wight, Cherbourg and back, Eddystone and back; and on my return in December I will see you, and duly arrange to give you the races to meet your convenience."

Supposing that it was your final determination to give me no other races than these mentioned, and knowing that you were well acquainted with my views on the subject, I let the matter drop, regarding the whole business at an end.

I cannot conceive why you should not profess to be able to pit your vessel against mine for ocean purposes when you waive all considerations in regard to the Dauntless, a vessel of equal tonnage with the Sappho, and agree to race her from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook.

I have this day sent a communication to the *Times*, the *Field*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Telegraph*, containing a challenge to any schooner yacht to sail across the Atlantic during the month of July, 1870.

I have also challenged any schooner yacht to sail from the Nab Light to Cherbourg Breakwater and back during the first week in June, and I beg of you to consider yourself specially included in this challenge.

In thus offering to sail both an ocean and channel race, I trust that I may refute the insinuation which you throw out in your answer to Paragraph 2 of Mr. Bennett's letter—that American yachtsmen are afraid to meet their English competitors in any waters where the per centage is not greatly in their favour.

The Isle of Wight race I emphatically decline. In so doing I am acting in accordance with the advice of many English yachtsmen whom I have consulted on the subject, I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

WM. DOUGLAS.

James Ashbury, Esq.

THE DART YACHT CLUB.

December 12th, 1869.

SIR.—Though I carefully peruse the *Yachting Magazine* every month, I have not seen either in one of the late numbers or summary of the season contained in your present number any account, or at least any correct account of the Dart Yacht Club. The only match noticed at all, is one which is put down as having been sailed on August the 6th, but which really took place on the 30th July. In addition to this, (a £50 prize) the club offered two prizes to be sailed for on the second day of the Dartmouth regatta, the first of £50 for vessels above 15 tons and not exceeding 75, and the second of £20 for vessels under 15 tons.

For the first were entered the Muriel, Vanguard, and Psyche, after a good

race, the Vanguard was finally pronounced the winner. Amongst the smaller vessels the Proserpine proved victorious, though it is probable that had the Buccaneer taken the same course as the Proserpine, she would have added another laurel to the already large sized chaplet she has won. The other competitors were the Xanthe and Quiver.

There was also a cup value £21, presented to the club by G. F. Luttrell, Esq., £5 being added by the club for the second vessel, to be sailed for by vessels only which belonged to the club, only cruising sails being allowed, and balloon canvas barred, the object being to afford an annual spin amongst local vessels, not kept for racing, and who would stand little chance if pitted against the clippers. The race was therefore of local interest, and as keenly watched by the aborigines as that of the superior vessels. For it were entered the Ringdove, Gondola, Metis, Wild Duck, and Emmet. The Ringdove went off with the lead, but the Emmet after an exciting struggle eventually won by about seven minutes, thus winning the Luttrell cup for the second time. I must apologise for sending you so long an account of what may be termed a provincial meeting, and at a time of year when yachting matters are at a stand still, but I write on behalf of a young club, whose position has been improving from year to year, not perhaps a club with much establishment in the reading and billiard-room point of view; but a society gathered together for the real furtherance of the sport of yachting, and to make a rendezvous for western yachtsmen who may wish (as I do) to see the sport carried on in the way it used to be on our western coasts.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"THE BOX JONNA."

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

YACHTING NOTES.

FLYING CLOUD, schooner, Count Batthyany, is hauled up for the winter and is having new decks, masts, running bowsprit, rudder, lead ballast, and other improvements; also new and larger sails, by Lapthorn.

CAMBRIA, schooner, J. Ashbury, Esq., has arrived at Cowes from Gibraltar, having experienced very heavy weather in which she behaved remarkably well.

METEOR, schooner, T. Brassey, Esq., remains in Port at Malta.

CONDOR, cutter, W. Walker, Esq., arrived at Marseilles on the 13th inst, having experienced heavy weather.

METEOR.—This fine American schooner, wrecked off Cape Bon, has been blown up, after her sails, spars, and valuables were taken out, her owner and crew have arrived at Malta on board the steamer Launcelot. It is reported her spirited owner immediately sent Mr. Fish, his builder, instructions to build a craft about the size of Cambria, to contest for the Cup of '51.

MARITANA, yawl, Lord Louth, lying at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, has recently been robbed of spirits, &c., her locker fastenings having been removed and replaced

HBBE, schooner, C. M. M'Iver, Esq., has proceeded to Marseilles.

MAIA, schooner, G. Evans, Esq., arrived at Naples on the 5th inst.

TIERCEL, schooner, the Hon. C. Duncomb, has left Gibraltar for the West.

VEGA, schooner, Sir W. R. Brown, has arrived at Malta from Tunis.

DEERHOUND, screw steamer, Sir G. Stucley, arrived at Lisbon on the 12th inst.

OIMARA, cutter, J. Wylie, Esq., arrived at Alexandria on the 24th ult.

ARTUBUS, Sir E. Bucklee, has sailed for Carthage.

ALINE, schooner, 216 tons, R. Sutton, Esq., is reported to have accepted the Sappho's challenge.

KATHLEEN, Marquis of Dounshire, left Patras on the 27th ult.

SELENE, schooner, D. Richardson, Esq., is about to proceed to the Mediterranean.

EGIDIA, schooner, J. Tremayne, Esq., left Naples on the 9th inst., also the **NYANZA**. M. J. Young, Esq.

SYBIL, schooner, Sir R. Harvey, will leave Lymington early in February on a cruise.

STELLA, screw steamer, Duke of Hamilton, has arrived at Constantinople from the Ionian Isles.

ACHIEVER, cutter, W. M. S. P. Mannock, Esq., arrived at Portsmouth on the 24th inst. from the Channel Islands.

THE ROYAL CHANNEL ISLANDS YACHT CLUB.—Her Majesty has been pleased to grant the Royal Jersey Yacht Club permission to alter its name to the above title.

THE ROYAL BALATON FUREDI YACHT CLUB.—Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Count Batthyany by his offers of prizes and assistance in building or procuring yachts for its members, it has ceased to exist.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

May 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Opening Cruise.

24.—Royal London Yacht Club—First and second class cutters.

June 9.—Royal London Yacht Club—Schooner match.

13.—Royal London Yacht Club—Vice-commodore's prize, schooners, cutters and yawls, Nore to Cowes.

30 and July 1st.—Royal Cork Yacht Club

July 9.—Royal London Yacht Club—Third class cutters and handicaps.

January, 1870.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"LAND WAIFS BY A YACHTSMAN," "THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL," and the Report of the National Life-boat Institution unavoidably stand over until our next number.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1st, 1870.

ROUGH NOTES IN SMOOTH WATERS. *

CHAPTER VII.

BONA is the easternmost limit of Algeria, and is a small, neat, and quiet little town with rather extensive barracks (French) and a very poor harbour, for the breakwater is not yet completed and has come to grief more than once since its commencement, but at the time of our visit it afforded sufficient shelter from west and north-west winds. It is built of large blocks of concrete stone each weighing several tons, similar to the harbour construction at Algiers and other French ports, they seem sufficiently durable in themselves, as though I saw several of these massive blocks that had been hurled from their foundations by the force of the waves, I never noticed any that had been injured or broken up. Bona has a very pretty appearance from seawards, and reminds me much of Switzerland, the soil is much richer and the vegetation more luxurious, and moreover there is evidently a greater amount of care and attention in the cultivation of it than any other place we saw on the African shores.

Another peculiarity which must also strike the stranger, is the

* Continued from page 54.

extreme redness of the beach—and when we landed we ascertained it is owing to the quantity of bits of coral with which the strand is covered—of little or no value here, (though I picked up a very fair sized branch) the opposite side of the bay at Cape Rosas, is the chief station of the Mediterranean coral fishery, where most of the Neapolitan boats are to be found and if you come across the fishermen you may get good specimens cheap.—The coral is gathered with drag nets, consequently the finer and larger branches are often broken and spoiled in the getting—and in order to obviate this, I saw a small vessel being fitted out by a French speculator with diving dresses and a crew of divers, who it was expected would be able to pick and choose all the best specimens at their leisure.

The best place to “bring up” at Bona, (which after all is little better than an open roadstead) is immediately abreast of the “Mers El Lion,”—an unmistakeable land mark bearing, as its name imports, a very fair resemblance to the king of beasts. After getting pratique, we pulled off to the landing place in the town, a distance of about a mile or so, and wandered about the place without finding anything particularly worthy of notice, save and except the pleasant face and manners of the bright cheerful little hostess of the “Hotel de l’Europe.”—Here we had an early dinner, after which, as the country looked so inviting, we took a long drive inland, and were well repaid, for everything was so fresh and green, with good roads and shady lanes—fine trees (the karob, chiefly) and luxuriant crops, that we enjoyed the change, after a week’s incessant blue sea and sky, considerably.—Our driver was anxious to do all the honors of the place thoroughly, and insisted on taking us to a spot where we should see “a real [English steamer” so by-and-bye, after driving over so many miles, we came upon a little creek or large gutter, where, almost buried in the long bulrushes, like a water hen, was a regular north country tug-boat, quietly rotting away, but how she came there, or what she had been intended for, I could not learn. The cattle of Bona, especially claimed our admiration—the cows being pretty little animals something like “ Jerseys,” but smaller, and as fine in limb, and as well bred to look as a deer. I should have much liked to have sent one or two home to England, but they would never live in our climate, I fear.

I also had a camel calf (or whatever the infantile camel is called) offered for 150 francs, but I declined to purchase, as I thought I

would turn out eventually, to be rather an unwieldy pet on board the yacht, moreover I had just seen a regular stand up fight between two camels, which did not impress me with any great notion of their amiability. First of all, the beasts dashed together and tore one another savagely with their teeth, each would then retire a few paces, for another rush, grunting and screaming like demons, till they were finally separated—it was more like a magnified cock-fight than anything else. I fancy camels are rather pugnacious animals, as I noticed numbers of them wearing muzzles,

On our return to the town, we took another turn through the streets, to see if we could pick up any "*specialité*" or memorial of Bona, but all was barren—The market place was full of Arabs and their wares, chiefly fruit and vegetables, whilst the tom-toms were going as usual. Here we noticed a large group surrounding a native "*Improvisator*," who must have been intensely funny, judging from the frequent peals of laughter that rose from his audience, (though previously I had had an idea that Arabs never laughed) and I have little doubt too, that the merry old rascal was poking his fun at us, though as we were quite unconscious, it didn't matter much of course.

Two or three days are quite sufficient to "do" Bona and neighbourhood, so on the third day we were again at sea, bound for Tunis. It had been blowing very fresh the night before we left, but the wind had now dropped, leaving a heavy rolling swell which was very uncomfortable, and we tumbled and creaked and jerked all day, till at last the evening breeze set in and steadied our little vessel.—The next day was Sunday, hot and calm, with smooth water, very pleasant and very peaceful. Now whenever there is no English Church on shore, or if we are at sea, we always endeavour to have service on board, and this day was so quiet and fine, I arranged to have it on deck. All hands were therefore disposed decorously round the bulwarks aft, and I had got as far as the second Lesson for the day, when I became aware of sundry signs of inattention on the part of my congregation. This I would not notice till at last I myself observed a fine fat turtle fast asleep on the water, and which we were gradually approaching. I tried hard not to look at him, but it was no use and the nearer we got, the more inviting he looked, till thinking there could be no harm in securing a little fresh meat, I finished abruptly by giving the order for the dinghy to be lowered, which was eagerly obeyed, and our prey secured in a moment. I

ought to mention, though, that service was resumed as soon as the boat was hoisted up.

Early in the afternoon we were off Galita Island, which is a great breeding place for turtle. There is also capital water on the island and in fine weather, vessels may fill up there. It was on Galita Island where, many years ago, the English frigate *Avenger* was lost and most of the officers and crew were drowned, one boat's crew alone, I believe, which had gone for assistance to the mainland, succeeding in reaching Cape Fratelli. It was said at the time, with what truth I am unable to say, that the *Avenger* was racing with one of the P. and O. steamers, which had left Gibraltar at the same time, for Malta, whither both ships were bound.

As before, we kept well in shore for the sake of seeing the coast, which a fine moonlight night enabled us to do with advantage, but it was not to compare with the panorama between Algiers and Cape Rosas. Next morning we had a fine brisk fair wind, and we made "short miles of it," bowling along with all sails set, till about noon we were off Cape Farina, the westernmost point of the Gulf of Tunis, when the chart was brought on deck and eagerly consulted as to our correct course.

The distance between Piano Island and Farina is about 5 miles, and it seemed a long way round to go outside of Piano, and as the chart gives not less than from 7 to 11 fathoms, there can be no risk, in going inside of the island, so on we go, at the rate of 8 or 9 knots like the jolly young waterman, "thinking of nothing at all", when all at once one of the men, who was washing out the gig, slung in the davits, jumped on deck in a fright and startled us all by saying the ground was close under our keel, and that we must strike immediately. One glance over the side, revealed only too plainly our danger, the white sandy bottom appearing through the clear water even closer than it really was, and I sung out at once to bring up the lead, at the same time ordering the women and children down below, as in case the vessel struck the ground, both sticks would inevitably have gone out of her.

The first cast of the lead gave us only a quarter less three, "hard down the helm at once and let her come round," but as the skipper pointed out by the trend of the land, we must be getting over, if not past, the shoalest part of the bar, we filled on the vessel again, cautiously reducing canvass, till after a few more anxiously

minutes, we had the satisfaction of finding deeper soundings, and were clear of further danger. It was by no means a pleasant sensation though, for there was some sea on at the time, and had we struck, there would have been an end of the "Violet Flower" in a very short time, nor should we, personally, have fared much better, as to make the matter worse, the leadsman in his hurry swung the heavy lead right against the bottom of the gig, and split a plank of her so seriously, I doubt if we could have kept her afloat for any length of time.

I found our chart, though one of the latest out, was hardly to be trusted, as this was the second serious error I had discovered in it. The Kelab rock too, which is close to Cape Farina was not marked as having a light, whereas there is a very fine lighthouse upon it, (this rock by the way is very like the Skerries near Holyhead.) I reported these errors and omissions on my arrival at Malta to the surveying officer there, and he told me he expected all the soundings of that coast were very incorrect, and as I see since our experience of it, that a fresh survey has been ordered, I hope the new charts may be depended on. The moral of all this, which I wish to convey is:—go outside of everything, and avoid short cuts always, unless you are very well acquainted with the locality.

It was evening, and what a heavenly evening it was, as we slipped silently through the calm water to our anchorage off Golette, just as the glorious full moon was rising over the crest of Cape Carthage and slowly lighting up the dark mountains surrounding the bay,

Golette, off which we are anchored, is the port of Tunis, from which it is distant seven or eight miles. There is no harbour for a yacht to shelter in, and the anchorage is entirely open, but as it is said, the wind seldom blows home at this point, there is not much risk, nevertheless it was not a cheerful report, the French pilot gave us when he came on board. "Plenty of water here"? asked I. "Plenty, there are eight vessels underneath us now!" said he. The startling reply induced further enquiry, and it appears that in 1855 or 1856 eight ships were actually sunk at one time, by waterspouts, which are said to be somewhat prevalent hereabouts. This sounded decidedly unpleasant, and all the time we were there, I never saw a cloud in the sky but what I felt a desire to get underway, for I had seen enough of the waterspout at Algiers, to wish for a closer acquaintance. However the season was too far advanced fortunately, for we had fine weather all the time during our stay.

Golette is a dirty little town, guarded by a rather imposing looking fort of 178 guns. Here also is the Tunisian arsenal and armoury, containing the arms, supplied by England, for the use of the Tunisian Contingent at the Crimean war. I got an order to visit them, and saw two or three steam frigates, none fit for sea,—and the government workshops, which were all contained in one small building. The soldiers themselves, such as I saw, were a dirty ragged set of rascals as need be, barefooted and in tatters, but—as I believe they only have new uniforms served out to them about once in a dozen years, and I should think this was certainly the eleventh year since the last issue,—it was not to be wondered at. Nearly all the sentries I saw, and who scowled sulkily at us as we passed, were employed in knitting something or other—not stockings I should think, such articles being evidently deemed superfluous. Report says, these ill-clothed warriors did *not* cover themselves with glory in the Crimean war, and that on one occasion, during the attack on Balaclava, having more discretion than valour, they did not wait for the Russians, but retired hastily to the town again, where the women and camp followers, with a sad want of appreciation, gave them such a smart trouncing that the unfortunate Tunisians almost regretted not having kept the field.

Golette, stands on the edge of the lagoon, or inland lake of Tunis, the “Stagnum” of old writers—In 1831 a violent storm forced the sea through the bank, to the south of Golette, and thus formed a channel of communication by means of which, the water in the lake has become much deeper, and occupies a greater area than before. It is now seven or eight miles long, and about five broad, and the channel between it and the sea, is deepened, and made into a canal for the passage of feluccas and light galleys, up to Tunis.

The lake abounds with fish, red mullet chiefly, caught at night as follows—a floating platform, with a light upon it, is towed astern of a boat which is rowed about, the fish follow, and in their gambols leap on the platform, and are caught by a boy with a basket, ready to receive them. In summer, large flocks of the beautiful flamingo may be seen sailing about, or standing like statues, on the shore.

An early breakfast on the morning after our arrival, enabled us to get ashore betimes, and having a long day before us, we determined to devote it to seeing Tunis—and how to get there, was now the question—I therefore sallied forth in search of information, and

for some sort of conveyance if possible, but after poking our noses in all sorts of places, and seeing nothing but dirty looking men, and women, ugly enough, in their black yashmacs, to frighten a church-yard bogey, as our coxswain, who was with me, remarked, we had to return to our party, who, it turned out, had been fortunate enough to meet with a gentleman who was then in attendance on the Bey of Tunis, and who spoke English most admirably. He was most civil and polite, and offered to take us to the Bey's palace at Tunis next day and introduce us. He further advised us to give up the idea of a carriage, as the roads were abominable, but to take our own gig and row or sail up the lake, regretting at the same time he was unable to accompany us—so after stowing away in the boat sundry provisions, in case we might have to depend on our own commissariat, our party, twelve in number, started in high spirits for the lagoon. The end of the canal was soon reached, and the lake seemed unusually lively, with the numerous feluccas or galleys passing to and fro in two lines like railway trains, for the channel is so narrow all the way, that we were continually getting aground, 'till we hooked on to a passing galley, much to the displeasure of the occupants thereof. They growled, and shouted, and even showed their knives, but our bowman nothing daunted, held on like a leech and quite ready for a fight if need be, on which I held up a piece of silver and sung out "backsheesh." Immediately a "change came over the spirit of their dream," and matters being amicably settled between us, we were towed up to Tunis, and thus at the same time saved the trouble of a pilot.

A more filthy, disgusting landing place than the one we arrived at cannot well be imagined, a flat shore of horrible black slimy mud with dead carcasses of animals here and there, and foul stench poisoning the atmosphere everywhere, it seemed a very den of pestilence.

Landing from the gig on this shore, was all but impracticable, but with the assistance of our friends of the felucca, we clambered across the numerous galleys, 'till we reached a dry spot for our feet, and with all possible speed made our way from the waterside leaving the gig in charge of two of our men, with orders to lie off some distance, until our return. The rest of us, two ladies, two children, myself, the doctor, with a goodly guard of four strapping fellows, proceeding to the city of Tunis, about a mile away.

"Tunis the white" as Diodorus called it, is equal in antiquity to Carthage, having been founded; according to Herodotus, about 1,250 years before the Christian Era. At present, seen from a distance, it much resembles Constantinople, with its white flat topped houses, glittering domes and minarets. We entered the city through a small archway, the narrow streets, filthy kennels, bazaars, and mosques, camels and Arabs, were no novelty, nevertheless, there were many strange things to interest and amuse, for instance, the carpenter's shops, with their curiously primitive tools and appliances and the workman himself seemed to use his feet quite as much as his hands, which tickled our own "chips" hugely. Then we went to see the manufacture of the scarlet tarbouchès, or fez-caps for which Tunis is so celebrated, at quite a large establishment employing many workmen. These caps, previously to being dyed, are boiled for a whole day in alum and water, and the waters of Zagwan near Tunis are said to possess the peculiar property of giving additional brilliancy to the color, as well as preserving it from fading, and it is from this circumstance, these caps have obtained so great a reputation. The dye is made from the cochineal insect which feeds on the prickly pear, and truly this same plant is a valuable one, in more ways than one, though its qualities certainly surpass its charms—for besides the cochineal it produces, its leaves are eaten by camels; regardless of its prickles, the dead leaves are used as fuel, and living, it makes admirable hedges. The tailors' bazaars are particularly gorgeous, and the embroidery on some of the bernouses and other garments, is really superb.

As we passed one of the mosques, our doctor, thinking the same custom obtained in Tunis, as at Algiers, where Europeans are allowed to enter the mosque, ran up the steps to look in, but was speedily made aware of his mistake, by the sudden and fierce excitement of the bystanders, who rushed at him, and cast him forth very unceremoniously, and I fancy he ran more risk of a knife under the fifth rib, than he was aware of. Our next sensation was dinner at the Hotel de France, an hostelry, of which all I can say is, that it is better than it looks. What our dinner consisted of cannot tell, our impression at the time being, that it was a steak or filet, from some aged camel that had died a natural death cooked some days before, and warmed up for the present occasion. The wine was pretty good, and as we had our basket to fall ba

upon, after a slight struggle with the "camel," we ordered in the omelette which is generally a pretty safe dish everywhere, and departed. Before leaving the city, I called on the Consul, who lives in a handsome Moorish house facing a large square or market place. He was very kind, but startled me rather by asking if I had made arrangements for passing the canal at Golette, that night, as every evening at sunset, a boom or chain is hauled across, and no boat allowed to pass without permission. This, I had never thought about and it caused me no little vexation, but the Consul very kindly undertook to telegraph to Golette asking leave for us to go through, so I determined to take our chance, without saying anything to any one of our party, for I felt far from easy in my mind as to how we should pass the sentries posted on both sides of the canal.

No time was to be lost either in getting away, for there is no interval between daylight and night, the darkness coming on suddenly in a few minutes. I therefore bade a hasty adieu to the worthy Consul and hurried out into the square to collect our party. Here I observed a large crowd, men on horses, men on camels, and men on foot, eagerly gazing at something in their midst, so thinking I might as well see what was the attraction, I elbowed my way through the mob and found——only my wife and sister and our medico, who were feeling rather uncomfortable at being the subject of so much attraction, so gathering our scattered forces, we were soon out of the city, and after some trouble got on board the gig, and were underway for Golette, but all too late to reach that place before nightfall, and there we were, in the middle of the lagoon, without mark nor light to guide us to the eye of the canal, and with a possible chance of a warm reception when we *did* find it, in case the telegram had not been received—A pleasant predicament certainly.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The first general meeting of the New York Yacht Club for the current year, called to elect officers and for the transaction of miscellaneous business, was held at Delmonico's, Fourteenth Street, and Fifth avenue, Feb. 3rd. There were representatives from almost every yacht in the club present, besides many gentlemen, not owners, whose representative interests in the prosperity of the association are second to none. The

satisfactory character of the meeting, and the pleasing unanimity of the entire assemblage, in the matter of the varied work before the club, augurs well for its future success. Commodore Henry G. Stebbins, Esq., presided.

After the disposal of routine business incident to this yearly gathering, there were elected five members and one honorary member—the Treasurer of the Royal London Yacht Club.

The Treasurer, Robert S. Hone, and the Auditing Committee then presented their respective reports which were received with marked expressions of satisfaction.

The business was the election of officers, but before it was proceeded with Commodore Stebbins, Esq., briefly addressed the club, referring in complimentary terms to its career and the earnest interest which the officers, collectively, had taken in its success. The election by ballot then took place, with the result of a unanimous reappointment of the last year's officials as follows:—Commodore, Henry G. Stebbins, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, James G. Bennett, Jun. Esq.; Rear-Commodore, William Douglas, Esq.; Secretary, Hamilton Morton, Esq.; Treasurer and Measurer, Alfred W. Craven, Esq.; Committee for June regatta, Philip Schuyler, Esq., Sheppard Homans, Esq., H. S. Badcock, Esq.; House Committee, Anson Livingston, Esq., George S. Wilson, Esq., Harry M. Morris, Esq.

When this result was announced Commodore Stebbins again arose and addressed the assemblage. He thanked the gentlemen for their kind and unanimous endorsement of his official career, and referred in eloquent terms to the history of yachting in the United States, the part this club had taken to further the pastime, and hoped that the past would be but the index to the volume to come of their association's prosperity.

It was resolved that the annual regatta of the club should take place in June this year, the date of the month discretionary with the yachting committee.

During the varied business transacted Hamilton Morton, Esq., read the subjoined letter from the Secretary of the Royal London Yacht Club, which was received with marked satisfaction:—

January 19th, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to inform you that this club have appointed a match to take place on Monday, the 15th of June next, from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock, for prizes, value £120 and £80, which is open to vessels belonging to any American Yacht Club, centre board vessels only being excluded, and the club will be most happy to receive the entry of any vessel or vessel belonging to your club.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS GANCOUX, Secretary

Hamilton Morton, Esq., Sec. N.Y.Y.C.

Committee reports George L. Schnyler, Moses H. Grinnell, and F. Osgood, Esqrs., the committee appointed by Commodore Stebbins, to take action in the matter of the challenge of James Ashbury, Esq., of the yacht *Cambria*, to contest for the possession of the challenge cup won by the *America* in the year 1851, presented their printed report, which was received with expression of approval.

The club then adjourned, each member present feeling that it was one of the most satisfactory sessions held since their organization.

New York Herald.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

THE new Club-house which has been lately built for this enterprising club is a very spacious and comfortable structure. The new dock, on which it stands, is a most substantial affair; and jutting out into the bay, gives from the club-house a commanding view of the whole harbour, and of the entrances to it at either end: while the proximity of the house to the railway station affords considerable convenience to the members living at a distance.

On entering the approach to the club-house from the shore, by means of a gateway, the visitor is confronted by a large two-story building of wood, handsomely painted, and fitted with a beautiful verandah overlooking the water. In the basement and between the strong cribwork of the dock, are several boat houses forming ample accommodation for the skiffs belonging to the club. On the ground floor, the first thing that strikes the stranger is the apparent order in which the establishment is kept, for here, though the steward has his domain on this floor, there is not the slightest disarrangement that betokens any laxity; there are also numerous lockers for the rigging and tackle of the club yachts, when out of commission during the winter months. Ascending the staircase we come into a well-lighted corridor, having on the right a spacious and comfortable billiard room, furnished with two elegant tables and all the most modern requisites; and on the left two smaller rooms, where committee meetings are held. Adjoining the billiard room and connected by a doorway is the reading room, which is kept constantly supplied with the latest yachting and sporting publications; into this opens the dining-room by folding doors, where the sportive echo of Canadian song oft reverberates, as the Canadian yachtsmen beguile the weary winter evenings in their handsome club-house.

On the whole we are glad to have to chronicle this description of the

new house of the R.C.Y.C., as it affords us increasing evidence of the spread of a love for that most noble pastime; and we hope that, through this prosperous and flourishing club as yet remains in comparative infancy, we may have to chronicle during the ensuing season some gallant struggles, which will tend to show that the yachtsmen in the far west of Canada have inherited a portion of that "stuff" for which their British sires are ever famous.

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

SINCE writing the notes on the above subject which appeared in the February number, I have carefully perused the voluminous correspondence which was published in the same number on the subject of what is rather grandiloquently termed "the proposed Anglo American Atlantic yacht race" together with the numerous letters, challenges, telegrams, &c., &c., therein referred to, which occupy many pages of volumes 17 and 18, and heartily congratulate the high contracting parties and all interested in the match, that out of such a tangled web an understanding has at last been arrived at, and a fair probability now exists of seeing the high mettled racers, with the Sappho as thirdsman, hove to off the Old Head of Kinsale on the morning of the 4th July next, and ready to start for their somewhat toilsome journey. It is certainly marvellous how two yachtsmen, each of whom we may assume as eager for the fray, could contrive during so many months so ingeniously to misunderstand and mystify each other in plain English as to their respective intentions, one side being quite equal to the other in this respect, the American however finally contriving to come out of the paper warfare with the advantage that the terms of the race are entirely of his own choosing, and he can have no possible excuse or objection if beaten. I must however, own that I share the doubts which you Mr. Editor have expressed in your comments, as to whether Mr. Ashbury has not made a rash match, and still more so, if as I have lately heard, he has consented to admit the Sappho to take part therein on equal terms, and fear he will find the extra size of his competitors (much greater than most English yachtsmen imagine) too much for the Cambria, good tho' she may be, in the heavy seas of the Atlantic, especially if the weather happens to be rather than unsettled.

In the race from Cherbourg round the Nab last autumn we find the Dauntless starting under Thames measurement as 336 tons, while the

* Continued from page 86.

Cambria is but 188, and tho' we must all admit that this rule, resting as it does on the fallacy that half the beam is about equivalent to the depth, is most unfair to the plan of construction followed by the American builders,—I find in the list of the New York Club for the Dauntless is set down as 262·8 tons, while under their rule for racing measurement viz., "a multiplication of the extreme length on the water-line from the fore part of stem to after part of the stern-post, by the extreme breadth wherever found," she shows an area of 2662·4 square feet while the Cambria by the same measurement is only 104 $\frac{2}{3}$ tons, and guessing her length on the water line at about 98 feet, this multiplied by the beam 21 would only give an area of 2,058 square feet a great excess in favour of the Dauntless, and if her powers of carrying sail, be at all equal to the much greater beam she possesses, added to the much smaller displacement to drive, and the greater length on the water line 117 feet to 98 feet, which latter, according to the rules of the Boston Yacht Club, is the sole measurement which should determine racing allowances, she ought completely to out-run the English vessel, especially if there is little or no turning to windward. Giving therefore all credit to Mr. Ashbury for his wish to test the merits of two styles of build, of which the competitors are fair enough types, I must say that knowing what will be said in America, should he be beaten, as I expect he will, both in the race out, and the match at New York, it would have been more prudent, tho' perhaps less dashing, not to have engaged in such a contest, and still more wise before issuing his challenge in October 1868, to have studied the conditions under which the cup he wishes to recover was presented to the N.Y.Y.C., and from which it has no power, even if it had the wish, to vary. These were duly published in *Hunt's Magazine*, vol. xiv, page 260, and may also be found in vol. xviii. page 44, and by them it will appear that though "the parties desirous to sail for the cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same, that may be determined on by mutual consent; in case of disagreement as to terms the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations," and as the right to claim a match is given "to any *yacht or vessel* (not schooners) of not less than 30 or more than 300 tons, "by Custom-house measurement of the country challenging,"—it seems clear that the New York Yacht Club is by no means confined to the schooner rig in selecting their vessel to defend the cup, but that in the smooth waters of Hoboken or Long Island Sound, they may and probably will select one of the large centre-board sloops already be-

longing to their club, or now building for the purpose, and as the Cambria, or any schooner afloat would not, on an ordinary regatta course here with the usual amount of turning to windward, have the ghost of a chance with the Oimara, so in going out to make such a match in foreign waters, with the representative of the new world he will I fear be like the sheep - "who went for wool and came back shorn," though I heartily wish him a better fate. Before quitting the subject however, and bearing away on my proper course I must protest against the truth of Mr. Ashbury's assumption in paragraph No. 2 of his long letter that "he believes the Cambria to be the champion schooner of England of her tonnage." Of course any owner may believe what he thinks fit about his favourite vessel, but before he gets the rest of the yachting world to agree with him, Mr. Ashbury must explain the fact that last year he met the Egeria, of nearly 40 tons less measurement, seven times out of which she actually came in before him four times, and on one of the other occasions would have saved her time for tonnage, if as I stated before in page 13, her owner had known that in the New Thames the certificate of the Royal London reducing her to 147 tons would have been accepted. The Egeria won £541 the Cambria £283, while the latter vessel as compared with the Aline was also beaten twice out of three races; and how then is she the champion schooner? and if a match could be arranged between the above three vessels at the usual time allowance given in the Solent, I doubt that she would be even the favourite at starting.

To return to the races of 1869 we find the Flying Cloud, after lying by for many years, third on the list of winning schooners with £220 attached to her name, and very well she deserved her success, and so did her spirited owner as she was admirably fitted and turned out for racing, and by her appearance did much credit to her builder, Inman. In smooth water and short turns she will always with her large allowance of time, be a highly dangerous antagonist, as she proved by beating Cambria by its aid in the New Thames match on 7th June, and Egeria for second prize at Plymouth on 18th July, where she would have served the Alarm the same sauce, if the wind after letting the latter reach in as far as the end of the breakwater in the third round, chopped round and headed the other three competitors who had to beat over the same water she had gone over without a tack. The Cloud also had an easy victory over the Fleur-de-lis, and in fact she is quite the head of her own class of schooners, and would on my principle of allowing schooners to sail with cutters of half their tonnage make good racing with Muriel and Co., as she proved at the regatta of the Royal Albert,

when sailing over for the cup, she started with and came in soon after the latter vessel. And here I may remark how much owners are indebted to Count Batthyany for having insisted on upholding the principle that entries and not starters constitute a race, though at the expense to him of £50 guineas, as after entering in the schooner race of the Royal Albert against Alarm and Cambria, both of whom being disabled at Ryde refused to start, he was informed "the prize would not be given," but on returning to the charge and very properly insisting "that he was not to blame for the mishaps of others, and offering to give a similar cup this year," he was on these terms as *Hunt* remarks in the account of the race "with commendable spirit!" allowed to walk over. I wonder how long will it be 'ere yacht owners will be true to themselves and to each other, and refuse to let their vessels race at any regatta when "so many to start or no race is the rule," but while they do so they have no one to blame but themselves when thus sold. The Cloud had another narrow escape of the same fate at Plymouth, as though Egeria and Alarm *only* were there ready to compete with her, yet if Capt. Saumarez had not kindly entered the Sea Wraith, 33 tons, to make a fourth competitor the prize would have been refused! She is to have a running bowsprit this season, new copper, new masts and a regular racing fit out, with 2ft. more hoist to her sails and lead to counterbalance it, and will no doubt do well in her class, but cannot expect to compete in open water with the large class, being only 75ft. 3in. long to their 100ft. or more, and as there are few, if any, other racing schooners of her tonnage, she will, unless allowed to compete with the second class cutters on such terms as I have mentioned, half tonnage, get but little racing to reward her owner for the money laid out on her, and I consider schooners of her tonnage quite a mistake in the present system of racing, as they can never win prizes enough to compensate for the trouble and expense of keeping them up.

The next on the list has no cause to allege want of size as a reason for not winning, being large enough for anything, but quite too costly and handsome in every way to be knocked about with constant racing. A 78 foot boom is no toy to handle, and the crew and expenses, to say nothing of the wear and tear, would soon eat up the profits, so she cannot be expected to figure high in the list. When she did sail however, she did well, winning the sweepstakes from Dover to Cherbourg in hollow style, and beating the American Dauntless of considerably greater tonnage from Cherbourg to the Nab and back by nearly three hours. She came in first for the Queen's Cup at Cowes but lost to the Egeria by time, and was closely followed by her owner's former vessel

the splendid Aline, on whose lines and mould the Guinevere was chiefly built. She is beautifully fitted up and kept, and cost some £10,000, a very costly toy but one well worthy of her place as flagship of the Royal Victoria, where she would have probably made a good race for the Vice-Commodore's Cup but was run into at the start by the Condor and disabled, and did not go the course.

The last on my list is the Druid yawl, formerly the Dynamene, and built by Harvey and Co., at Ipswich, where Volante, Audax, Xantha, and many other fast craft have been turned out. She was never known as a racer till last year, when she came into the hands of Mr. T. Groves, a well known yachtsman especially on the Metropolitan river, and who having owned the Mosquito and Phryne, should be a good judge of hulls likely to go, while his talents as a yachtsman and a yacht sailor qualify him equally for taking out all they have got in them. His first success was in his favourite water where on the 19th June, he beat the Cambria and Flying Cloud in very light weather. In the match of the New Thames Yacht Club to Harwich, on 3rd of July Druid was also victorious by time, over the Gloriana, Flying Cloud, &c., but here her owner's pilotage and knowledge of the coast stood him in good stead, as the course which the vessels were to take not being exactly defined, rather a common fault in these races from port to port, he took her through the Wallet, which gave her a lift of some miles to windward besides cheating a good deal of an adverse tide, while nearly all the rest including the Commodore went outside, the race finally ending in a dead beat between the Druid and Gloriana, who came in abreast, rather a curious ending after so long a struggle, the Druid however taking first prize by time. And here at the risk of being thought a bore for eternally recurring to the same subject, I will on the principle enumerated at the end of the first division of these scratches refer again to the Measurement muddle, and ask how the Druid which won the Royal London Cup on the 19th of June as 72 tons, should be rated in the above race under the same nominal rule as 80 tons, while the Flying Cloud then also 72 tons, and usually known as 75 tons, should both in this race, and in that of the Royal Thames which she won, be called 80 tons; verily, either they manage things curiously in the Metropolitan river, or there is no truth in the rules of Arithmetic as laid down by the immortal Cocker.

I have now gone through the principal winners amongst the First class cutters and the two masted vessels, and am sorry the list is not a longer one. What can Aline, Alarm, Gloriana, Pantomime, Condor, Niobe, Albertine, Dione, Vanguard, Phryne, and above all Chistabel and Vindex

be about that their names do not appear as usual in the table; the first five all won some races, but nothing at all equal to their reputation, though the first did well by twice quilting the Cambria and Egeria, once in hollow style in the Royal Yacht Squadron race round the Island, and curiously enough in very light winds, though they both avenged themselves at Ryde, when it blew freshly. I should not like however to venture much money on either against her if it comes to hard knocks, and in spite of a slightly too light draft of water which tells against her in a dead turn, I consider her the fastest and best two-master England at present possesses, and if she instead of Cambria was in the Atlantic match would have much more sanguine hopes of success.

A new vessel by the same builder to be called the Gwendoline, for Major Ewing, formerly owner of the Condor is announced to be nearly ready for launching, and though about 30 tons less in size will draw 18 inches more water and nearly on an even keel, and carry the same spars and sails; if placed in good hands, she will be an ugly customer, and likely to make Egeria, Alarm, and Aline tremble for their laurels, as the firm besides their experience in the latter vessel have turned out Guinevere and Bluebell, two craft second to none in appearance and speed, and I should like much to welcome the latter back into the list of racing schooners of large tonnage.

The Alarm hardly had fair play last season as not doing equal to Mr. Duppa's expectations in the races to Dover and Cherbourg, he at once determined on a radical change of rig, and taking out her old masts he put a perfectly awful pair of sticks into her, and nearly bolt upright, a system which I for one from the day I first saw her doubted if it would succeed. She tried them for the first time at Plymouth when quite unfinished, the carpenters being actually at work when she came to her station, but did well beating Egeria tolerably easily, (for some reason that lady did not choose to move at all that day), and Flying Cloud by a piece of luck in spite of an enormous time allowance. She tried Egeria again in the Solent but it was not for Joe that journey, and ended in springing the new sticks, and being quite disabled. This year if commissioned, of which I am sorry to hear there is some doubt, she is to have another pair, smaller, lighter, and not so upright, and a running bowsprit, and be under a new skipper, she will no doubt sail well, but her want of length and depth compared with vessels of the present day will I fear tell against her. No man can possibly deserve to win more than her owner, as he spares neither trouble nor expense, and will go on until he reaches the top of the tree, as shewn by the purchase at once of Alarm and Lulworth, and the money he has spent on them.

Gloriana sailed some pretty races, and undoubtedly in the river, where there are short tacks and much running and reaching she can go with any schooner afloat, but when it comes to a beat to windward in at all open water, she has no chance with Egeria, Cambria, Aline, or I should say even with Flying Cloud. Pantomime was lengthened and said to be improved, but did not go far from home last season, except to the Mersey, where to the extreme astonishment of the Egeria she beat her handsomely for the Vice-Commodore's gift, but the Condor at starting by falling on board the latter and ripping up her jib, which not only delayed her but obliged her to sail for a considerable time without one, contributed much to the result, and when the Egeria once shook herself together and began to come along she was catching her antagonist very fast, though too late to secure the cup.

The Pantomime lost her bowsprit in running for the Queen's Cup at Cowes, and did no good in any of the other Solent races. It is a great pity if she has been spoilt, as for the three previous years she was an extremely nice schooner for both cruising and racing with plenty of power and speed, and for going about in I should have as soon selected her as anything afloat.

Albertine was not fitted out, but has this year got into good hands, having been purchased by Mr. G. Moss, who lately has had the Julia, and is an old and tried yachtsman, and he is likely to bring her out in good style. She is frightfully ugly but has undoubted power and speed, and will no doubt take a fair first position, certainly beating more than beat her.

Even if Cambria does not return from New York in time for the autumn racing, which is not likely, there seems little fear of want of vessels, and with Guinevere, Aline, Alarm, Gwendoline, Egeria, Albertine, Pantomime, Siesta (Fyffe's new one,) Gloriana, and Flying Cloud, and perhaps Bluebell, there ought to be no lack of sport among the schooners, and if allowed to meet the cutters on fair terms, *i.e.* about half their real tonnage, there would be plenty of racing up and down the Channel amongst the large vessels. In the cutter class I see less prospect unless Oimara and Condor are newly fitted out after their foreign cruises, but Rose of Devon, Julia, Sea Bird, Fiona, L'Hirondelle, and Menai are all at home, and fast and powerful craft, while Mosquito, Vanguard, Vindex, Sphinx, Phryne, Niobe, Dione, and even the little Muriel, tho' properly belonging to the second class, care little for their big sisters, if they meet them in the races of the Thames, or even on the Solent or Dublin Bay, should only the weather be not too heavy for them. Poor Volante I once feared had gone to the tomb of the Capulets, but am glad to find

that Mr. Maudslay instead of taking his insurance money, as at first reported, and handing her over to the underwriters, has repaired her, I have little doubt she will reappear pretty near as fast or faster than ever, and trust the contests between her and her old antagonist, the Mosquito, may go on as usual for many more years. They met three times at Kingstown last season, and once at Belfast, and no contests were more keenly watched or more exciting to those yachtsmen who knew how often and well they had tried each other before, Mosquito winning three times however out of the four rubbers. The old Ironsides won three races during the season, and is likely to prosper even better in 1870, as her new captain gets more accustomed to his work, but down South, apart from Fiona and the other big ones, Vanguard now holds most of her own class pretty safe, and in light weather especially and in short turns would probably beat them all, while Christabel and Sphinx seem to rival Vindex in more troubled waters. The latter was not fitted out last year, quite an exceptional circumstance, as few races for many seasons back have been sailed, especially on the Thames and Irish Channel, without the azure flag with silver fleur-de-lis being seen waving saucily at the truck, with the graceful figure of Jack Downes grasping the tiller beneath it. Dione also did not fit last year and is for sale, and a better or nicer little ship of her class does not exist, but unluckily she is too large for the second and too small for the first class, a defect she shares with the Niobe, which if she could be squeezed into the second class would be just the best buying at present afloat, and the contests between her, Muriel, and Fyffe's two new forties, with Xema, Torpid, Glance, and Kilmeny looking on and speculating on the chances which old time would give them, would be, (I am free to confess it,) far more interesting to me than all the Anglo-American contests between huge schooners of nearly ship-like capacity which are ever likely to be sailed, and which I class more with the contests between the tea clippers each year from China than with the races of yachts.

I have now gone through the first class cutters and the schooners who distinguished themselves last season, and space warns me to leave the smaller racers until the April number, when there will still be time for dry dissertations on races past and gone, before the march of spring sets yachtsmen thinking on newer and pleasanter themes, but before closing may remind them of the fixtures of the Irish Channel for the arrangement of which I made a proposal in February. The Royal Mersey have since determined to come before the Royal Cork, a fixture which whether good for their own interests or not remains to be seen, but at least it gives plenty of time for the others, and the Royal St. George

thereupon have taken time by the forelock and headed their Northern brethren. The following seems an excellent mode for yachts to spend the month of July enabling vessels easily to wend their way back to the Solent, ready for the race for the Queen's Cup at Cowes on 1st August. Royal Mersey, June 23rd and 24th, Royal Cork, June 30th, and 1st July, American race at Kinsale, 4th July, Prince Alfred Champion prize, 9th or 11th July, Royal St. George's, 12th 13th and 14th July, Royal Ulster, 18th July, Prince Alfred Channel race Bangor, (Belfast) to Lamlash or Rothesay Bay, 19th July, Royal Northern, 22nd and 23rd July, Clyde, 25th July, this would give ample time for all, and an agreeable sail, stopping longest in the best anchorages, viz., Queens-town, Kingstown, and Clyde, and for the present I remain, yours,

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

(To be continued.)

LAND WAIFS, BY A YACHTSMAN.*

THERE is a regular mail service between Lucerne and Belinzona over the St. Gothard and the daily steamer which leaves the former town at 5h. or 5h. 30m. a.m., arrives at Fluelen the other end of the lake about eight o'clock, where a well horsed diligence is ready to start at once for Altorff which is about a mile-and-a-half distant. At Altorff the mails and passengers of that district are collected and then the diligence commences the ascent of one of the finest passes in Switzerland.

Not liking the very early rising that is involved by starting for Lucerne we had, as before mentioned, gone on to Altorff the previous evening and taken up our quarters at the Cléf D'Or of shutter and sentry notoriety, and perhaps we should here explain, with reference to the said sentry, that the barracks were close to the hotel which will account for the "son of a gun" breaking in upon our midnight slumbers.

The post office at Altorff being a few yards only from the Cléf D'Or, we strolled down to meet the diligence about the time that it was expected to arrive and awaited its coming with no small amount of anxiety, as the predictions of the Swiss barmaid had rather disturbed our equanimity. Punctual to its time the antediluvian conveyance drove up and, one could not avoid commiserating the conservative principles of these primitive Swiss in the matter of vehicles, or feeling a sufficiency of the radical element about us to cause us to imagine that some better and assuredly lighter means of locomotion could now be constructed

* Continued from page 21.

which would combine all the advantages of the present diligence without the attendant disadvantage of dead weight, which must be something considerable counting in tons. It is true that it keeps its time in the most creditable manner but this can easily be done at the pace they travel, and we have a strong impression that the same punctuality might be observed and much greater celerity obtained by a judicious cross between Long Acre and Berne where we presume these diligences are constructed.

As "the thing you know" drove up to the post office we at once rushed with juvenile and perhaps pardonable curiosity to look into the "*interieur*" fearing to see four stout old Swiss ladies, redolent of onions or some equally oderiferous native herb, with places taken for Belinzona, great was our relief therefore to find the inside occupied by two Roumanians of the nobler sex with the evident stamp of gentle blood about them, and still greater our relief to find ourselves addressed most courteously in French which they both spoke fluently. A courier was also with them but he was soon shunted off to divide with the driver the wretched apology for the "box seat" on which these Swiss sons of Jehu have to rest, and seeing that both the driver and the courier were by no means thin a considerable overlap was at once discernable on the ledge of the seat, and their sitting departments must have had a bad time of it on so long a journey, but for us, from the first stage after leaving Altorff to Airolo we had the diligence to ourselves, each with a window from which as the road kept winding up the pass we had in turn as fine a view of the surrounding scenery as if we had occupied the coupé.

We have no wish to attempt anything like a description of the St. Gothard as it would be probably beyond our powers, still such scenery cannot be passed by without a few words as descriptive of the impressions it created. And need we say that there was no disappointment of our expectations here, as step by step we wound up the narrow gorge with the snow coloured mountain torrent roaring yard on yard beneath us, while on either side huge mountains sprinkled over with the handsome larch were piled one upon another overshadowing our winding path, and even in this wild region in some of the wildest spots, apparently unapproachable, the task of cultivation was not considered hopeless as many a little homestead and cottage of the Swiss mountaineers fully testified, and one could not help admiring the perseverance and endurance of these hardy people.

Our Roumanian friends and ourselves had a great deal to talk about, they seemed very well informed on the leading subjects of discussion in

the English Parliament, and also very much interested in the Irish Church question and our present Prime Minister. We made one great mistake in the course of conversation, while talking politics, by saying that though the English constitution had its drawbacks we had one great advantage over many forms of government, inasmuch as if political measures were taking a wrong move we simply turned our Prime Minister out instead of cutting the ruler's throat, forgetting at the moment the tragic fate of the late unfortunate Roumanian Prince; our friends however saw that it was unintentional and passed on to other topics, and thus the hours went pleasantly enough and the weather being in the mean time all that could be desired we had reason to consider ourselves most fortunate in every respect.

As we neared the Devil's Bridge, so famous in history, the wind began to blow in somewhat violent gusts and in such frigid blasts as reminded one that though still in summer we were approaching a region where the warmth of that genial season is scarcely ever felt, and that clad as we happened to be in a light summer costume we were utterly unfit to cope against it, and the donning of another garment was therefore necessitated.

The Devil's Bridge is I believe considered the finest part of the pass, the idea being probably assisted by the fact that in crossing the bridge the best view is of course obtained both up and down the pass at the same moment, and certainly the aspect here is grand in the extreme, and it is somewhat marvellous to think how hostile armies could meet for combat in such a locality, where with even nothing to distract one's thoughts the situation is sufficiently alarming, as a false step or sudden stumble of a horse would have plunged our whole conveyance with its peaceful contents to the abyss below and have turned into chips and pulp, the "voiture" and its occupants, so that fighting seemed a very unnecessary stimulant to excitement in such a place; but still hostile armies did meet here and all honor to the gallant Russian that achieved a victory raising his name to the foremost rank of European warriors.

From the Devil's Bridge to Andermatt we travelled through another mile of the same scenery and here a dish of the sweetest trout and a loaf of the sourest bread it has ever been my lot to taste awaited us. Leaving Andermatt about two o'clock it was simply a case of higher and higher, colder and colder until we passed the large village of Hospenthal, and reached the present Hospice which is not far from the top of the pass.

Though one was of course aware that the Hospice of St. Bernard is the only one of these institutions kept up in anything like their

pristine form, yet one expected to see something better than that now at the Gothard, which is sadly shorn of its ancient efficacy ; in fact what was once the Hospice is now a stable and cow house, and a portion of the hotel forms the only house of charity, but upon what principle it is now conducted we cannot say, though if the old proverb of "*noscitur a sociis*" is to hold good, we should hardly suppose the principles could be called charitable unless those of charity begun at home.

The scenery now began to change as we wound round yet a few more times before reaching the flat ground and small lake that form the actual summit of the pass, and it would really be difficult to imagine anything more dreary than the landscapes of this part of our journey ; on all sides nothing could be seen but peat moss, stunted, coarse grass, and a huge chaos of grey, cold, boulder stones, making us long to get out of a region where nothing human could live, and where even the stunted grass and peat moss must have had a hard struggle for existence.

Fortunately it did not take any great length of time to leave this dreary waste and chilly climate behind, and to commence the descent into Italy, and one of course was anxious for the first glance of a view down the valley below of which we had heard so much, but it came somewhat short of our ideas as it was neither so extended or so varied as we had expected to find it. Round and round, down and down we now travelled one half circle or coil equalling another coil in appearance, length and inclination, until the "Swisso cum Italiano" town of Airolo is reached about seven o'clock, where some soup of an appearance uncommonly "maigre" failed to tempt us. At Airolo, which is a moderate sized sort of town, many travellers rest the night with the view of breaking the journey when coming from Belinzona and making an early start for the pass the next day, but the hotel seemed to us by no means an inviting looking establishment though of course in travelling one must not be too particular.

Here we picked up another candidate for an inside place, and though our new acquaintance was somewhat "*de trop*" yet she was very communicative and chatty, and showed us the spot and gave us all the particulars of the fatal flood of '68 which caused such destruction in the valley, and which drowned many a poor peasant, laid low many a house, and made many a prosperous and industrious family hopelessly destitute ; the traces of the floods were as distinctly visible on the hill sides, and in the valley as on the day when they thundered down from the mountains and swept every thing before them, and the ruined half buried houses, the meadows covered with shingle, and the torn up roads and damaged bridges were too painful witnesses of the destruction caused by this deadly enemy of the residents of the Swiss valleys.

Darkness now set in, but a young moon soon enabled us to see that some little time after passing Airolo our road was bordered on the one side of the turbulent stream that takes its source from the St. Gothard, and on the other by perpendicular cliffs that looked possibly even more picturesque by the light of the incipient moon than they would have done under the influence of her more brilliant rival, and this scenery continued until the small vineyards and small gardens so common in Switzerland gave indications of the approach to a more densely populated district, and shortly after ten o'clock we arrived at the somewhat important town of Belinzona, not a little fatigued after being cooped up just fourteen hours in a box hardly capable of containing the number of cubic inches consigned to its safe keeping.

According to the various guide books we had studied, Belinzona was a sort of place where our luggage was as likely to be unsafe in A.D. '69, as it would have been in the centre of the Appenines in the worst part of the middle ages, but after waiting a very short time in the centre of the square where the diligence pulled up, and where we presume the Republican mails are deposited, we saw that there was really no cause for anxiety so we started off for the Angelo, secured beds and ordered dinner and then returned in sufficient time to hand our baggage over to the Swiss "boots," who took charge of it to the hotel, where a tolerable dinner and an intolerable bottle of wine were ready for us. At 11h. 30m. we turned in to a bed which did not require to be a bed of down to enable us to knock off the amount of slumber accorded to us by aforesaid "boots."

On arriving at the hotel we made every enquiry as to the hour of departure of the steamer the next morning from Magadino, the head of the Lago Maggiore, and though we were told that it left at eleven o'clock, still the obstinacy with which "mine host" insisted on our leaving at nine o'clock to travel some eight miles made it appear to us excessively doubtful if the hour he named for the departure of the steamer was correct, but right or wrong we were bound to submit to our fate and the next morning at the time appointed we found ourselves in a most comfortable carriage leaving Belinzona for the head of the lake.

We shall never forget that drive! Half frozen the evening before by the frigid blasts of the St. Gothard, and almost benumbed with cold in the inhospitable and dismal region at the top of the pass, it really was delightful to realise the difference of temperature under the influence of the morning sun, until it gradually became so warm that at last an umbrella was found desirable. Then the scenery was so totally new to one and so enchanting! On the right in the foreground were meadows teeming with vegetation in the shape of Indian corn, and grass crops the

second or third of the season such as one only sees under forced cultivation near Edinburgh, with the Alps as a dark background to the picture, while to the left lofty cliffs were sloping to vast height clothed in luxuriant larch such as only Switzerland or northern Italy can produce.—The scenery, cloudless sky, the dusty straight road and the easy carriage transported us back to eastern scenes long since passed away but still fresh in one's memory.

But we must put an end to this combination of sentiment and scenery, or my readers will begin to think that our journey is likely to prove too long and too tedious for their patience, so that we will at once arrive at Magadino where the steamer was just making fast to the pier as we drove up, and from whence she shortly left just twenty minutes before the appointed hour.

As yet our fast was unbroken not being one of those who think it necessary, irrespective of their dinner hour, to have breakfast because they get up, but thinking rather if one dines at 11 p.m. one hardly wants breakfast at 8 a.m., we preferred trusting to the steward on board the steamer rather than take our breakfast at Belinzona; and never was confidence more properly bestowed, as after a little conversation with our friend the steward we found ourselves in due course sitting down to an excellent, well cooked chicken, some "*pommes de terre frites*," and as good a bottle of Barolo as travellers could wish to sit down to.

But we are now amidst scenes where we cannot afford to lose much time in a cabin with a breakfast however good before us, so in a very few minutes we are once more on deck admiring the beauties of one of the finest lakes in Italy, and listening to a true son of her clime who was accompanying himself on a guitar, and singing an opera in both a bass and treble voice in a marvellously clever manner.

It seemed almost the realisation of a dream our being on the Lago Maggiore as though, alas! we have seen many, too many, summers, yet we had never before had the opportunity of visiting this well known region. In oil, in water colours, in lithograph, and chromo lithographs who has not seen representations of the Lago Maggiore? so that at last one gets so familiar with its scenery and general character that a visit seems almost superfluous, and yet if I was asked if the reality came up to the ideal I should be almost sorry to give an answer. It is very beautiful beyond all doubt, but whether the blue of the sky, the blue of the water, the white houses with their red roofs of tile, and the arbours of vine leaves, all amidst a brilliant sun, came up to the impression left on our minds by the numerous paintings we had seen is a somewhat

doubtful point, and yet it seems a shame to say so, as what can be more lovely than the view particularly that part where the steamer crosses to the east side of the lake, and you have before you the whole sweep of its blue water with the Isola Bella, and prettily situated adjacent towns in the distance and Monte Rosa, covered with snow, towering over all in the far off sky.

With such a picture it seems a sin to suppose for an instant one could be disappointed, and if the feeling existed we can only attribute it to the wretched composition of man which never allows him to be contented.

Suffice it to say with such a view and on the brightest day we ought to have been more than satisfied, and that the different towns on the lake and more particularly those in the neighbourhood of the Isola Bella—which is the favourite retreat of some aristocratic Italian and is terraced with plants of the choicest growth—are one and all places that we longed to get out and stay at and one would have done so, but that a limited amount of time and consols prevented our following the bent of our inclination, we could therefore only give them all such a cursory glance as the occasional stopping at each station and then steaming rapidly away could give us.

The journey from Belinzona to Milan is a somewhat tedious one and was too long for us in one stretch—taking into consideration the amount of travelling we had gone through the previous day—so we deemed it better to divide it by staying a night at Arona, the southernmost town on the lake where at the hotel d'Italia we were very well put up.

After ordering dinner at the hotel we freighted a vehicle with what ought to have been one horse power, but which was in reality only half horse power from the condition and stamp of the animal in the shafts, and started off for the statue of Carlo Boroméo, which is perhaps one of the largest cast bronze statues in existence and is situated on the hill above Arona, about a mile and-a-half from the town. This fine statue was erected to the memory of one Carlo Boroméo, now sanctified, who was a native of Arona and who during one of the frightful plagues of Milan devoted his whole time, and eventually sacrificed his life while ministering to the wants of the poor and attending on the sick and dying, and prone as we are to criticize the acts and institutions of other nations and other sects it would be well, laying aside the harmless enrolment of Carlo Boroméo among the list of saints, to ask ourselves how many of those whose monuments adorn or otherwise Westminster Abbey deserve such a memorial as this good and self sacrificed man? Better say we a monument for the preserver than the destroyer of human life.

Great trouble had been taken in finding a proper place for this memorial and it seems passing strange that while one generation should have taken the greatest possible care to choose a fitting site for the statue, another generation should have done its best to destroy much of the effect originally produced, as though the situation was in the first instance most admirably chosen, of late years a miserably designed church, now out of repair, and an equally miserably designed college have been built so near to the statue as to spoil the arrangement, whereby this fine monument, standing with the pedestal one hundred and twelve feet high, had ample space around it to set off its grand proportions, whereas now much of this effect is marred by these paltry edifices in close proximity.

We had but just time to take a good survey of the statue before twilight came upon us, and so rapid is the transition from day to night at this season of the year in northern Italy that darkness had set in by the time we got back to Arona. After the briefest and the latest of Siestas we adjourned to the "Salle" where we were much better treated than we had any reason to expect in a country proverbial for its bad cooking and worse wine.

And why should the "entertainment for man and horse" be so proverbially bad in Italy? We suppose that the answer must be that Italy is a degenerated country—or rather we should say *has been* as we fully expect that a new turn is now taking in her affairs which will alter the aspect of things very much—so that with the general decadence of her other arts went also the art of cooking, which is a pity, and it also seems a matter of regret that our friends Lucullus and Sallust, who according to history were men of undoubted gastronomic taste, should have quitted the world without leaving their Mrs. Glass behind them shewing a disposition horribly selfish in not giving future generations the benefit of their knowledge, or it may be that these excellent gentlemen in reality knew nothing about the art of living, and that the "*Repletus veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferina*" that used to tantalise us wretchedly fed school boys to such an extent were after all mere poetic licences and existed only in the imagination of the author. But whatever the cause there can be no doubt of the effect on one's digestive organs in Italy, as they suffer martyrdom there now, and whatever Lucullus or Sallust may have been no signs of their good living now exist, and as to the "veteris Bacchi" if the rosy God ever visited the country he has quitted it without leaving a trace of his residence there behind him.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THE annual dinner of this club took place on Saturday 29th January at the Ancient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin. The chair was occupied by F. Scovell, Esq., the Commodore, supported by Messrs. Keogh and Thompson, Vice and Rear Commodores, 54 members and guests being present. After the usual loyal toasts, including "H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, patron of the club," had been given, and enthusiastically received.

The Honorary Secretary proposed "The Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom" coupling with the toast the Royal Cork Yacht Club, as the oldest in existence. He congratulated his brother yachtsmen on the much greater good fellowship and social intercourse now existing among members of different yacht clubs than used to be the case, which he attributed very much to the practice introduced many years ago by the Royal Irish and Royal St. George Yacht Clubs, of sending invitations on board all yachts visiting Kingstown harbour however small if they flew the burgee of a Royal Yacht Club, inviting their owners and the friends accompanying them to make use of their club-houses—a courtesy now imitated by all the Irish and by many of the English yacht clubs, and he instanced especially, as a wish to return civility received in Ireland, a resolution passed in 1868 by the Royal Victoria—"That all gentlemen on board yachts flying burgees of the Royal St. George and Royal Irish Yacht clubs should be free of their club-house at Ryde"; a courtesy of which he had then frequently availed himself; and he remarked that the Prince Alfred Club itself was not backward in this respect, as the "flag officers of all royal, recognised, and foreign yacht clubs were ex-officio members of the club, and entitled to all its privileges," while "all members of such clubs and their sons" were eligible to sail as hands in its matches, and he trusted this spirit of kindly feeling and the interchange of good offices would long continue amongst yachtsmen. Thanks for the toast were returned by Mr. William M. Johnson, a member of the Royal Cork Club, who announced that the Annual Regatta at Queenstown had been fixed for the 30th of June and 1st of July, so as to admit of those vessels attracted to Irish waters to view the start of the great Anglo-American match between the *Dauntless*, *Cambria*, and *Sappho*, which is to take place from the Old Head of Kinsale, on the 4th of July, being present, and he promised in the name of the Royal Corks, due hospitality to all yachtsmen attending the regatta. The next toast was "The Prince Alfred Yacht Club, and prosperity to

yachting," duly acknowledged by Mr. W. J. Corrigan, one of the oldest members, who briefly recounted the success of the club, as shewn by its increasing members, and by the number and value of its prizes annually sailed for, and remarked on how much its matches, spread over the summer season, had stirred up the spirit of true practical yachting, and race sailing amongst the younger members of the royal clubs at Kingstown, and the emulation it had fostered in the skippers and crews of the yachts there. He went on to say that the cruises under the flag officer's command had been rather a failure last season, owing partly to the weather, but also to the apathy on the part of some owners and their crews who would not take the trouble to understand and obey signals, thereby deranging the whole line. He said that these cruises were intended as a means of teaching young men, able and stout of limb, how to employ their strength, and be useful on board a yacht, so as to be sought for by owners when manning their vessels for a match, and also to enable the owners to find recruits, and not merely as pleasure sailing excursions, when all hands were to think merely of the lunch, or of their pipes and grog, and he hoped more advantage would be taken of them in 1870, and signals be better attended to.

The Rear-Commodore next gave "the Guests of the Evening," coupling with it the name of G. Perry, Esq., who responded in a humorous speech.

T. J. M'Curdy, Esq., proposed "The Healths of the Flag-officers."

The Commodore, on rising, observed that he had so often returned thanks for the compliment, that but little remained for him to add at the end of this his sixth year of office. He was most gratified to hear his name so well received by the members present, but he regretted to say, that, having sold his yacht at the close of last season, he did not think he ought to offer himself as a candidate for the Commodoreship next season.

Vice-Commodore Keogh, in returning thanks, thought he could best carry out his wishes for the welfare of the club by getting a fast vessel built and on the water as soon as possible, and he hoped to amend the faults of last season during the approaching one, when he expected to have a craft, at present in Fyffe's hands, that he had no doubt the club would be proud of.

The Rear-Commodore, in expressing his acknowledgments, said he had disposed of the Torch, but had every confidence that he would be able to pull off a cup or two next season with his new purchase, the Torpid.

J. C. Neligan, Esq., in a very happy speech, proposed the "Health

of the Hon Secretary," which was received with the loud and prolonged acclamation of the entire meeting.

The Hon. Secretary said he had so often returned thanks for a similar compliment that it would be useless for him to repeat them, or say how much pleased he was with the manifestation of the club's good feeling towards him. He felt the great advantage the club had been to yacht racing in general, and as evidence of it said that a great part of the Yacht Congress Rules had been founded on the rules of the P.A.Y.C. No disunion had ever existed on account of religion or politics in the club, all met there on neutral grounds, whether English, Irish, or Scotchmen. The club was essentially a racing one, and a point of union for the working yachtsmen of the United Kingdom, and he believed the best handled yacht generally won. They had great natural advantages for establishing such a society in a rendezvous second to none, upon a bay free from any difficulties of navigation, and where accidents seldom, if ever occurred, while there were two royal clubs houses at their port, of whose hospitality all the visitors to the Prince Alfred Yacht Club matches got the advantage, and very many of its members, including the flag-officers, belonged to one or the other of these clubs, thereby rendering a separate club-house unnecessary. He could not sit down without recurring to the single-handed match, an institution, he might say, of his own, where much pluck and skill was displayed by members who showed they were as well capable of sailing a yacht as any paid hands, and while on that subject he could with pride refer to the way in which the Mosquito was sailed at the match for the first-class yachts of the club last season, and say with pleasure that her sailing master admitted to him his vessel could not have been better steered or handled than on that occasion in question. In conclusion, he proposed the healths of the yacht owners who had so often placed their vessels in the hands of the club, and afforded its members every species of hospitality. The toast being coupled with the names of the owners of the Amberwitch, Siren and Torch, who respectively acknowledged the compliment.

D. O'Connell, Esq., proposed the next toast, "The kindred sport of rowing, and the University of Dublin Rowing and Boat Clubs." He alluded to the progress in rowing made upon the Liffey during the last two years, and complimented the clubs at Ringsend upon their superior style, as evinced by their achievements at the last Metropolitan regatta.

Messrs. Bewley and Barrington responded respectively for the Rowing and Boat clubs.

The Hon. Secretary then gave "Success to the Yachting Season of

1870," and read a draft programme of the matches intended to be submitted to the general meeting in April next.

A capital song, called "The Season of 1870," composed and sung by D. J. O'Connell, Esq., followed, and the meeting then separated, after a most agreeable evening.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL OF 1869."

In a previous number we gave a summary of this most important Bill, which we trust will be consummated as the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1870," in the next Session of Parliament.

PART IV.—Is solely of a commercial character.

PART V.—Defines the extent to which a shipowner shall be held liable for personal injury or loss of life to any person on board his ship, or for damage or loss to any goods carried on board when such injury, damage, or loss was not occasioned by or with his actual fault or privity, and provides for the empanelling of juries for the trial of such cases, and the summoning of all necessary witnesses.

Clause 393, which defines the extent of the liability of the shipowner for loss of life or personal injury to any one on board his ship, or caused by collision with his ship through her improper steerage, is as follows:—

"The owner of any ship, whether British or Foreign, shall not in cases where any or all of the following events occur without his actual fault or privity, that is to say—

"1.—Where any loss of life, or personal injury is caused to any person being carried in his ship.

"2.—Where any loss or damage is caused to any goods, or other things whatever on board his ship.

"3.—Where any loss of life or personal injury is by reason of the improper navigation of his ship caused to any person carried in any other ship or boat.

"4.—Where any loss or damage is, by reason of the improper navigation of his ship, caused to any other ship or boat, or to any goods or other thing whatsoever on board any other ship or boat—

"Be answerable in damages in respect of loss of life or personal injury, either alone or together, with loss or damage to ships, boats, goods, or other things, to an aggregate amount exceeding 15*l.* for each ton of his ship's tonnage; nor in respect to loss or damage to ships, goods, or other things, whether there be in addition loss of life or personal injury or not, to an aggregate amount exceeding 8*l.* for each ton of his ship's tonnage; but shall be answerable as aforesaid, in respect of every distinct occasion on which any such event or events occur, to the same extent as if no such event had occurred on any other occasion."

* Continued from vol. xviii, p. 564.

These requirements are, as regards the loss of life or injury to the person, precisely the same as in the Act of 1862, which Act was an amendment of that of 1854.

The next clause, however, makes Foreign vessels also amenable for loss of life or injury to the person of British subjects.

This part of the Proposed Act is one of undoubted importance. The liabilities for loss of life, or injury to the person, are more especially necessary where a system of marine insurance prevails, which in numberless cases relieves the shipowner of all pecuniary interest in the safety of his vessel.

We could wish that, whilst the upright shipowner should not be harshly dealt with when loss of life occurs, not occasioned by any fault of his, yet that in flagrant cases of sending overladen or unseaworthy ships to sea, such as in the case of the *Utopia*, a heavier punishment than any pecuniary penalty or remuneration to the relatives of those thus deliberately sacrificed, should be exacted.

PART VI. headed "Wrecks, Casualties, and Salvage," includes all matters connected with the loss or serious damage of vessels by stranding, foundering, or collision with other craft. The first fifteen clauses of this part relate to investigation, and define the duties of the Receivers under the Act, and of those who are authorised, in the absence of the Receiver of the district, to act for him; and give him, as did the former Act, the supreme command of all persons present at the scene of a wreck.

Clause 417 authorises the master of any ship or boat, stranded or in distress, to repel by force any person, not a Receiver or Receiver substitute, who shall attempt to board his vessel without his permission.

Clause 419 requires all persons finding and taking possession of wreck, whether owners of the same or not, to give notice of the fact as soon as possible, to the Receiver, and if an owner, requires him to describe in the notice the marks by which he has distinguished it.

Clause 420 requires the master of any British ship or boat taking possession of any wreck at sea, beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, to deliver the same on his arrival in a British port to the Receiver of the district, or if he shall have previously delivered it to the owner, or have otherwise disposed of it, to render an account of the same to the Receiver, and hand to him the proceeds, if any, that he may have received for it.

Clauses 437 to 439 decree, as did the former Act, that for all services of saving life or property from any British ship or boat a reasonable sum for salvage shall be paid by the owner of the vessel; the salvage for life being payable in priority of all other claims, and that when there shall not be a sufficient amount of property saved to adequately remunerate the salvors of life, the Board of Trade may award, from the Mercantile Marine Fund, such remuneration as they may think fit.

Clause 440 to the end of this Part refers exclusively to salvage of property, jurisdiction, valuation, disputes, apportionment of salvage, enforcement of salvage claims, agreements as to amount, &c.: the appointment of Receivers, their powers, and remuneration, &c. It also, by the 453rd clause,

entitles the officers and men in the Coastguard service to remuneration for services rendered in watching and protecting wrecked property, according to a scale to be determined on by the Board of Trade.

A very important portion of this part of the Bill is that which relates to the claims on the owners of wrecked vessels and their cargoes, by those who have contributed to the saving of them, or of the lives of persons on board them.

In either case it will be observed that the same vague expression as to the amount of salvage payment, is used as in the Act of 1854, viz:—"A reasonable sum for salvage." It may be thought by some persons that a clearer definition as to the amount of salvage payments might have been made; such, however, would, we think, be impracticable, as the circumstances under which both lives and property are saved, are so varied in character, that each case must be decided on its own merits.

As regards the saving of life, since the National Life-boat Institution has undertaken to pay for such services on the coasts of the United Kingdom, we believe that in comparatively few cases has the law been enforced which makes shipowners amenable for saving the lives of their vessel's crews, when property has been salvaged.

In making those awards, when the services have been performed by the life-boats of the Institution, the boatmen working them receive payment according to a fixed scale except for services of a more than usually dangerous or arduous nature, when they are proportionally increased.

The salvage of property is a work of so much importance and has given rise to so much angry feeling and disputation between shipowners and salvors, and has occasioned so much animadversion on the part of foreigners, we think it deserving of more than a passing notice.

The jurisdiction in salvage questions is essentially different, as now proposed, from that instituted under the Act of 1854, since justices of the peace are now, in virtue of their offices, to have no jurisdiction. We will quote in full that part of Clause 440 that confers jurisdiction, and which will probably be the law that will in future determine such cases.

"Clause 440.—Disputes as to salvage, whether of life or property, shall, in the United Kingdom, be heard and determined as follows, and not otherwise; that is to say—

"1st.—If either the amount claimed does not exceed 20*l.*, or the value of the property saved does not exceed 50*l.*, or if the parties consent in writing, the dispute shall be heard and determined by the Receiver of the district where the services were rendered, or where the property saved is at the time of the making of the claim, and his award shall be final and conclusive against all persons.

"2nd.—In other cases, if either the amount claimed does not exceed 300*l.* or the value of the property saved does not exceed 1,000*l.*, or if the parties consent in writing, the dispute shall be heard and determined by the Local Court of Admiralty having jurisdiction in the place where the services were rendered, or where the property is at the time of the making of the claim.

"3rd.—In other cases, the dispute shall be heard and determined by the Superior Court of Admiralty."

Another important distinction between the new and the old Act, if we understand the former rightly, is, that there is no appeal from the decision of the lower authority to a higher one. In the Act of 1854, in cases of dispute, either an owner or salvor could appeal from the Receiver to the Justices of the Peace, from the latter to the High Court of Admiralty, and from that court to the Privy Council; whereas, in the proposed Act of 1870, the decisions of the Receiver, of the Local Court of Admiralty, and of the Superior Court of Admiralty, are each alike—final; the authority before which any dispute shall be brought for adjudication being determined solely by the amount of the claim and the value of the property saved.

We think that this alteration in the law is a beneficial one, as there will not be the same inducement to the professional salvors to litigate, with the hope of obtaining larger salvage payments, in which they are said to have been often hitherto encouraged by attorneys or agents, who, at the principal salvage stations, were regularly employed by them as their legal advisers.

The good working of this system will evidently, however, much depend on the constitution of the Local Admiralty Courts, and on the qualifications of the Receivers. The possession of any property or interest in shipping, or in merchandize carried by sea, should be a disqualification to be a member of Admiralty Court, or to act as a Receiver or Receiver's agent.

More especially will it be important that the Receivers should be not only uninterested in shipping, but that they should be men of integrity and judgment, with, if possible, a sufficient knowledge of maritime affairs to be not altogether dependent on the opinions of others as to the character of the services rendered by salvors, in cases where seamanship is required and risk of life incurred. At present, we believe the greater portion of the Receivers are Collectors of Customs, and perhaps, as a collective body, no more impartial or, on the whole, better-qualified men could be found; but a large proportion of them can have no practical knowledge of seamanship; and we think therefore that it would be desirable that to every Local Admiralty Court there should be attached one practical member—a seaman by profession—whose duty it should be to advise the local board and receiver on all professional questions in cases of dispute, for which, in every case of his being called on, he should receive a fee of fixed amount, independent of the relative value of the property salvaged or claim for salvage.

As Clause 450 authorizes the Board of Trade to appoint, from time to time, any officer of customs or of the coastguard, or, where thought more convenient, any other person to be a Receiver of wreck, it may be presumed that the majority of those officers will continue to be taken from the customs and coastguard services; but at the same time, that they will not invariably be so.

By Clause 452, Receivers are entitled to the payment of all their expenses, and to certain fees, the amount of which is laid down in the 14th schedule of the Bill. All fees received by a Receiver are, however, to be

carried to and form part of the Mercantile Marine Fund; but he will be paid, for his own use such remuneration as, with the consent of the Treasury, the Board of Trade may from time to time appoint; and he will not be entitled to take any fee for his own use, or to receive any other remuneration whatever. We think the provisions of this clause are very judicious.

The subject of "Salvage of Property" on the sea-coast is a very important one; and we trust that the effect of this Act will be to do justice, as far as possible, to the shipowner, on the one hand, and to the valuable class of men who earn their livelihood by the salvage of wrecked property on the other.

PART VII.—Extending from the 456th to the 517th clause, has solely reference to pilotage.

PART VIII.—From clause 518 to clause 560, deals with lighthouses, light-vessels, sea-marks (including buoys), and all connected with the lighting, beaconing, and buoying our coasts, estuaries, and harbours.

PART IX.—*Conservancy.* From Clause 561 to 584, concerns all that is connected with the preservation of our shores and harbours, obstructions to navigation, &c., and confirms the transfer of the jurisdiction over the harbours and shores of the United Kingdom from the Admiralty to the Board of Trade, save and except any harbour, port, bay, estuary, or navigable river, in or adjoining to which there is or shall be any of Her Majesty's dock-yards, victualling-yards, steam-factory-yards, arsenals, or naval stations, which may, on due notice being given by the Admiralty that the interests of H.M. Naval Service require that such places shall be entirely or in part withdrawn from the operation of this clause, be thereby excepted from the same.

Excepting also, to some extent, the River Mersey, and reserving to the Admiralty to appoint two of the conservators of the river Thames.

PART X.—From clause 585 to 625 relates to harbours. Empowers the local harbour authorities, within certain limits, to raise or lower the dues levied by them; gives them authority over harbour-masters and other officers of the port; empowers them to make bye-laws, to purchase land, erect warehouses, &c., and requires them to provide life-boats, tide-gauges and barometers; also provides for the Service of Hull Customs, &c.

The 614th clause decrees that harbour authorities should provide an efficient and well-appointed life-boat when required to do so by the Board of Trade, and such mortar, rockets, and other apparatus for saving lives from shipwreck, as that Board may direct or approve.

PART XI.—*Loans to Harbour Authorities.*—This part empowers harbour authorities to borrow money for the construction, improvement, maintenance, and lighting of public harbours, from the Public Works Loan Commissioners, on the security of the harbour dues: the amount of such loans in no case to exceed £300,000.

PART XII.—Enables the Board of Trade to make provisional orders conferring, on persons wishing to obtain the same, statutory powers for constructing, selling, purchasing, leasing, maintaining, regulating, &c., a harbour, or for executing, or abandoning, or for extending the time for executing any

work connected with a harbour or with navigation, or for levying or altering dues or for constituting or altering the constitution of a harbour authority, &c.

PART XIII.—*Local Charges on Shipping.*—Treats of all connected with harbour dues, and defines those which may, and which may not, be levied.

PART XIV.—*The Board of Trade.*—This part defines the functions of that Board under which our whole Mercantile Marine is placed, and which, even if no other duties devolved on it, might therefore be considered one of the most important public bodies in the kingdom.

A most important clause in this part is the 673rd, which empowers the Board to appoint Inspectors to report to them on the following matters, or any of them:—

“1st.—On the nature and causes of any accident or damage which any ship has sustained or caused, or is alleged to have sustained or caused..

“2nd.—Whether this Act, or any regulation made thereunder, has been complied with.

“3rd.—Whether the hull and machinery of any steam-ship are sufficient and in good condition.”

The remainder of the clause is then devoted to defining the powers of the inspectors, and other details.

It will be readily conceived how much of the success of an efficient supervision of our Mercantile Marine must depend on those officers. A board in London cannot be ubiquitous, and if those persons to whom is intrusted the duty of carrying its behests into execution are deficient either in capacity or honesty, all the most wisely-conceived regulations must be utterly useless. Thus a leaky, unseaworthy, ill-found, or overladen ship might be suffered to go to sea through the incapacity of an inefficient Inspector, through the carelessness of a neglectful one, or through the venality of a dishonest one who directly or indirectly might think it to his interest to avoid giving offence to a wealthy and influential shipowner, and lamentable loss of life might thereby ensue, as, it is patent to every one, has times out of number happened through such ships being permitted to leave our ports.

PART XV.—*Mercantile Marine Fund.*—This part provides for the continuance of the Mercantile Marine Fund, which was originated by the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854.

Clause 674 explains the sources from which this fund is raised, viz:—

There shall continue to be a common fund, called the Mercantile Marine Fund, an account whereof, called the Mercantile Marine Fund Account, shall be kept with Her Majesty's Paymaster-General.

There shall be carried to this fund—

“1st.—All payments other than fines and forfeitures received by the Board of Trade under parts two and three of this Act.

“2nd.—All payments received by any general lighthouse authority under part eight of this Act.

“3rd.—All proceeds from the sale of land sold by any general lighthouse authority under part eight of this Act.

“4th.—All payments mentioned in the fourteenth schedule to this Act which are received by Receivers in pursuance of part six of this Act.”

Clause 675 declares the application of this fund, viz., in brief,—The payment of all expenses connected with Local Marine Boards, examinations and shipping offices, with the survey of passenger steam-ships, with the inspection of places in ships occupied by seamen or apprentices. All expenses incurred by the general lighthouse authorities on the works and services of lighthouses and sea-marks. The expenses of superannuation, allowances, and compensations, &c., granted by the lighthouse authorities; the expenses attached to Receivers and their duties; also for the establishment and maintenance on the coast of the United Kingdom of life-boats, their crews and equipments; and for remuneration or reward for the preservation of life in cases of shipwreck and distress at sea.

With reference to the general application of that fund, and having in view the sources from which it is obtained, we think that since it is solely paid by the Mercantile Marine, so it should be expended directly or indirectly for its benefit. We believe that a considerable surplus is now, at the end of every year, paid into the Consolidated Fund, and thereby altogether diverted from shipping.

We would suggest a mode in which it might be expended, which, whilst it would directly benefit a valuable part of our maritime population, viz., our fishermen, would indirectly be of service to our merchant shipping, and at the same time be a benefit to the country.

There are all round our coasts many little coves and half-formed natural harbours, where little communities of fishermen nestle together, often pursuing their useful and frequently hazardous calling under great difficulties. Very many of them, by the expenditure of a small sum, varying from £50 to £500, or in some cases perhaps reaching to £1,000, might be converted into comparatively safe and commodious havens for the humble craft, which, although they are not to be compared with the stately vessels that frequent our larger ports, yet daily and hourly discharge their tiny loads of wholesome and nutritious food, which, spreading over the length and breadth of the land, administer to the comforts and luxuries of thousands of homes. Apart, however, from the great benefit which the multiplication of such small ports would be to our fishing population, they would often be literally harbours of refuge to the crews of merchant coasting vessels, who have had to desert their sinking hulls and take to their boats.

The two remaining Parts of the Merchant Shipping Bill, viz., Part XVI.—Provisional Orders; and Part XVII.—Legal Procedure; call for no especial remark.

We therefore conclude this cursory sketch of the Merchant Shipping Bill by reiterating our impression as to its vast importance, by acknowledging the great labour and ability which have been bestowed on it, and by expressing the hope that, after going through the Parliamentary crucible, it may, with God's blessing, be the means of promoting the welfare of the vast shipping community of this realm, and of indirectly benefitting the whole community of the United Kingdom.

THE LOG OF THE MAIA FROM PORTSMOUTH TO NICE.*

We had to beat out of harbour, and at noon squared away before a westerly wind, F.b.S. for Cape Palos, fifteen miles distant, with whole lower canvas, squaresail, and main-gaff topsail. The sea was smooth, and our little ship bowled along merrily at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. It seemed that at last we had fallen upon a true wind, and our hopes were so high that we disregarded the doubts expressed by the wary mariner on board, who told us that in nine cases out of ten a vessel coming from the westward with a westerly wind falls suddenly in with a cutting nor'-easter before rounding Cape Antonio. We shut our ears to this; but, by way of confirmation of our wary mariner's experience of many years, our sails were suddenly thrown all aback by a sharp pipe from the N.E. We were now sixty-one miles from Carthagena, and about forty from Cape Palos. The squaresail was hanked and we became close-hauled for a beat to windward; but for the next hour we lay in the doldrums, with scarcely steerage way on the vessel, and nothing more cheering to look upon than lightning away to the southward, and dark banks of cloud working up all round the horizon. At ten o'clock we had a light N.N.W. breeze, and stood N.E.; but by one a.m. on Wednesday, November 17th, it backed to N.E., and we tacked and stood N.N.W. until three o'clock, making about twelve miles, and then tacked to the eastward off the land. At four a.m. we had a strong E.N.E. wind, with sea rapidly getting up, so the topsail was sent down, topmast housed, and a reef hauled down in mainsail. At seven a.m. the wind was stronger and more northerly, and the foresail was stowed. At nine a.m., as the wind moderated, the foresail was again set, and reefs shaken out of mainsail. But the sky looked very bad all round, and at noon, when we brought Cape Antonio to bear N. seven miles distant, it began to blow furiously. We double-reefed mainsail, took bonnets off foresail and staysail, and had just as much wind and sea as the vessel could be sailed in and gain ground to windward. She was lying about six points off the wind, and, as the wind happened to shorten on us each time we tacked, very little was made to the good. At five p.m. Cape Antonio bore W N.W. twenty miles distant, and it seemed almost folly to keep the vessel at it, as the further we went the more wind and sea we got into. At eight p.m. we had a hard rain squall from E., and our head came up to N.N.E.; but the weather looked very bad, and there was no telling yet what it was going to be. At ten p.m. we had a heavy nor'-easter, and stowed foresail and hauled down third reef in mainsail. At eleven p.m. it blew still harder, and with such a sea that it became hazardous to sail the vessel. Accordingly we shifted for a storm jib, and lay to, making perhaps one knot, or one-and-a-half, per hour. At midnight Cape Antonio bore S. b.W. twenty miles distant. Hard rain squalls and incessant lightning was the kind of weather we had all night, only the wind became fiercer, and the heavy cross seas bigger and more threatening. However, we were not fai

* Concluded from page 92.*

hit by one. The *Maia* sat like a duck upon the turbulent water, and with a steady helm there was nothing to fear.

At seven a.m. on Thursday a gale began to blow, with heavy rain, and we bore up and ran before it, resolved to seek shelter, if possible, in the little bay of Almoriera. At ten a.m., in running back, we sighted Cape Antonio through the haze on the weather bow, and gybed over to haul off a bit. The farther we got to leeward, the better the weather became, and it seemed the gale was not following us. But we had scarcely brought up in the bay, at two p.m., before it swept past the overhanging high land that sheltered us, and we had reason to congratulate ourselves that such a sheltered anchorage existed. A heavy swell brought down by the gale soon began to roll into the bay, and it was anything but comfortable riding. Three steamers were there for shelter, and about twenty coasting feluchas. I never thought the Mediterranean could behave so badly, and my preconceived notions of cruising under a blue sky with gentle zephyrs received a very rude shaking. In fact, the seas met on this coast could not possibly be worse; they are short and steep, run all sorts of ways, and shake and strain a vessel much more than the worst sea that gets up in the Irish Channel.

During this exceedingly rough and wet weather I had an excellent opportunity of testing the merits of a waterproof suit made by Stratham and Co., of Manchester, a description of which appeared in the *Field* of September 30th. It consists of a short jacket and trousers, and is much more convenient than the ordinary coat and leggings. There is no hindrance to locomotion by long tails, and a man might go aloft with perfect ease in such a suit. In match sailing they will be invaluable, when quick movements and sitting up under the weather bulwarks are a necessity; whatever water may come on board, one could always sit about on deck without wet underclothing; and if a sea fell into one's lap, no unpleasant consequence would ensue, as the trousers, which come well up the waist, would keep the water out.

In the bight of the bay are about a dozen fishermen's huts, that remind one in their wild and half-civilized appearance of a fishing village on the N.W. coast of Scotland, but it seems that, as at Carthage, the Bay of Almoriera is a "*mar sin pescao*." At any rate, no fish were caught whilst we were there; and it was too rough for the deep-sea fishermen to put out. About six miles inland is the old Moorish town of Tuleda, in a dreadful state of decay. We paid it a visit, in the hope of obtaining some vegetables and fruit; but not so much as a potatoe or orange could be found. The whole country is rocky and mountainous; the few patches capable of cultivation are devoted to vines, and the grapes were exported months ago. Some flocks of sheep wandered about the hills, but what they fed upon it would be difficult to say. Soon after landing we saw three ravens, and never met with a fourth afterwards. But game of some kind is probably to be found, as we saw two sportsmen, scrupulously attired, with long Spanish fowling pieces and two pointers, ranging the valleys. Theirs, however, was entirely an expedition of chance, as they told us they did not expect to find anything in particular, and probably nothing.

Tuleda is very strongly built—that is, the masonry of the houses is massive—and some of the buildings are in a good state of preservation ; but by far the greater portion are dilapidated, and evidently occupied by very different tenants from what they had two hundred years ago. All the visible women of the place were busy at spinning, plaiting esparto grass, needlework, or combing each other's hair. The only apparent occupation of the men was smoking and loafing. No doubt the town, if one had time to explore it, would present many interesting features, as it is evidently a place of some antiquity ; and its existing buildings declare it to have once been a place of importance and considerable prosperity. The church and convent are gaudily decorated without and within by many-coloured fresco paintings, and a road between walls, half-a-mile in length, leading into the town, has at intervals papistical pillars as signs for the faithful. Each of these pillars has a recess, at the back of which is a picture of the " Bearing of the Cross." There are about a dozen of these, and each recess or niche is protected by a *grille*. They were probably placed there directly after the expulsion of the Moors, when religious revivals under St. Ferdinand gave rise to many strange forms and signs ; they have not the appearance of being more modern. In the centre of what probably was once a busy market place is a tall Celtic cross, handsomely carved in stone, and standing on a circular base of steps, green and moss-grown. We certainly were never in a town that could boast such an utter absence of the " busy hum of commerce " and visible signs of active existence. The only articles offered for sale were dark bread, dried beans, and meal. Flesh could not be had, although live sheep were procurable. The women sat on the doorsteps at their work, and commenced marvelling in very audible tones as we passed. Our appearance in the town evidently caused as much commotion as a royal family in summer costume from a South Pacific island of savages would in Regent-street. The men were certainly not given to industry at this time, and the only signs of animation they evinced, beside the clouds of tobacco smoke steaming from nose and mouth, were loud remarks and guffaws as we passed. The west side of the town has a grander aspect ; the houses there are large, well furnished, and evidently occupied by people *de la alta sociedad*. All the windows are of course protected by iron gratings, and we saw more than one pair of black eyes peering curiously through the bars as we passed. We had not time to stay and wonder why these " poor creatures " of the *aristocratico* were condemned to live in such a place. Mind, this was not a dull but pretty village, with clean, open roads, well kept parterres, and evidences of rural industry ; the houses all adjoin, the streets are narrow as a Whitechapel alley, and thrice as dirty, and there are no signs of an industrious peasantry ; so one might easily wonder what kind of necessity or circumstances brought a gentle people to live in such squalid associations. It is true some of the humbler women wore flannel skirts, with untidy *medias* and *bolines*, and looked as great a burlesque on picturesqueness as a Spanish peasant does on the stage of a small provincial theatre in England ; but the majority of them were scantily clad in old-fashioned English prints, and their sallow skins looked like dull and dirty

brass. Perhaps we should visit a place like this in the summer time just as the fruit is ripe, and then we might see that idleness is not a lasting blot in the Spanish character; and if a country is so poor that there is literally nothing for the men to do nine months out of twelve, it is no wonder that they are not more prosperously circumstanced. One of our party suggested that all this inaction and consequent demoralization arise from their want of good roads. An English sailor—so runs the tale—with an equally poor opinion of the Spaniards, attributed all their miseries and shortcomings to their calling a hat a *sombrero*. No doubt there is something wanting in the Spanish character. At any rate, an English gentleman said to us "Well! I have resided in Spain for more than twenty years—live intimately with the people—and I cannot make head nor tail of them! the majority seem to have no meaning in them, and are shrouded in impenetrable stolidity, which goes by the name of reserve. The few shrewd heads among them might be great men if they could only make up their minds what to do; but that is just what they cannot."

On Saturday, November 20th, the sky began to clear, the high lands showing up without any of those patience-trying "levanters" hanging on their crests. The barometer, too, was falling, and the men of the feluchas told us we should have a westerly breeze in the morning. This we had in a degree—that is, at four a.m. on Sunday a fresh wind blew from N.N.W. We went out with it, having two reefs down in the mainsail, and the bonnet off foresail and staysail. We lay along the land to Cape Antonio, ten miles distant; but long before we arrived there the wind had got back to its old quarter, N.E., blowing fresh, and soon causing the sea to rise. At six p.m., however, it died out to a calm, and left us rolling about up to twelve off Cape Antonio, which bore S.W. twenty miles distant. At three a.m. on Monday we were able to continue the voyage with a light N.N.W. breeze which varied in strength and veered towards noon to S.W., dead aft. We passed the Columbres Rocks at one p.m., eight miles distant, when they bore N.b.W., and carried the S.W. breeze up to five a.m. on Tuesday, having logged at the rate of seven knots an hour. At this time—five a.m. Tuesday, the wind suddenly came out from the north and threw us all aback. It got up to a strong wind in less than no time; the mainsail was double-reefed, foresail stowed, and bonnet taken off jib. At ten a.m. the wind as suddenly lulled, and came out from W. Reefs were shaken out, and squaresail and main-gaff topsail set. But it was not a true wind, and for the remainder of the day it did nothing but veer. For one hour it would be dead on end, and the next as flatly aft, so that we could not run our course. At noon we ran past Barcelona, one hundred and eighty miles from Cape San Antonio, and at midnight we had pulled off another sixty miles, being now off Cape San Sebastian. From here we shaped our course across the dreaded Gulf of Lyons. The glass had been for several days falling, and was now at 29.5 and the clouds were flying across the moon at a great rate from S.W., whilst the light breeze was from N.W. below. Our "guide, pilot and wary mariner,"—or, in other words, book of sailing directions says "Never attempt to

cross that gulf with a S.W. wind in winter and a low barometer." And Admiral Smyth says: "Here, when a breeze springs up in the afternoon, and freshens as the sun goes down, it may be expected to blow strong at midnight. Hard gales are preceded by heavy swell, and surf in character not unlike the rollers of the South Atlantic Ocean, though of inferior volume. In this notorious gulf, so proverbial for the treachery of sudden anemological changes, I have weathered some tough gales, and can therefore render personal testimony to the violence of its squalls, and the furious ebullition of its waters." Besides this, the "wary mariner" gives us a long description of the horrible violence of gales in the gulf, and a hundred monitory cautions, winding up with this curt recommendation, "Get across it as quickly as possible."

Well, we arrived there at midnight, with a low barometer, murky sky, heavy swell, and light N.W. breeze. We resolved to "get across as quickly as possible," and not wait for finer auspices. Accordingly, we set all sail, and at noon on Wednesday were sixty miles across the gulf. The wind now dropped for an hour, and then again came out fresh from N.W., on our quarter, as we were standing E.N.E. for the Islands of Hyeres. This was accompanied by hard rain, and a great deal of swell. Topsail was handed, and two reefs hauled down in mainsail. The weather certainly looked very bad, and at six o'clock, an hour after sundown, was so dark and thick that the vessel's length ahead could not be seen. At ten o'clock we were by reckoning sixteen miles from the land of the first island, but the weather was so impenetrably thick that the light could not be made out. It is rather a bad shore, and to be certain of giving it a wide berth, we bore up three points to E.S.E. for three or four hours. There was very little wind, but the sea "ebullition" was even worse than described by Admiral Smyth. It came all sorts of ways, and was as steep and deep as the "wary mariner" said, seventeen feet or eighteen feet. The vessel seemed to literally "fall" down into the waves; and, as hard squalls were frequent, we mostly kept under three-reefed mainsail and jib, occasionally setting foresail and staysail if the weather looked pleasanter. Very little headway of course was made, as there was too much sea to sail the vessel. What some of our long, lean, and heavily sparred craft would do in such a sea and such squalls as those of the Gulf of Lyons I should not like to be there on board to see.

At four a.m. on Thursday morning, November 25th, we were again standing E.b.N.; but we could not make out our exact position until noon, when the weather cleared, and we sighted Cape Camarat on our starboard weather quarter. We were now in smooth water, and thirty-five miles distant from Nice. At four o'clock, as the sun went down, illuminating in crimson tints the snow-capped mountains behind Cannes and Antibes, we were twenty miles from our port, and at five made out the red-flashing light that stands on the pier head of the harbour. Gradually then the lights of the town began to show brightly on our weather bow, and the long line of lamps that stand along the *Promenade des Anglais*, with those of the *casino* for the Grand Hotel, reminded one of Brighton by night from the sea; but I can

afraid this resemblance only exists by night. Just before eleven o'clock the moon rose, and we had a light sky, smooth water, and a gentle breeze to assist us in getting into the small harbour, which certainly is not easy of access. Just outside there are forty fathoms and a half; a cable's length farther in, between the pier head and white buoy—that mark the entrance—only thirteen feet. There are buoys on the water and dolphins on the quay for warping in, and the harbour master has power to order a boat from every vessel in the port to assist another in getting in. However, although the wind was blowing straight out, we required no assistance, and sailed the handy little *Maia* up the narrow crooked entrance to the outer mole, where we stowed sails and hauled into a berth by the side of the renowned cutter *Oimara*, 160 tons, about midnight. There is not room for vessels to swing here, either in the outer or inner moles; they consequently drop anchor in as clear a place as possible, and then haul their sterns in-shore and secure by a hawser.

The Field.

D. K.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this Institution was held on Thursday, 6th January, at its house, John Street, Adelphi; Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. There were also present—Sir Edward Perrott, Bart.; W. H. Harton, Esq.; Admiral Sir W. H. Hall; Colonel Fitzroy Clayton; J. Griffiths, Esq.; Colonel Palmer; Captain Ward, R.N.; George Palmer, Esq.; and Richard Lewis, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the second service-clasp of the Institution, and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be presented to Mr. Isaac Jarman, the coxswain of the Ramsgate life-boat *Bradford*, and the silver medal and vote on vellum to Charles Fish, the bowman of the boat, in testimony of their recent gallant services, during fearful storms, in saving life from shipwreck, services which required much skill and nerve in their performance.

The thanks inscribed on vellum, were also voted to Mr. Daniel Reading, the master of the Ramsgate Harbour steam-tug *Aid*, which usually towed out the life-boat, and which thus materially assisted the boat in its mission of mercy. The life-boat had been out on service nine times during the past month. On one of these occasions she was the means, under very perilous circumstances, of saving three of the crew of the ship *Providence*, of Waisa, and at another period the life-boat and her consort, the *Aid*, rescued from a very dangerous position the ship *Constancia*, of Bremen, and her crew of 26 men. The Board of Trade, to whom the Ramsgate Harbour belongs, reward the crew of the life-boat.

The Institution's silver medal, and copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, were likewise granted to Mr. Richard J. Thomas, coxswain of the New Brighton tubular life-boat, in acknowledgment of his brave services at the

wreck of the schooner *Elephant*, of Ulverston, when the boat was the means of saving one out of two of the crew of that vessel, which was wrecked on Taylor's Bank, near Liverpool, during a fresh gale on the 19th of October last.

Rewards, amounting to £563, were also granted to the crews of 56 other life-boats of the Institution for various services during recent heavy storms. The life-boat *Burton-on-Trent* at Redcar rescued the crew of three persons from the sloop *Francis Mary*, of Inverkeithing, on the 2nd December. On the 4th of the same month the *Ballywalter* life-boat, Admiral Henry Meynell, saved the crew of five men from the schooner *Brenton*, of Fowey. On the same day the life-boat *Amelia*, stationed at Scarborough, took off five of the crew of the brig *Scheidam*, of Middlesborough. The next day the life-boat *Civil Service*, stationed at Wexford, brought on shore the crew of five men from the schooner *Columbine*, of Wexford. Two days after, December 7th, the *Kingsgate* life-boat rendered valuable assistance to the distressed steamer *Anglian*, of Dublin. On the 13th the life-boat *Princess of Wales*, stationed at Holyhead, assisted to save the schooner *Merlin*, of Llanelly, and her crew of four men.

The *Hayle* life-boat, the *Isis*, rescued the crew of five persons from the schooner *Vigilant*, of Hayle on the 22nd Dec.; and on the 24th the *Lowestoft* life-boat *Lætitia* brought on shore the crew of ten men from the schooner *Agathe Scheilbert*, of Stettin; the life-boat had ten days previously, viz., on the 14th, saved the lives of eight persons from the schooner *Apina* of London. On the 15th the *Porthcawl* life-boat, the *Good Deliverance*, went out to the schooner *Loretta*, of Bilbao, and rescued her crew of thirteen persons.

The *Parsee* life-boat, at the Palling station, on the 17th, after several gallant attempts, succeeded in saving two of the crew from the brig *Echo*, of London. On the 20th, the *New Quay* (Cornwall) life-boat, named the *Joshua*, saved the lives of ten persons from the barque *Suez*, of Sulina.

The *Seaton Carew* life boat, called the *Charlotte*, rescued on the 22nd Dec. the crew of eight men from the brig *Mary Young*, of West Hartlepool. The same boat also went out to the schooner *Daisy*, of Berwick. The *Morgan* life-boat at Rhyl, saved the crew of three men from the schooner *Jessie*, of Liverpool, on the same day, and on the following day the *Drogheda* life-boat, named the *Old George Irlam* of Liverpool, brought on shore the crew of six men from the brig *Englishman*, of Workington. On the 24th, the *Dover* life-boat, named the *Royal Wiltshire*, succeeded in saving twelve men from the steamer *M. E. Clarke*, of London, and two days later the No. 2 life-boat at Tynemouth brought on shore four of the crew of the schooner *Viscount Macduff*, of Macduff.

The *Whitby* life-boat, named the *Lucy*, saved the lives of six persons on the 27th from the brigantine *Lutha*, of Leith; and on the 30th the *Ballycotton* life-boat, the *St. Clair*, saved ten persons from the brig *Edwardino*, of Genoa. The *Boys'* life-boat, stationed at Caistor, went out on the 30th and rescued the crew of nine persons from the brig *Delegate* of London, and on the same day the *Tynemouth* boat (No. 1), the *Constance*, went to

the distressed ship *Lady Carter*, of Liverpool, and at the request of the master remained alongside her for six hours until she got out of danger.

The North Sunderland life-boat, the *Joseph Anstice*, also on the same day went to the assistance of the crews, numbering twelve men, of three fishing cobles, and brought them safely on shore. Again, on this day, the South Warwickshire, the life-boat stationed at Mevagissey, rescued the crew of six men from the French brigantine *Girondine*; and also—making six different services on this day—a distressed barque was assisted to a safe position by the Mark Lane life-boat stationed at Great Yarmouth.

It may be mentioned that during the last year the life-boats alone of the Institution saved 73 lives, besides contributing to the rescue of 29 vessels from destruction. The silver medal of the Institution, and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, were granted to Mr. John Banyard, chief officer of her Majesty's coast-guard at Hornsea, Yorkshire, and £2 to two other men for putting off in a small boat, during a strong gale, to the wreck of the brig *Giuseppena*, of Naples, on the 28th of October last, with the view of bringing the master of the vessel on shore. The boat had to return in a disabled state without accomplishing that object, but Mr. Baynard afterwards waded and swam out with a line, and succeeded in saving the captain's life. Mr. Baynard had previously distinguished himself in saving life at the peril of his own.

Several other rewards were likewise granted to the crews of different shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments to the amount of £2,040 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. Various liberal contributions to the Institution were announced as having been sent from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol, Huntingdon, Campbeltown, Tunbridge Wells, Taunton, Bermuda, Hanley, Lytham, Bradford, Newark, Ramsgate, Wolverhampton, Mark Lane, Cardiff, Fraserburgh, and other places.

A legacy amounting to £500 had been received from the executors of the late Mr. Jacob Gorfinkle, of Liverpool, through Mr. Jacob Olver, ex-mayor of Falmouth, to defray the cost of a new life-boat for Portloe, Cornwall, to be named the *Gorfinkle*.

The thanks of the Institution inscribed on vellum, were presented to Mr. R. G. Cheesman and Mr. A. Gosset, late collectors of her Majesty's customs at Weymouth and Bideford, in acknowledgment of their valuable co-operation during the period they each occupied the office of honorary secretary of the branches of the Institution at those places.

The corporation of Southampton had generously granted permission to the Institution to place one of its pillar contribution boxes in a conspicuous part of the town. It was decided to station an additional life-boat at Appledore, on the coast of Devon. A report was read from Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the assistant inspector of life-boats to the Institution, on his recent visit to different life-boat stations.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Thomas Chapman, Esq., and to Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., for their able conduct in the chair at their meetings

of the Institution during the past year, and to its Secretary and Inspectors, in acknowledgment of the ability and zeal with which they continued to discharge their important and arduous duties.

The proceedings then terminated.

A meeting of this Institution was held on Thursday 3rd February, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present—Sir E. Perrott, Bart., W. H. Harton, Esq., Sir F. Arrow, deputy-master of the Trinity House, Admiral Ryder, Colonel Palmer, Admiral M'Hardy, Captain De St. Croix, George Palmer, Esq., Captain Ward, R.N., and Richard Lewis, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the silver medal of the Institution, and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, were granted to its local honorary secretary at Abersoch, North Wales, the Rev. O. Lloyd Williams, and £42 9s. to the crew of the life-boat stationed there, in acknowledgment of their gallant services in putting off in the boat on the 14th and 15th January, and after much difficulty, saving thirteen of the crew of the ship Kenilworth, of Liverpool, which was wrecked on St. Patrick's Causeway, in Cardigan Bay, during a N.W. gale and in a heavy sea.

A reward of £36 were granted to the crew of the Barmouth life-boat for going off on the 14th January to the same wreck, and saving eight of the crew. The two life-boats of the Institution thus saved the whole of the officers and men, twenty-one in number. The ship, a most valuable one, was bound to Liverpool from New Orleans with a cargo of cotton, and her captain, who is an American, publicly testified his gratitude for the determined courage of the life-boat crews in saving the lives of himself and crew amidst the greatest dangers.

Also £8 8s. were voted to pay the expenses of the Porthdinllaen life-boat in bringing ashore the crew of three men from the schooner Gronant of Carnarvon; £7 9s. to the Padstow life-boat for saving ten persons from the wrecked barque Suez; and £6 10s. to the crew of the Buddon Ness life-boat for rescuing three men from the schooner John Howard, of Goole, which had gone on the Gaa Sands, at the mouth of the Tay.

The Ramsgate life-boat Bradford, in conjunction with the harbour steam-tug Aid, had saved two men from the smack Whiff, of that port, which struck on the Quern Shoal. Unfortunately, after grounding, a heavy breaker swept the deck, carrying away and drowning two of the hands long before the life-boat could possibly get to their assistance. The Theddlethorpe life-boat had also brought safely ashore the crew, numbering fifteen persons, of a foreign vessel; and the Newcastle, Dundrum life-boat, had likewise brought four of the crew of the brigantine Kelpie, of Liverpool, to land.

Rewards amounting to £170 were also granted to the crews of seventeen other life-boats of the Institution for services during the storms of the first month. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from various wrecks.

The silver medal of the Institution, a copy of its vote inscribed on vellum, and £5, were also voted to Mr. Edward Amis, coxswain of the Palling life-

boat, on his retirement from that office, which he had held for many years. He had assisted in the boat to save a large number of lives from different wrecks. Payments amounting to £2,500 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments.

Mr. J. Robinson, jun., of Blyth, had forwarded £21 11s. to the Institution, being the amount he had collected for it from seamen visiting that port, making with previous remittances, £41 5s. he had thus raised in aid of the life-boat cause. £4 1s. had likewise been forwarded to the Institution from Messrs. Bagnall's Sunday School Life-boat Association at Golds-hill, West Bromwich, organised by the Rev. F. P. B. N. Hutton.

The Horse Guards had sanctioned the medal of the Institution presented to officers of the army, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers being worn in uniform, on the right breast, a record of the recipients being kept at headquarters. A new life-boat and transporting carriage had recently been forwarded to Whitby.

It was reported that the French Shipwreck Society had presented its gold medal to Captain Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats to the English Life-boat Institution, in acknowledgment of his services as inventor of the cork life-belt used by the life-boat crews of both countries and of his co-operation with the French society, which had now 45 life boats, all being on the plan of the English Life-boat Institution, and which have already saved upwards of 500 lives.

It was decided to station a large sailing life-boat at Palling, on the coast of Norfolk. Reports were read from the Inspector and the Assistant-inspector of life-boats on their recent visits to different life-boat stations.

The proceedings then terminated.

SAPPHO v. CAMBRIA.

(Extracted from the New York Spirit of the Times.)

Just after the *Spirit of the Times* of last week went to press, we received from Mr. William Douglas, of the Sappho schooner yacht, a manuscript copy of his letter to Mr. Ashbury, and of his challenge to sail the Sappho two races against (any) schooner yacht owned in England or Ireland. Mr. Douglas writes a very good letter to Mr. Ashbury, and corrects some misapprehensions into which that gentleman had fallen in regard to engagements which he thought had existed between them. We are of the opinion that Mr. Ashbury's method of negotiating matches and engagements for his yacht has been somewhat loose, and that his memory has been so inaccurate that his statements and ideas are often all adrift. That he means well we are fully convinced, and as he has now a definite match with the Dauntless, he may be excused if he does not take up the challenge of Mr. Douglas to sail from the Nab Light to the Cherbourg breakwater and back.

In making a match with Mr. Bennett to sail from Ireland to New York, Mr.

Ashbury has entered into an engagement with the most enterprising and sailor-like of our American yachtsmen, and he may very well say that in view of this he will make no more matches until that over the ocean is decided. A yachting member of parliament has advised us that the captains of English sailing ships and steamers shall furnish their ideas of the winds and currents to be looked for on the passage from Kinsale to New York. It seems to us that this is advice of very questionable prudence. While the commander of the yacht is poring over this mass of undigested and very likely contradictory matter, his own clear notions will become confused and his views unstable. Instead of getting a mass of opinions from various sources, Mr. Ashbury had better engage a skilful experienced, and far-seeing navigator, one of those old sea-dogs whose hardy life has been mostly passed upon the Atlantic Ocean between Cape Clear, Quebec and New York.

But as there are a number of fine schooner yachts in England, beside the *Cambria*, we hope that the challenges of Mr. Douglas will be taken up by some of them. In regard to the proposed race across the Channel and back, it must be recollected that the *Guinevere* was victorious in the race for the Emperor's Cup last summer. She is a very fast schooner, she is said to be very weatherly, and she has beaten the *Dauntless* as well as the *Cambria*. These facts lead us to believe that Mr. Thellusson may agree to sail the *Sappho* across the Channel and back in June, and we hope he will sail the *Guinevere* against her from Cape Clear to New York in July. He would be very handsomely received here whether he won or lost, and not a few people are of the belief that the *Guinevere* and the *Sappho* are as good yachts as the *Cambria* and the *Dauntless*. Our opinion is that they are all four close together.

It ought to be borne in mind that there is something more important at stake than the triumph of the owners and their friends. Among modellers of great scientific attainments, and among yachtsmen and seamen of ability and experience, there is a difference of opinion as to which is the best method of designing and constructing a yacht. The English believe in a narrow and deep vessel. The Americans hold that one comparatively shallow, with large breadth of beam, is superior. The English have claimed that the greater hold of their vessels upon the water decreases their lee-way when close-hauled to the wind, and enables them to stand up to their canvas better. If such is true in fact, we ought to know it; and ocean races from Ireland to New York will, as we have often declared, enable us to determine the matter. We are then rejoiced to see yachtsmen and gentlemen of the two greatest maritime peoples that ever existed taking measures to determine this important question; and we hope that Mr. Thellusson and other gentlemen of the English yacht clubs will come forward and join Messrs. Bennett, Ashbury, and Douglas in their efforts to clear up this matter.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly ballot meeting was held at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday evening, February 2nd, when several new members were elected. The next ballot is appointed for Wednesday, March 2nd.

The sailing committee met on Thursday, February 17th, the following fixtures and prizes were agreed upon as regards the sailing matches for the coming season. **First (Cutter) Match.**—Monday, May 23rd: For R.T.Y.C. cutters, first-class; any tonnage exceeding 35 tons; prize value £100, a purse of £30 to second vessel (if four start), and a purse of £20 to third vessel (if five start). Second-class, 15 and not exceeding 35 tons; prize value £50, with a purse of £20 to second (if four start). Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and return to Gravesend. **Second (schooner and Yawl) Match.**—Wednesday, June 8th: Open to schooners and yawls belonging to the R.T.Y.C. First class, exceeding 100 tons; prize £100, a purse of £30 to second vessel (if four start), and a purse of £20 to third vessel (if five start). (Second class, not exceeding 100 tons; prize value £50, with a purse of £20 to second vessel) if four start). Yawls to add one fourth of their tonnage. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light vessel, and return to Gravesend. **Third (Channel) Match.**—Saturday, June 11th: Open to vessels of any rig belonging to any royal yacht club, for two prizes, first prize, value, £100, to first vessel within time of her rig; second prize, value £50 (if four start), to first vessel of other rig within her time. Course, from the Nore to Dover. **Fourth (Channel) Match.**—Monday, June 13th. The Dover Town Cup (as announced by the Dover Regatta Committee). Course, from Dover to Boulogne and back.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The annual ball of this flourishing club came off at Willis's Rooms, St. James's on the evening of St. Valentine's day, which was attended by a fashionable company numbering close upon 400. Dancing was kept up to a late hour, and the ball was a perfect success. The supper was presided over by T. Broadwood, Esq., the Vice-Commodore, several toasts were proposed among which was "The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." and the "Royal London Yacht Club, "The Chairman" and "The Ladies." The Commodore A. Arcedeckne, Esq., and the Rear-Commodore G. W. Charlwood, Esq., were present.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday Feb. 21st at the Westminster Palace Hotel, the Commodore occupying the chair. The balance sheet for the year 1869 was then brought forward, showing a balance in hand of £1,243—after having expended upwards of £1,000 during the same period. A vote of thanks to the Treasurer was unanimously passed, and in response he congratulated the club upon its prosperity. The following gentlemen were elected members:—F. Brown, Esq., J. Wright, Esq., B. Ruspini, Esq., G. J. Blake, Esq., and H. G. Lord, Esq.

Royal Harwich Yacht Club.—A meeting was held on Wednesday, February 2nd. to receive a communication from the Commodore. There was a large attendance of members. The Commodore introduced the subject of the meeting by stating that when elected at the last annual meeting he only accepted office till the club could find a yacht owner to take his place. He did not now possess a yacht, and he considered it almost a necessary condition that the commodore of the club should be a yacht owner. A short time since it had been intimated to him that J. Ashbury, Esq., owner of the Cambria, would be willing, if elected, to accept the office, and he (Mr. Goodson) having the real interest of the club always at heart, placed his resignation in the hands of the committee, which was accepted with regret, and on the motion of Captain Barnes, a vote of thanks to him for his past services was unanimously carried.

and ordered to be placed on the minutes. The Rear-commodore proposed J. Ashbury, Esq. as Commodore,—he had had interviews with Mr. Ashbury on the subject, and found that gentleman willing to take the office, and do all he could to promote the interests of the club. Mr. J. Richmond seconded the nomination, which was carried unanimously. After Mr. Ashbury's election as Commodore, a vacancy occurring on the committee, of which Mr. Ashbury had been a member, Mr. Goodson was elected in his place.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Thursday evening Feb. 10th. at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, the Treasurer R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., in the chair.—F. Willan, Esq., owner of the schooner Ione, 127 tons; J. Wylie, Esq., of the Helen, screw, 334 tons; and J. Wylie, Jun., Esq., were elected members. The club then proceeded to the annual election of officers. J. D. Lee, Esq., was elected Commodore; W. N. Rudge, Esq., was elected Vice-Commodore; and R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., was re-elected Treasurer.

In consequence of a recent domestic affliction the Commodore was absent.—The Vice returned thanks on behalf of the Commodore and himself, and the Treasurer having responded, the following programme for the season was then determined :—

Opening trip, Saturday, May 21st.—First and second-class cutters, Wednesday, May 25th.—First class £100, second prize £30. Second class £40, second prize £20. Course, from Gravesend round the West Oaze buoy and back; time allowance, 30s. per ton up to 50 tons; beyond, 15s. Schooners and yawls, Friday, June 10th, open to any club, two classes—First-class £100, for vessels above 100 tons; second-class £50, for vessels under 100 tons. If there be not sufficient entry for the second-class, the vessel or vessels entered to complete with the first-class rating at not less than 100 tons, both prizes being given. Time allowance, 15s. per ton. Yawls to add one quarter to their tonnage. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and back. Third-class cutters, same day, not to exceed 15 tons; prize £25 and £10.. Course, from Gravesend round the Nore and back. Time allowance, 30s. The race to start half-an-hour before the other. After a suggestion by A. O. Wilkinson, Esq., it was proposed by the Vice-Commodore that a subscription be opened for an Ocean Match, and about £50 was immediately subscribed.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The annual ball took place at the Freemasons' Hall, on Feb. 2nd, at which a very select and numerous company attended, dancing being spiritedly kept up until early morn. and passed off with entire success. The Commodore presided at the supper and gave the usual toasts of "The Queen," "Prince of Wales' Yacht Club" &c., &c.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening, Feb. 14th, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Treasurer P. Turner, Esq., presiding. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, and — Poole, Esq., of the Ripple steam yacht, was elected a member, the thanks of the club were voted to E. G. Knibbs, Esq., for his valuable services as M.C. at the late ball. The consideration of the sailing programme for the ensuing season was adjourned till the next meeting.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The annual ball of this club took place on Friday, Feb. 4th, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at which a very large party attended, and enjoyed themselves until a late hour. At the supper, after J. Boyd, Esq.,

the Commodore, had proposed "The Queen," Sir C. W. Dilke gave the toast of "The Ranelagh Yacht Club," which was most enthusiastically received. — Lister, Esq., then proposed "The Ladies," which was responded to by J. A. Fairfield, Esq.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday evening, Feb.— at the Ship Hotel, Charing-cross, having been preceded by the usual house dinner, to which a large party sat down. The Commodore presided. The club then proceeded to the annual election of officers. On the motion of W. Boggett, Esq., who warmly eulogised the services rendered to the club by J. Boyd, Esq., Commodore; Ingram Pick, Esq., Vice-Commodore; H. Lenthall, Esq., treasurer; and H. E. Stopford, Esq., hon sec; seconded by — Yapp, Esq., the whole of the above gentlemen were unanimously re-elected, and returned thanks, expressive of the gratification they felt at the honour done them, and their earnest desire at all times to advance the interests of the club by any means in their power. The following notices of motion were given for discussion next month:—"Where a yacht has won two prizes consecutively it shall be barred from entering the next season; tonnage dues to be returned to members whose yachts start, but not to others, the time allowance scale to be considered, and whether races shall be confined to yachts of the club."

Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—The annual meeting took place on Saturday, Feb. 5th at Norwich. The following officers were elected:—J. Tomlinson, Esq., Commodore; J. B. Morgan, Esq., Vice-Commodore; W. F. Green, Esq., Rear-Commodore. The sailing committee was then re-elected, all the old members of which were reinstated with the exception of J. Tomlinson, Esq. who is succeeded by H. K. Thompson, Esq., and J. B. Morgan, Esq., who is succeeded by P. E. Hansell, Esq. A vote of thanks was accorded to P. E. Hansell, Esq., Commodore for 1869; and also to Capt. Bennett, Vice-Commodore for 1869. The opening cruise of the club will take place from Great Yarmouth, May 18th; Cantley Regatta is fixed for June 9th; Wrexham Regatta for July 7th, and Oulton Regatta for August 4th. There will probably be also an extra Handicap Race from Yarmouth to Reedham and back on August 18th.

The Temple Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting took place on Feb. 2nd, when the following officers were elected:—Thompson, Commodore, — Fleuret, Vice-Commodore. Some alterations of rules proposed and referred to a committee of five members.

The Natal Yacht Club.—On Friday December 3rd. the second match of the season took place, when some eight or nine boats took their places for the start, which was shortly after four o'clock. About half an hour previous thereto, a very heavy storm of wind and rain came up from the westward, so much so that it was with considerable difficulty that the umpire reached the flag-boat, and then only after a thorough drenching. The Storm Queen led the way to the point, and maintained that honourable position throughout the race. The others passed the umpires' boat in the following order:—Cygnet, Argus, Rattlesnake, Ibis and Falcon. On reaching the Congella buoy, another severe storm was encountered, when the Cygnet, Ibis, Rattlesnake and Zephyr came to grief, the mast of the latter being blown out of her. The prize for centre boards was carried off by the Storm Queen, and neither of the other yachts reached the umpire's boat before the race was declared to be ended.

For those engaged in the race, as well as for visitors, a more unpropitious day could not well have been fixed upon, and we sincerely hope they will be more fortunate on the next occasion.—*Natal Herald*.

YACHTING NOTES.

MR. J. S. WHITE, of East Cowes, is building a yawl of 80 tons for W. Bird, Esq., of the New Thames Yacht Club. The *Hirondelle*, *Olthona*, and *Wanderer*, are also preparing under his care for the ensuing season, and several launches for the Danish navy are in course of construction.

MESSRS. MAUDSLAY AND Co., have launched a fine yacht named the *Falcon*, for the Hon. F. Stanley, she is to be canvassed by Gordon, Brothers.

MESSRS. STEELE of Greenock have on the stocks a steam yacht of 45 tons 70 h. p., for the Earl of Wilton, which is nearly complete.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND GORDON of Glasgow are building a large steam yacht, for his Grace the Duke of Hamilton.

AT MESSRS HARVEY'S of Wivenhoe, the *Alexandra* the property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is being supplied with extra fittings; also Lord Alfred Paget's *Xantha*; G. F. Moss's *Julia*; E. Johnsons' *Rose of Devon*; A. Arnolds' *Christabel*; and R. Blanchards' *Folly*, are in the same yard for alterations and improvements.

MR. FIFE of Fairlie is building a schooner of 112 tons for Lord Cholmondeley; two 40 ton cutters, one for T. D. Keogh, Esq., the other for G. N. Duck, Esq., and an 80 ton schooner for J. S. Mills, Esq., also a 30 ton cutter.

MR. INMAN of Lymington has the Earl of Durham's *Beatrice* refitting.

CAMPER and NICHOLSON of Gosport are building a schooner for Major Ewing. *DIANA*, schooner, J. Lamont, Esq., is fitting out for another polar voyage.

ORTHEEN is undergoing a general overhaul and refit at Cowes.

LADY BIRD, schooner, Marquis of Bute is having her cabins, &c., re-decorated by Hardman and Co. of Birmingham.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

May 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Opening Cruise.

24,—Royal London Yacht Club—First and second class cutters.

June 9.—Royal London Yacht Club—Schooner match.

13.—Royal London Yacht Club—Vice-commodore's prize, schooners, cutters and yawls, Nore to Cowes.

30 and July 1st.—Royal Cork Yacht Club

July 9.—Royal London Yacht Club—Third class cutters and handicap.

12, 13, 14,—Royal St George's Yacht Club.

22, 23.—Royal Northern Regatta.

Aug. 2.—Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, Regatta.

4.—Norfolk and Suffolk, Oulton.

18.—Norfolk and Suffolk, Yarmouth to Reedham.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1st, 1870.

MATCH BETWEEN SAPPHO AND OAMBRIA.

OUR readers will no doubt be glad to hear that another Anglo-American Yacht Race has been definitely arranged between the owners of the above-named craft, and still more glad probably to know that the event is likely to take place so early as the first week in May.

In another part of our *Magazine* will be found the correspondence between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Ashbury which has led to this result, and while we may congratulate both owners upon having each to some extent ceded to the other's wishes yet we must say, as we did with regard to the correspondence between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Ashbury, that we regret it should have assumed not only the length but also in some instances the style that it has assumed; and though it is now too late to remedy the present evil it is not too late to suggest that in future when any such match is contemplated the whole arrangement should be left in the hands of a third person, well versed in all matters connected with match sailing, who should draw out a scheme and submit it to the owners for approval when such words as "fear" and "bragging" whether actually used, or assumed by implication by either party to have been so, would have

been avoided ; in the present instance these words have evidently been misconstrued but it is very much to be regretted that they should ever been allowed to appear while discussing the arrangements of a contest which ought to have been carried out from first to last in the best possible spirit.

But to recur to the match ! our readers will see after reading the various letters that the owner of the "Cambria" has taken up the gauntlet so gallantly flung down by the owner of the "Sappho" and that they have, after what may almost be termed much disputation, decided upon three races for a fifty guinea cup each race ; the course to be a dead beat to windward of sixty miles and direct back to the starting post ; without any time allowance ; and all we hope is that nothing will occur to stop the match or to prevent it being carried out in the most friendly manner.

In accepting this challenge Mr. Ashbury does so under far different auspices from those under which Mr. Stephenson with the "Titania" accepted the challenge from the "America," as in those days the class of schooners in our waters was of a far different stamp to those now afloat but notwithstanding such is the case, the well known powers of the Cambria, and the fact that her owner will spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing his vessel to the post in the perfection of order, we must forewarn Mr. Ashbury that in the "Sappho" will be found a vessel in every way entitled to be looked upon as a most formidable opponent. It is true that in the match of August '68, between the Oimara, Condor, Cambria, Aline, and Sappho, the latter was "nowhere" in the race, but has either Mr. Ashbury or Mr. Ratsey seen the model or the original of the Sappho, and if so can they shut their eyes to the fact that it must have been something else besides a fault in the hull that led to that result.

In our November number of '68 we gave a brief sketch of the "Sappho" and it will there be seen that even in '68—and the report is that she has now still more beam and has been much improved since then—she was a much larger vessel than the "Cambria" and though the former has less displacement than the latter in proportion to their relative sizes, yet the Sappho carries five tons more ballast and has therefore greater displacement on finer lines, while she is at least twenty feet longer and has five feet more beam. Now let an one even tolerably well versed in yachts and yachting reflect on these

figures, and after due reflection and taking into consideration the fact that the lines of the "Sappho" are from the latest designs, and that Mr. Ashbury has, with—may we say—more valour than discretion, waived the question of time, we fear that he as well as ourselves will have no small misgiving as to the result of the match.

But while bringing these facts before the notice of our readers far be it from us to throw cold water upon Mr. Ashbury's gallant acceptance of the Sappho's challenge, which we cannot help thinking should have been taken up by some other owner of one of our large schooners instead of leaving it to one with his hands already full, but as this has not been done all we can say is that we appreciate the spirit shewn by Mr. Ashbury, and wish him every success; only let him beware that the Sappho will be a very hard nut to crack.

As regards the course we have no hesitation in saying that it is much more likely to be a fair test of the respective merits of the yachts than the Atlantic Race will probably prove for reasons already stated by us in February, but we should have thought that a triangular course, once to windward, once with the wind abeam, and once with the wind dead aft, would have been a still fairer trial, but as this would of course have necessitated an allowance of time to which Mr. Douglas seems to have been very much averse we fancy that the owner of the Cambria had no other choice in the matter than to accept the present plan.

There will of course be some difficulty in arranging the many little matters that have yet to be settled and we trust that Mr. Ashbury and Mr. Douglas will at once throw themselves into proper hands, that the weather may be favourable, and above all that the "best horse may win."

LAND WAIFS, BY A YACHTSMAN.*

CHAPTER III.

We are rather afraid that the end of the last chapter will have left an impression on the minds of many of our readers that we are somewhat of the order "*gourmand*" and if so we must at once assure them that

* Continued from page 123.

such is not really our character, as though we entertain a very strong idea that a good dinner is one of the great marks of civilisation our tastes lean considerably more towards the "sparsus" than the "profusus" in dealing with our digestive organs, and were it not that the traveller is bound to be a faithful historian of all that comes under his observation, we should hardly have said so much as we have done on a subject which will probably interest but few of those who have travelled with us as far as the "Salle à Manger" of the Hotel d' Italia at Arona.

The said "Salle" did not occupy our attention very long, and we left it for a stroll into Arona to see as much of the town as could be seen by the light of some excessively dingy oil lamps, which hung suspended at stray corners of streets in a very primitive manner; we don't think that the visit gratified us particularly as the place seemed a sort of lake faring town, full of rollicking boatmen, narrow streets and second rate wine shops, but just wanting the salt to give it the true flavour of "jack a shore." One café of a more pretentious character than its brethren attracted our attention and there, under the shadow of a vine trelliced arbour, high jinks were going on, and three professionals combining both the musical and theatrical, somewhat after the style of certain would-be Ethiopians, only not so savage as to besmear their faces, were affording any amount of amusement to an attentive and somewhat excited audience of the better class.

The whole arbour was strewn with little tables, each table being surrounded by specimens of the genus "homo" and covered with tumblers, the latter containing we could not tell what, and fearing in our ignorance of the manners and customs of Northern Italy to get hold of some compound which would be likely to affect us in the same way as our own Whitbread and Co's entire, with its pot house addenda of salt and tobacco affects the frequenters of the "Pig and Penny Whistle," we dared not enter the premises and venture upon an "order."

We would have

"Given half our riches
Or our best pair of breeches."

to have known the Italian for "Brandies and Soda," so that we might have been able to walk in with apparent "nonchalance" and try something that we had once heard some one say was a good thing, and thus have got a fair insight into life at Arona, but our dictionary and vocabulary being both of either too ancient a date or too refined pattern to give us the desired information, we had to content ourselves with seeing the theatrical performances of the three musicians over the

heads of the Arona "canaille," a mode of proceeding which soon became irksome, so we retired betimes to our slumbering place.

The next morning, the 16th September, we started early for Milan, in calm and beautiful weather when such gales and abominations were going on in our country as to wreck the dear old *Volante*, the handsomest yacht that ever was turned out in England, and make us congratulate ourselves when we heard of it, on being away from such a villainous climate; still more should we have congratulated ourselves had we taken the advice of our Roumanian friends and gone to the *Hôtel Cavour*, which is the best conducted and best situated hotel in Milan, instead of which we went to the *Hôtel de Londres*, where, suffice it to say, we should never go again.

There is not very much to be seen at Milan except of course the cathedral, which we have all heard of from our earliest infancy, but putting this aside there is little to attract one there in my estimation; some of the streets are fine and the public gardens are excessively pretty and having said this we can do no more for the quondam capital of Austria in Italy.

The cathedral is undoubtedly a very fine sight though we cannot give it that unqualified praise many are inclined to give it, the great breadth in proportion to height quite spoiling the effect of the edifice in our ideas as a specimen of Ecclesiastical architecture; then the mixture of the Grecian with the Gothic style does not blend well together so that Milan cathedral was not the building from all we had heard of it we fully expected to see. The effect inside is far better than that of the outside, speaking of it in an architectural point of view, as when you enter the large central door in the west end and look up the nave, you lose sight of the aisles, which add so fearfully to the breadth from the outside, and the view is very striking.

The great charm of Milan Cathedral is the material—white marble—the hundreds of little minarets and the array of saints, or army of martyrs whichever they may be, that adorn every part of the exterior of the building, each and all of them being little works of art in themselves.

Here, we once more came across our old friend Carlo Borromeo, whose mausoleum is down a few steps under the high altar, where a small chapel is presided over by a young priest who informs you that the entrance fee to the mausoleum is five francs, and so it would have been to us but that a foreign church official came to view the tomb at the moment that we were making enquiries on the subject, when the priest in charge at once told us that we might follow in the wake of the dignitary paying any trifle we might be disposed to give, a piece of con-

sideration and liberality that we might commend to the favourable consideration, and imitation, of some of our guardians of Ecclesiastical and other public properties.

Carlo Boromeo lies at full length embalmed in a crystal coffin, which is enclosed in a silver case easily removed by a species of windlass, he is attired in his pontifical robes with jewels, some tawdry, some of immense value, hanging all round him. The mausoleum is lined with silver showing in relief the principal event of C. Boromeo's life, one of which might certainly have been omitted as it is handing down to posterity an attempt made to assassinate C. Boromeo while engaged one day at his devotion, and at the very period of his life when he was so entirely absorbed in works of charity. The mausoleum of silver, the crystal coffin and the jewels are very magnificent, but they savour far too much of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world to lie side by side with one who was as remarkable for his unostentations and lowly spirit as he was for his humane and charitable disposition.

In spite of all the embalming the sensation left on our nasal organ while in and for some time after visiting the shrine of our friend San Carlo Boromeo was by no means pleasant, and if what we experienced was the odour of sanctity in which saints are supposed to expire, all we can say is that the odour of sanctity is not one whit less offensive than the odour of any other defunct mortal.

After the cathedral the next thing to be seen was Leonardi de Vinci's celebrated fresco of the Last Supper, which is on the wall of the refectory attached to the church of Santa Maria della Grazie; of course one recognised the picture by the beautiful engraving one has so often seen of it, but there is no disguising the fact that the picture might now be *anything*, as owing to the most barbarous negligence one half the fresco has quite fallen from the wall, while the colouring of what remains is so faded as to leave not a trace of this once celebrated painting.

There is another "curio" which one must not forget to mention among others at Milan, and that is a wonderful arcade abutting on the Piazza del Duomo, it is an exaggeration of our Burlington, of recent construction and brobdignagian proportions. The form is that of a cross the longer part being some two hundred yards in length, while the arms are fifty each with breadth in proportion, it rejoices in not a few cafés and such shops as go far to show that Milan still holds a high place in that art which is named after her, and in which she so far excelled all the capitals in former days. Here all Milan is "out" a little before sunset and the crowd is immense and in wet weather a promenade of this kind must be very attractive, but under the full blaze of an Italian

sun the temperature beneath such a field of glass must be anything but agreeable.

In the evening a franc admitted us to the gardens of the swell café of the city, which is opposite the opera house, where we saw after dinner life and all the belles of the "*locale*" while listening to the band of the guards playing operas we had heard in other scenes and other climes, and this visit to a species of refined Cremorne ended our sight seeing at Milan.

The following morning with circular tickets taken for Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, and Turin, at a considerable reduction from the ordinary fare, we left Milan for the first named city, and after passing Verona, embedded in fortifications, and the Lago di Garda, dividing, as we trust it long will do, Austria from Italy we were soon rolling over the marshes which form a cordon round the former mistress of the Adriatic.

Venice owes its rise to a chance combination of circumstances, the first and principal one being the arrival of Attila and his Huns into Northern Italy, which caused a frightful scattering of the natives who fled anywhere and everywhere out of the way of that formidable barbarian, and as the locality of Venice offered but few attractions to the conqueror who had the fine plains of Lombardy and Venetia at his feet, many of the refugees found a place of rest at Venice and commenced building a town on those numerous islands bordering on the Adriatic, which are surrounded by swamps and so situated as to render an attack from a regular army a task of no ordinary difficulty; but for this circumstance Venice would in all probability never have got beyond a small fishing hamlet, and certainly never to what she once was when her merchant princes did for her what English merchant princes have done for Britain, but time and seasons have made great changes and other places have now sprung up offering greater facilities for commerce, thus supplanting Venice, whose shallow waters are ill adapted to the ships of the present day which desert her, and she is I much fear dying by inches.

The railway station is in the suburbs of the city, and any number of Gondolas are always ready on the arrival of the trains to take the traveller to his hotel and to introduce him to such a city as he can never have seen before.

One's first impressions of Venice as you wind round the different small canals on your way from the station to the hotel is not by any means pleasing, and one cannot avoid a sensation of "*tristesse*" quite depressing; it is almost like being in a city of the dead, as you see

nothing in your progress but lofty walls rising up on either side of you without a sign of life, and your gondola moves along in solemn, solitary silence which is only broken by the hollow sonorous cry of the boatman as he rolls out the "cave" of his craft when nearing some corner round which another gondola may be coming with every prospect of a collision. Then besides this visible "*fristesse*" there is an invisible though sensible odour in these small canals, caused by the decomposition of every species of abomination, which is simply intolerable, so that what with the mental depression and the nasal impression one's first ideas of Venice are not pleasing, and though it is true that these small canals are the St. Giles of Venice, yet they are unfortunately so many short cuts which the Gondolier constantly takes, instead of following the more circuitous grand canal or Regent Street, so that one runs a continual chance of getting the full benefit of these disagreeable by-ways.

In the grand canal matters are certainly better; there is here more space, more life, and the tide having greater strength and more cleansing powers the atmosphere is sweeter and you feel that you are in a better neighbourhood. It is in fact from this canal that Venice gets her name of the city of palaces, as here you pass large edifices one after another in rapid succession and one gets completely bewildered in a perfect forest of monuments of gothic, and in some instances, elaborately worked architecture; but even with this superior class of buildings and palaces there is a species of the seedy swell about them, and in many cases positive instances of decay, which tend to throw a gloom over the scene. Time of course modifies this feeling materially and one soon gets accustomed to the appearance of decay as well as the silent, sombre mode of progression, and it is on leaving Venice that one feels angry with oneself for allowing the feeling of depression to have existed, and one rejoices at having had the opportunity of seeing a place so celebrated in many, and so thoroughly unique in all respects.

Following the beaten track of my countrymen we went to Danielli's hotel but the house and the "*dépendance*" were both full, with the exception of some rooms at the top of either hotel having a fine view of the tiles of the surrounding domiciles, a view which we did not admire so we took refuge in the Hotel New York on the Grand canal and had every reason to be well satisfied with our lot.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING said so much about the grand canal and smaller canals it may be well to give the reader some sort of idea as to what these water

courses really are ; in point of fact they are the real pack horses of Venice which, as before explained, being built on so many small islands and so differently constructed from any other town required a new method of transport organisation, and water being most abundant that means was at first adopted and continues to be in use to this present hour. No horse or cart is ever seen in Venice, so that all carriage of goods beyond the power of man is managed by these canals as well as all means of locomotion beyond the limits of an ordinary stroll. The grand canal runs from the sea through the whole length of Venice, dividing it into two unequal parts and forming the great thoroughfare ; from this canal run hundreds of lesser canals among the different islands forming the smaller thoroughfares of the town. Every palace and every house has its steps leading from the door to the water, in the same way that our houses in London have their steps leading to the street. But there are also many small lanes running across these islands making a sort of back entrance to many of the houses ; these lanes lead from one island to another over the different canals by means of small foot bridges of which there are any number in Venice ; over the grand canal however, there is but one bridge, the Rialto, which is a heavy cumbersome piece of masonry with houses on either side of the footway, and crosses the canal about two thirds of the length from the sea end ; the grand canal is a fine sheet of water, the smaller ones being quite the reverse ; in fact there is but room in some places for two Gondolas to pass each other.

Having now given some sort of description of the outline of Venice we must lose no more time in going to St. Marc's cathedral which is without doubt a very interesting old church ; it is built in what is called the Byzantine style being a sort of mixture of the Roman and Eastern.

"Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Roman blood"

as here we have the Roman arch or rather arches, crowned with unmistakeable proofs of Eastern architecture, forming altogether a very imposing structure.

Over the centre porch are the celebrated bronze horses which have been such travellers according as the whims of an eastern or western Conqueror dictated ; I did not admire these horses particularly and fancy that, like many other works of art that we see, their value consists in their antiquity as I cannot think that such examples of the "equus" would suit our present ideas of refined castings ; still they are historical

and they contribute their quota to the interest, though not to the general effect of the grand façade of the cathedral.

I must say that I admire the exterior far more than the interior of the church, as there is something very imposing in the former with its fine old Norman front, its eastern ornamentation over the Norman, and its three domes towering over all, but the interior seemed to us heavy in design, and for want of light, dismal beyond endurance. There are some finely worked capitals to some of the columns and there is a screen in front of the altar generally admired, but it seemed to us to be unworthy the admiration usually bestowed upon it. The screen consists of several Corinthian columns supporting a long frieze, on which stand figures of the twelve apostles somewhat cumbrous and faulty, the columns also are so short and thick that one completely loses that grandeur and refinement which are so closely associated with one's ideas of what a Corinthian column ought to be.

Then the interior is so badly kept and so much out of repair that the defects such as they are cannot fail to be exaggerated, and really the floor is like the sea of the Kish in a south-easter; but far be it from me at the same time to detract from those merits which belong to San Marco, as with all its defects the cathedral outside and inside is still a very fine monument of the pious devotion and architectural tastes of bygone ages.

With regard to churches generally in Venice their name is legion, almost every island having its patron saint and a building dedicated to his or her memory; we did not see one half of them, but the "Chiesa Santa Maria della Salute" stands foremost in the ranks, in a great measure, perhaps, owing to its situation which is particularly well chosen and makes it a more prominent object than any other Ecclesiastical edifice in Venice.

But night is the time to see the "Chiesa della Salute," and those who have been fortunate enough to see Venice by moonlight will doubtless well remember the view from the sea side of the Molo looking towards the city, when the church of Santa Maria is seen to the left on a large promontory, rearing itself up like some stalwart sentry of the old school on guard at the entrance to the city, the metal dome shining in the bright moonlight like a polished helmet from the forges of Milan, while to the right stands in bold relief the "Palazzo Ducale" and in the centre the Grand canal with its palaces gradually dwindles to nothing in the distance; it is a picture that has left an impression on our western mind that will not easily be effaced.

As to the other churches in Venice with their monuments to Titian

and Canova, their various ornamentations and paintings, we must leave them for others to describe and walk on to the Piazza San Marco, which is and with every reason considered "some pumpkins" by the Venetians.

The Piazza San Marco is the only large open space in Venice and is probably the finest square in Europe, it is something like two hundred yards in length by one hundred in breadth, it is surrounded by very good houses having a more modern and more substantial look about them than other domiciles in the town; these houses form three sides of the square the fourth being occupied by the Cathedral of San Marco, the Campanile or tower standing also on that side. Round the Piazza are the best shops in Venice but not to be entered lightly or unadvisedly by my countrymen, or they will assuredly find themselves in the hands of the Philistines; then there are caf  s also here but not of a very good pattern though one is thought highly of by the natives, who with their dark eyed daughters congregate round the Caf   Florianto, eat ices and sip coffee while listening to the band playing during those fine oriental evenings so common at Venice.

But time will not allow us to linger and gaze on this far famed Piazza and its attractive frequenters, and we can merely stroll down the centre from whence one gets the best idea of its fine proportions, as we must hasten to the Doge's palace where some of the most ruthless deeds and some of the gayest scenes were enacted in times when man must have thought that heads were grown to give people the pleasure of cutting them off or mutilating them and when the most gorgeous pageants were things of constant occurrence.

The Doge's palace is a very striking building, and as you look on its Gothic windows, its diamond pattern of white and red tinted bricks and its square solid form without any apparent signs of life about it you almost fancy yourself standing before one of Canaletto's pictures, so truly has he painted it. Often it has been burnt but as often rebuilt with due regard to its ancient form, size of rooms and style of architecture, so that though the present edifice is I believe not more than three hundred years old, yet the design and its general character take you back to a much earlier period.

The building is so designed as to form three sides of a hollow square the fourth side being the south transept of St. Marc's cathedral which at one time was the Doge's chapel.

As you enter the court yard from the piazzetta, which is a small square off the piazza San Marco, you at once confront one of the finest works of art in Italy,—the grand staircase leading from the ground floor to

the colonnade which runs round the apartments on the first floor,—it is a marvellous piece of workmanship, is constructed of the finest Carrara marble and chiselled by the best workmen of Venice, and the sculpture as well as the other ornamentations of this beautiful staircase shew a refinement of taste and perfection of execution never surpassed if ever equalled by any monument of its kind.

You ascend the celebrated "Scala del Gigantii," which is divided into two straight flights by a large landing, to the principal apartments of the palace and it would be difficult to imagine anything finer in the shape of rooms than these said apartments; the banquetting hall, library, and council hall are as faultless in proportions as they are imposing in dimensions, one of them measuring one hundred and seventy feet in length by eighty in breadth and being fifty feet high; then the ceilings are one mass of carving and gilding, except where some pretty fresco peeps from its bed of wood, and on the walls are vast paintings representing some of the most stirring incidents connected with Venetian history giving one altogether the idea that these Republicans had an uncommonly good notion of putting up their president in very proper form.

It seems a pity that such rooms should be now so completely lost and that the general appearance of desertion so common in Venice should extend even to her palace, but as such is the case, and as Venice never can possibly be again a capital, who knows but in these days of change we may not see advertized a "Doge's palace limited liability company hotel" which will turn these beautiful apartments to account and once more enliven them with scenes though perhaps not quite so gay yet with the advantage of being less exciting than those of old when the short step from the sublime to the ridiculous was too well known and of too frequent occurrence and when Doge's were one day in the zenith of their power and the next treated like the vilest criminals.

After having seen the various "salas" you descend by a narrow flight of stone steps to one of the great sights of Venice—the cells of the ducal palace—where Doge convicted criminals, and politically convicted Doges, passed their last days on earth or rather in the infernal regions, as of all horrible places commend me to these dreadful places of confinement. The dungeons are sunk in the thick walls of the palace but not under ground, the floors being just above the level of the adjoining canal. Some of these cells have a small stone platform about five feet by ten raised about a foot above the damp floor, and designated a bed, others have no such luxury, while all are small and of inky darkness as no ray of light can ever penetrate them, nor can any air but that of the man

tainted kind reach these dread abodes; once in twenty four hours they were lighted with oil for five minutes in the "good old days" to enable the prisoners to eat their solitary meal.

Possibly many confined in these prisons were criminals of the deepest dye, and past all feeling, but it is dreadful to think that in those days, when political offences were often dealt with more harshly than the most fearful crimes, many were incarcerated here and underwent the most fearful suffering for little or no reason; but deserving or undeserving of any punishment all, after a lengthened imprisonment in such a place, must have gone to execution as a relief, feeling that any change must be for the better under such circumstances.

These cells are of course no longer used, all criminals being now confined in the prison which is separated from the Doge's palace by a small canal called the "Rio di Palazzo," the palace and prison being connected with each other by the celebrated Bridge of Sighs by which in olden times the prisoners were brought from the prison to the palace to be tried, and those who once passed over the Ponte del Sospiro seldom returned, but were handed down to the dungeons where a short shrift and a long axe or rope too often completed a sad history.

The last of the Italian brigands that had tried to find refuge in Venetia had been lately taken when we were at Venice, and though we tried to get permission to see these "knights of the road" we failed to do so, which we much regretted as the Italian government are "stamping out" these gentry fast and one is not likely to have another opportunity of seeing an example of those industrious gentlemen of the road that have made themselves so celebrated in history. The present Italian government is fast organising a most efficient body of gendarmes, and I have a strong idea that it is much more likely to rid their country of these pests than our form of government is to pacify Ireland, and though our papers are too ready to catch at any little hole in our neighbour's cloth, I think we may look at home, as I know of no civilized country, according to the leading articles and accounts one reads in the "*Times*," where such a state of things exists as now exists in Ireland.

We must now "take ship" for the Venetian academy and there, amidst the "belle arti" forget the dismal scenes we had just witnessed. The academy contains many fine examples of the old Venetian school and among them Titian's celebrated picture of the Assumption, but to remember, or to recount if one could remember, all one saw in the gallery would be far too wearisome; there was however one picture in the academy, though not belonging to it, which struck us most forcibly; it is a Paul Veronese the property of the church of St. Sebastian but lent

to the academy while the church was under repair. The subject is the Triumph of Mordecai; it is full of life, clothed in the richest colouring, and treated in the very boldest manner, and really after all the improbable Madonnas, the impossible Assumptions, and ideal Transfigurations it is a relief to see a subject of the Old Testament treated in a perfectly natural manner and in a way that an ordinary judge of a picture can admire.

The glass establishment of Salviati should be visited if only to see how Venice, once the mistress in the art of glass manufacture has been far outstripped by her western rivals, and then as to the rest of the sights of Venice

"And lo! a fifth appears. I'll see no more
For fear like Banquo's kings they reach a score."

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

In the *Magazine* for the previous months I have run over in a rough way, mixed with frequent interruptions, parenthesis, and asides, the racing of the larger classes of yachts during 1869, with some figures to show the general progress of the sport, and before the genial warmth of spring warns me to stop the yarn of the past in happy anticipation of the fun of the future season,—I will venture a few more notes on the smaller vessels which distinguished themselves in last and indeed in several former racing years, as the same names occur in the list of winners with the regularity of May day itself. At the head of the second class (not exceeding 40 tons), which I look on as now by far the best division, stands, as often before,—the *Thought* 27 tons, with four first prizes and one second attached to her name amounting to £240, which however, includes the challenge cup at Southampton, value £100, which she won in 1847, owing then however to the disqualification of the *Phantom*, who as many times before, had showed her superiority in speed. I need not here go into any comparison of these celebrated competitors as I have in vol. xvi. page 169 gathered together the history of all their matches up to that time, since which they have not met nearly so often, as one or the other has generally each year been out of commission. The *Thought* did not sail a great number of races in her own class last year, and when she did, met no

* Concluded from page 116.

steel; the racing of the second class as I have repeated having nearly departed from the Metropolitan river, its former times, to centre in St. George's Channel, and Dublin Bay, where the contests of Xena, Glance, Kilmeny, yawl of 51, but allowed to sail as a cutter of 88 tons), have been numerous and interesting, but need not be as they have been already immortalised in the pages of *the*.

This year bids fair to more than rival its predecessors in this respect, as the Phantom has joined the ranks of the P.A.Y.C., and under the skilful guidance of the former owner of Kilmeny and Torch, is likely to enhance her former renown, although the craft she will now have to encounter, comprising Muriel, Kilmeny now owned by Mr. Pascoe French, Torpid by Mr. G. B. Thompson, Xena with her old skipper in command, Glance, which will have the advantage of the experience and skill of old Harry Truckle, so well known in the Vampire, and the new forty building by Wull Pyffe for Mr. Keogh, owner of the Secret, form a band of competitors very difficult in quality from those of former days, all of whom will be sailed and steered with the skill and experience which long practice has enabled the owners and captains of the smaller craft on the Irish coast to attain.

The season there will probably commence on 21st of May, with the second class match of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, in which I trust to see all the above craft, except the Muriel, which will be engaged on the Thames, and with the addition of the Amberwitch, Denburn, and some of the smaller fry, hard at it, especially as a breeze can much more be calculated on at that time of year than in June or July. The whole programme of the club cannot be finally settled until the April meeting, but the following fixtures are likely to be those chosen.—Opening cruise May 14th. Second class (not exceeding 40 tons) May 21st. Fourth class (not exceeding 15 tons); and fifth class (not exceeding seven tons,) 24th. Third class (not exceeding 25 tons) May 28th. A private match between two 20-tonners June 1st. Race open to all yachts of club, two members only, to be on board each vessel and no other hands, June 2nd. Race open to all classes from Kingstown to Holyhead June 4th. Race from Holyhead to Kingstown June 6th. Schooners and yawls June 7th. Cruise under Commodore June 11th. Corinthian cup (all gentlemen crews) June 20th. Champion prize, value £100 with £85 added, July 9th, or 11th. Single handed race open to all yachts of club, one member only to be on board each, July 15th. Race from Bangor (Belfast) to Lamlash, two prizes open to yachts of and steered

by members of P.A.Y.C. or Royal Ulster Clubs July 19th. Race open to all classes (handicap) August 13th. Closing cruise, August 27th.

This programme with the regattas of Royal Mersey 23rd and 24th June, Royal Cork 30th June and 1st July, American race from Kinsale 4th July, Royal St. George 12th, 13th and 14th July, Royal Ulster 18th July, Royal Northern 23rd and 24th July, Clyde about 25th July, and Royal Western Ireland 2nd August ought to keep the Irish, Scotch and West of England vessels pretty well alive during the summer and attract many strangers, and from the quality of the vessels and crews now located on these waters, and the spirit and skill of the yachtsmen who inhabit them, I strongly advise those who come over to prepare for close and tough contests and eager and skilful opponents, though I can also promise them great hospitality, fair play, and as warm congratulations, when successful, as if any local boat had triumphed.

After this digression to the future let me return to the past, and I find the *Amberwitch*, before named, standing second on the list with two first and two second prizes value a cool hundred guineas, and well she deserved her victories especially as she laboured under the disadvantage that her owner, owing to his professional engagements, could not give her the attention she required, and in many of her races could not even be on board. Off the wind she is second to no boat of her tonnage, and is by no means bad close hauled considering her light draft of water, while she has great accommodation and handiness, never being sailed with more than four hands all told. The *Kilmeny* came next, but sailed at a great disadvantage, as she changed hands during the season, and wanted a refit, having the same sails, copper, and gear over her as in 1864; this year all these have been supplied, she has been dried, re-coppered, had a new mast, her lead re-cast and increased and as she is also to have a first rate suit of canvas and rigging, with about the best amateur in Ireland at her tiller, it will be hard indeed if she does not increase her reputation, though as I said before, she has a troublesome lot of opponents to tackle in light or heavy weather, and is a shade too small to meet the new forties if the sea be at all heavy, while the *Glance* will always be an ugly customer with a glassy sea and light-cat's-paws to creep her to windward, a common state of affairs in June and July.

Torpid is really anything but what her name implies, and having also got into first rate hands for taking out whatever speed is in her, she will with the aid of a thorough salt as mate and a certain reverend gentleman to handle her jib-sheets, take some beating, especially in strong weather, while *Xema*, under her old skipper, will probably beat more

than beat her, although lying two winters in dock will hardly tend to make her more lively.

If two good yachtsmen would buy the Niobe, and Thought and bring them over to Kingstown they would meet good treatment and lots of racing, and we should then indeed have a fleet of racing cutters of the second class worthy of the bay and the racing it witnesses every year.

We now come to third class not exceeding twenty tons, and at its head as usual stands the old Vampire, now sailing since 1851, but still the best of her weight yet constructed; her exploits will also be found in *Hunt's Magazine*, vol. xviii, p. 68, up to 1867, at which time she had won at least forty-two prizes, and she has since added thirteen, while to judge from her appearance and the perfect overhaul she got last year under Mr. Sampson French's superintendence she may go on for twenty years more sweeping the ports about London and the south of England, of all the prizes given for the smaller classes, unless indeed she meets with the fate she so nearly encountered in the storm off Ryde in September when Volante went ashore and the Vampire only escaped across to Gosport under a rag of her foresail. When in Ireland in 1868 and 1869 she was singularly fortunate, winning amongst other prizes the Corinthian cup of the Prince Alfred Club both years, against such opponents as Kilmeny, Xema, Amberwitch, and Torch, and except the Lizzie, and occasionally the Mamie, found no craft of her size at all able to contend with her. I am sadly sorry at her departure from Irish waters and still more to be told she will not fit out this year; this is a pity as she will not improve by lying on the shelf, while many yachtsmen are eager to buy her if allowed to change hands. Her old skipper, Truckle, so long associated with her glories, was too ill to take charge of her last year but is now recovered and has been promoted to the Glance, where no doubt his consummate steersmanship, experience and craft will be displayed in many a contest.

Lizzie comes next and is one of Dan Hatcher's wonders, solving the old problem of "how to make a pint bottle which will hold a quart," and like her smaller sister, the Queen, she challenges all comers to make out how within the measurements of a twenty or fifteen tonner he gives the headroom and accommodation of an old fashioned thirty, while the speed, and power is found to increase in quite an equal proportion, and the finish of hull copper, &c., is equal to cabinet work. Lizzie did well tho in 1868 and 1869, but found a teaser in the old Vampire, who, while H. Truckle had her, beat the new ship five to one, and last year though more nearly on an equality she was victorious four out of seven times

"With the reptile away however, Lizzie will be like a donkey among the chickens," the only 20-tonner about the Irish coast to compete with her being Kittiwake and Siren, and I fear not with much success; however, Wavecrest, Luna, and Mamie, though over twenty tons, are admissible in this class by Prince Alfred rules, which divide the classes at twenty-five tons, and fifteen tons, a better division practically though not so symmetrical as 40, 20, and 10, which are more commonly adopted.

The Queen will be equally unassailable as her sister in the class above, the Torch having departed from Irish waters after a brilliant career, last year being the first time she was built, in which her name was not conspicuous in the list of winners. The Queen was built in 1865, and won seventeen out of twenty races before coming to Kinsale, from whence she now hails. Last year she won five out of seven, one race being beaten by a 20-tonner, and has thus scored twenty-two prizes out of twenty-seven races, a very large proportion, which will of course increase as she has now no fit opponent of her own tonnage here, and the size is too small for strangers to come much in her way. Mr. Pascoe French handled her in the single handed race of P.A.Y.C. in July, and won with ease, having made her go quite as well as if he had had a numerous crew under his command—and he usually gives her the advantage of his skill as a steersman when his own ship is not engaged.

In Western waters we have however some fair fifteens, Alexandra, Satanella, Venture, and Mora, and a first-rate twelve the Ripple, while we hear of a new ten building at Liverpool, on the designs of the constructor of Vision, Meta and other well known small craft, but I fear none of them can cope with the Queen. On the Thames and about Southampton, there are still some good small craft, Dione, Dudu, Quiver, Folly, and Buccaneer, the one which ends my list being the best, and I must say that the treatment her owner received at Plymouth at the hands of the sailing committee, exceeds anything I ever yet heard of, and if yacht owners stood by each other and by their smaller brethren, would have been much more generally resented. In the fifth class (under seven tons), the Flirt, formerly the property of the late Alfred Young, who owned Amazon and Mosquito, is still at the head of affairs in Dublin, but I cannot say much about the doings of such pigmies in foreign waters.

I have now, Mr. Editor, skimmed over the doings of the past with some glances at the future, and before closing will merely correct two or three inaccuracies which have come to my knowledge since writing my former chapter, where I gave the Mosquito three races instead of

only two, (the wish I suppose being father to the thought,) and also spoke of the Albertine as the property of Mr. G. Moss, who lately had the Julia, and having confounded him with his namesake Mr. Gilbert W. Moss, owner of the Wizard, who has lately purchased the schooner and I am told greatly improved her appearance by the addition of a figure head &c., though I am sorry to hear he has also cut her spars, at least if that reduction portends an intention to take her out of racing vessels of the day. I have not seen her since she belonged to Lord Londesborough, but she was then a fine powerful vessel, and in strong breezes a good match for the Egeria, which she once very nearly sent to glory in crossing on different tacks when racing for the Queen's Cup at Cowes. I trust the contest may be renewed between them, and that I shall have the pleasure also of recanting my opinion of her looks after she next makes her number in these waters.

Not much more to be said, the only new craft of note building I hear of are Gwendoline schooner, for Mr. Ewing, a new 40 for Mr. T. D. Keogh, and a 20 and 15 by Dan Hatcher, but no doubt others will turn up, and Phantom as I said before and Albertine re-appear. I now wish you and your readers a very pleasant season and plenty more of them, and trust I may be able next year to chronicle fine weather, plenty of matches, close contests, wise decisions, though but few of them at least on protests and all such matters, and above all a fine yachtsman-like spirit of honour and of fair play on the part of all concerned in the noble sport of yacht racing.

And I remain, your obedient servant,

RED, WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

THE LIFE-BOAT WORKS IN 1869.

THERE was held at the London Tavern on Tuesday, the 15th ult., one of the most interesting meetings of the year. We allude to the annual assembly of the friends and supporters of the National Life-boat Institution. The Duke of Northumberland its president took the chair on the occasion, and we observed present:—T. Baring, Esq., M.P. ; T. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S. ; Sir E. Perrott, Bart. ; W. H. Harton, Esq. ; Admiral Sir W. H. Hall, K.C.B. ; Colonel F. Clayton ; Dr. Nolloth, M.D. ; N. C. Semon, Esq. ; Admiral Tarleton, C.B. ; P. Maughan, Esq. ; S. Sharp, Esq. ; S. Lovelock, Esq. ; Captain De St. Croix ; Captain De Canso ; Captain Toynbee, R.N. ; Dr. M. Hamilton, R.N. ; Captain the Hon. F. Maude, R.N. ; J. A. Dow, Esq. ; Admiral Gold-

smith, C.B. ; Captain Herring, R.N. ; C. V. Nelson, Esq. ; Admiral Mc'Hardy ; Captain Symons, R.N. ; Captain Jarman, R.N. ; R. Harrison, Esq., and several other gentlemen.

The committee gave a complete and practical account of the highly responsible trust the British public had committed to them, and well they observed that at the close of one of the stormiest seasons that have ever tested the value of Britain's Life-boats and tried the merits of her Life-boat men, they presented to their countrymen, who have so nobly supported them, their annual report. The continued confidence that had been reposed in the Institution, and the success that had rewarded its labours had not only encouraged it to persevere in its great work but had also filled the minds of the committee with gratitude to God who had so greatly blessed it, and to those who had afforded them their co-operation and their pecuniary aid.

One of the principal incidents which the committee had to record in the history of the Institution during the past year, was their voluntary relinquishment of the annual subsidy which for the previous fifteen years they had received from the Mercantile Marine Fund. Finding that the generous support of their countrymen was sufficient to maintain and work their life-boat fleet, and to meet all other requirements, and feeling confident that they could rely on a continuance of the same ; they had felt it a public duty to decline any further assistance from funds raised by taxation.—What a noble tribute this is to the voluntary principle. Here is an Institution telling the government "we require no aid from you, we rest entirely on the support of our countrymen to help us to carry on the great and national work of the Life-boat Institution." Since the last report twenty-one new life-boats had been or were about to be placed on the coasts of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, eighteen of them having been for new stations and two taking the place of decayed boats. We must give the names of the stations of the vessels of mercy :—

England—West Hartlepool, Whitby, Corton, Lowestoft, Kingsgate, Sidmouth, Salcombe, Appledore, Port Isaac, Clovelly, Mevagissey, Portloe, Porthoustock. *Wales*—Solva, Fishguard. *Scotland*—Whithorn, Ballantrae, Troon, Ardrossan, Arran, and Channel Islands.

Carriages and boathouses had been likewise provided at nearly all the above places. The Institution had now two hundred and twenty life-boats on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland and the Channel Islands. During the past year those boats had rescued no less than eight hundred and seventy one persons from a watery grave, nearly the whole of whom had been saved under circumstances which would have

precluded their being saved by any ordinary boat without the hearty and courageous assistance of the fishermen, and other boatmen on our coasts, the committee felt that the provision of the most perfect description of life-boat would be comparatively valueless. They were happy to say however, that the crews of the life-boats continue to feel such great confidence in them, that occasionally it was actually difficult to repress the eagerness with which men rush forward to man the boat.

The year 1869 will be memorable in many respects in the history of the Royal National Life-boat Institution ; but in no way more so than in the gratifying fact that it contributed, during the twelve months, by its life-boats and the liberal rewards it offers to fishermen and others, to use the utmost and perilous efforts to save life, to the rescue of one thousand two hundred and thirty-one lives. The storms of the year were unusually violent, and shipwrecks, as an inevitable result, very numerous ; yet the noble and successful efforts to save life on these occasions stood forth as beacons on the way, guiding the Institution to pursue with unabated assiduity the path which Providence had clearly marked out for it, leading, as it does, to results which have excited the admiration of the world at large.

The life-boat services, as usual, varied much in character, some had been performed during fierce gales of wind in the day ; others amidst thunder and lightning and the midnight storm. But the same glorious result had usually followed them all—a freightage of living men saved from an appalling death by shipwreck ; but the most remarkable fact of all in this glorious work was that all these great services were accomplished last year without the sacrifice of a single life—amongst the brave and determined men who work our life-boat fleet, and who had resolutely gone out in their mission of mercy, often at such apparently fearful risk that probably no impulse less stirring than the sight of perishing fellow creatures would have nerved them to its performance. The Institution had, in addition, as recorded below, during the same period, contributed to the saving of an immense amount of valuable property. No less than thirty-three ships had been saved from destruction by the life-boats which had been signalled off to them, and which had sometimes remained for hours together by the distressed vessels, thereby encouraging their crews to renewed efforts and skill to contend successfully with the tempest.

Looking at the circumstances under which a large number of vessels are lost such as by collision with each other, by foundering at a distance from the land, by being driven ashore amidst unapproachable rocks, and by grounding on outlying banks or on parts of the coast far from any

life-boat station, and frequently in the dark hours of the night—there is no room for hope that any winter will pass without the loss of many lives on and around our shores. Nevertheless there can be little doubt that the present average number may be much further diminished by more stringent measures being adopted to prevent the sailing of unseaworthy ill found and half manned ships—and by other preventative measures. An appropriate allusion was made in the annual report to the continued efforts of the Board of Trade, in maintaining and extending the rocket apparatus on the coasts of the United Kingdom. This agency contributes every year under the zealous management of the officers and men of the coast-guard service, to the saving of hundreds of lives from shipwrecks, in places where from the presence of rocks and other impediments it would be absolutely impracticable for life-boats to be rendered equally available. The number of lives saved during the forty-six years from the establishment of the Institution in 1824, to the end of the year 1869, either by its life-boats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards is as follows:—In the year 1824, 124 lives; 1825, 218; 1826, 175; 1827, 163; 1828, 301; 1829, 463; 1830, 372; 1831, 287; 1832, 310; 1833, 449; 1834, 214; 1835, 364; 1836, 225; 1837, 272; 1838, 456; 1839, 279; 1840, 353; 1841, 128; 1842, 276; 1843, 236; 1844, 193; 1845, 235; 1846, 134; 1847, 157; 1848, 123; 1849, 209; 1850, 470; 1851, 230; 1852, 773; 1853, 678; 1854, 355; 1855, 406; 1856, 473; 1857, 374; 1858, 427; 1859, 499; 1860, 455; 1861, 424; 1862, 574; 1863, 714; 1864, 698; 1865, 714; 1866, 921; 1867, 1,086; 1868, 862; 1869, 1,231, making a total of 19,080.

Who could contemplate this large multitude—nineteen thousand persons saved from death by shipwreck—without feeling that a great work had been done, and without desiring to perpetuate and extend services which had resulted in such incalculable benefit to thousands of our fellow creatures. A full summary was given of the cases in which honorary and other rewards of the Institution had been voted last year, and it is a most interesting record in every way. During the past year fourteen silver medals, twenty-four votes of thanks inscribed on vellum and parchment, and £2,705 had been granted for saving the lives of 1,231 persons by life-boats, shore and fishing boats, and other means on the coasts and outlying banks of the United Kingdom.

The committee had received the prompt and cordial co-operation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, Captain G. O. Wilk, R.N. C.B., and of the officers and men of the coast-guard service, to whom the best thanks of the Institution were thus again cordially re-

dered. Since the formation of the Institution it had expended on its life-boat establishments and other means for saving life from shipwreck £240,000, and voted 90 gold and 811 silver medals for saving life, and pecuniary rewards to the amount of £32,300.

The committee suitably acknowledged the valuable co-operation they continued to receive from the local branch committees, which constitute so important a portion of the machinery of the Institution for the supervision of its several life-boat establishments, and they acknowledged the valuable and gratuitous services of the zealous honorary secretaries of those committees.

The total amount of receipts during the year 1869, had been £40,409,153, and the committee were naturally grateful to be able again to announce that of this sum no less than £12,117 Os. 4d, were special gifts to defray the cost of nineteen life-boats. We must give this noble list which is as follows :—

West Hartlepool—Ancient Order of Foresters	640	0	0
Wells—Penny Readings, Life-boat Fund	500	0	0
Corton—Mrs. George Davis	620	0	0
Lowestoft No. 2—Miss Leicester	420	0	0
Southwold No. 1—Members of the London Coal Exchange	703	10	0
Alderney—The Right Hon. the Earl of Strafford	405	0	0
Sidmouth—Mrs. Rimington	420	0	0
Salcombe—Richard Durant, Esq.	640	0	0
Mevagissey—Sir Robert N. C. Hamilton, Bart, K.C.B., and friends	326	1	0
Port Isaac—Richard Thornton West, Esq., and Mrs. Richard Thornton West.....	700	0	0
Clovely—Mrs. Botefeur	700	0	0
Solva—A Lady in memory of her husband the late Capt, C.R.C., R.N.	700	0	0
St. Justinian—The Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth and his tenantry.. ..	420	0	0
Fishguard No. 2—Worcester Life-boat Fund	230	0	0
Abersoch—R. Barnes, Esq., D.L., through the Manchester branch	672	5	0
Isle of Whithorn—A Lady per N. Griffith, Esq.	620	0	0
Isle of Arran—Anonymous	1000	0	0
Ardrossan—N.B.—Peter Reid, Esq.	1050	0	0
Montrose—N.B.—Mincing Lane Life-boat Fund	1305	4	4

Since the last report the Institution had received many other gratifying donations, and particularly from ladies who had always been foremost in their liberality towards the National Life-boat Institution.

The committee recorded with deep regret the deaths of several valued friends of the Institution during the past year, and they particularly referred to the Marquis of Westminster, K.G., the Earl of Derby, K.G. and especially to their late valuable colleagues Sir W. Bowles, K.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, who was from its first establishment a firm and

liberal supporter of the Institution, and to Alexander Boteleur, Esq., one of its largest benefactors.

Thirty-two legacies had been bequeathed to the Institution during the past twelve months.

During the past year £13,469 7s. 1d. had been expended on additional life-boats, transporting carriages, boat houses and necessary gear £6,809 2s. 0d., on the expenses of repairs, painting, refitting &c., and £7,123 9s. 3d. in rewards for services to shipwreck crews—making altogether including liabilities amounting to £4,089 12s. 10d. for life boat stations now in course of formation and other expenses a total of £34,303 0s. 9d.

The items of receipt and expenditure were fully detailed in the financial statement annexed to the report audited by a public accountant.

In conclusion we would remind the friends of the Institution of the noble life saving fleet of 220 life-boats which it has now under its charge, requiring as it does constant supervision to accomplish successfully its great mission, and needing accordingly the continued sympathy and support of the public, and we feel assured that this support will not be withheld from the Institution so long as its committee are enabled to give as on the present occasion a satisfactory account of their stewardship.

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB.—NOVA SCOTIA.

WE ARE happy to inform our readers that, mainly through the exertions of the late Hon. Sec., A. Scott, Esq., of this club, (who was in 1868 compelled to resign through the partial loss of the use of his limbs, but now happily recovering,) that the project he then had in view, and which met with much opposition is now nearly consummated, viz:—the erection of a large and commodious club-house in Victoria Street, Richmond. When occupied it will offer the advantages of dining, reading, smoking, and billiard rooms, and being delightfully situated on the waterside will afford a most agreeable place of resort. It will be under the management of a steward, and all charges will be in accordance with a tariff fixed by the House Committee of the club. Piers, slips, and boat-house, are to be erected on the waterside of the building, thus providing a most convenient, secure, and inexpensive place for keeping yachts and boats, and we sincerely wish them a prosperous season.

A WINTER SCAMPER TO NAPLES AND BACK.*

CHAPTER V.

MARSEILLE.

Passport visé—The Prado—Nôtre Dame de la Garde—View of the city, the Château d' If, Port, Joliette, &c—Christening parties—Public Garden—Queer fish in the market—Uniform appearance of the tiers of feluccas—Orange girls and Orange peel—Appearance of the Quays—Strange horse collars—Foreign seamen, Greek skipper &c—Fort St. Jean and view from the ramparts—Origin of Marseille—Rues Impériale and Cannebière—Steam ticket for Naples—Marseille of an evening—Mild air and southern character, and great traffic of the City.

“Est in recessu longo locus ———

Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes gedminique minantur

In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late

Aequora tuta silent———

——— Hic fessas non vincula naves

Ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.”

Aeneidos Lib. i, 159.

IN the morning I started for the Rue Sylvabelle to have my passport visé by the Papal Consul. Then taking a glance at the Prado, and three miles of leafless trees along it, which did not present a very attractive appearance; I turned back, and toiled up a rugged limestone mount, to the ornamental fort and Crypt Chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde. The view from this hill on a clear day is very fine: then, unfortunately for me, a blue haze hung over, and obscured the distant hills, which sweep all round, enclosing Marseille. The city, forming the chord of the arc, extends right and left, and far into the interior, in pile after pile, of tall houses, interspersed with tree grown boulevards, handsome squares and splashing fountains; triumphal arches, Bourse, Theatre, and Prefecture, grand hôtels, huge cafés, and shops rivalling those of Paris; long wide streets of palatial houses; thoroughfares alive with ceaseless traffic, and the broad flag pavements swept by handsome, gaily dressed women, and thronged with bustling crowds—such is Marseille. Looking northward from my lofty perch, I saw stretching eastward into the city at my feet, the Oblong port, three quarters-of-a-mile long, by a fifth-of-a-mile in width, bristling with a forest of masts, and tapering latteen yards, and gay with flags of every hue flaunting lazily in the midst. Leftward

* Continued from page 80.

of Fort St. Nicholas, on the same side of the port entrance, as that on which I stood, once dwelt the "Catalans," immortalized in Monte Christo. These have now made way for handsome terraces, and matter of fact improvements. Between St. Nicholas and myself were, first, barracks with houses behind them, then a high platform with ornamental public gardens, above which the steep slopes of a hill were covered with pretty "Bastides" and gardens, and then rose the steep rocky path, leading to Notre Dame, above all.

A mile or two off south-westward lay three rocky islets, the Chateau d'If perched on one, westward from which the blue Mediterranean,—rippled here and there by feluccas, which rose, fell, and rolled lazily in the calm water, as their white sails flapped to and fro, and across which an occasional steamer moved swiftly by,—extended to the Joliette and quarantine harbours, hidden by Fort St. Jean, and the houses behind it, on the opposite side of the port, in and out of which paddled tugs towing to and fro the rich commerce of busy Marseille. The chapel of Nôtre Dame de la Garde is a favourite baptistery with the Marseillaises, and in descending the steep path leading to it, I came upon several family parties toiling up the hill. The tiny neophytes being swaddled, and muffled, in the arms of their perspiring, pearly teathed *bonnes*; who, as they waddled up hill laughed merrily, and seemed as proud of their charges, as the very mothers who bore them. The mammas halting every now and then, panting and breathless on the arms of the papas,—who seemed sources of secret amusement to all for the day—and peeping to see how baby got on, thus formed little parti-coloured groups that bloomed like so many wild flowers, on the bare rocks of the hill.

I went down the steep lane of pretty Bastides beyond, and halted for awhile in the ornamental garden, where laurels, cactuses, and palms all flourished gaily in the open air. A regimental band struck up below me just then, and looking over the parapet, I saw the troops march out towards the town. Descending the steps and incline I followed them for awhile, till I came to the fish market, which to me formed a source of greater attraction. The oblong building round which the stalls are disposed, I circumnavigated twice, and stared with all my eyes at the strange natives of the midland sea, which differ quite as much in appearance from their congeners of the north, as *poissard* Provençales do from our beauties of Billingsgate. There were among them such queer snake-like eels, such spotted red, "tam shack" looking creatures, that seemed to have died of unexploded apoplexy. Then there were queer little, limp, spotted, red, green, blue, olive, yellow, and mai

coloured fish, like those of the Arabian Nights, lying about as if they had never had any bones; and there were dumpy, sharp snouted tunny fish, like huge mackerel, grown pompous enough to think themselves whales,—cut into dark red slices, by broad flat bladed knives shaped like choppers. There were “sword fish” like long flat silvery broadsword blades, or gigantic lance fish, squeezed flat. There were purple crayfish, diminutive, but all alive oh ! shrimps, chad, mullett and bass, both black and white, soles, and olive green sea urchins with spikes as twisted as a worn out tooth brush, and other strange creatures, too numerous to mention.

The fishwomen, in their rich Provençal dialect, lauded to the skies any particular fish my eye happened to alight on, and with all the pertinacity of their eastern race entreated me to buy it: so that I fain beat a retreat from their syren wiles, and the hubbub and chaffing around. On my way back to the port, I for the first time fully appreciated Washington Irving's, illustration of the way young Rip-Van Winkle used to hold up the slack of his father's galligaskins, by comparing it to that “in which a fine lady does her train in dirty weather.” *Every* Marseillaise I passed,—and they were all so pretty, with their dark complexions, black eyes, and tasteful dresses,—had her hand behind at the small of her back, holding aloft the slack of her train. Modern fashion however, *à changé tout cela !*

As I passed along the inner quay, I was much struck with the strangely uniform appearance presented by the masts and yards of the feluccas, lying in double tiers, with their heads towards the quays on either side. These were as well dressed as the sloped arms of a regiment of guards, and between the double tiers, stretched a long sheet of clear water to the port entrance, as in Turner's pictures of Carthage. Besides the feluccas, there were of course other ships of every size and rig, but the number and uniformity of the former made them quite the distinctive feature. These latteen rigged craft are fine models, and reminded me greatly of our Mount's Bay boats. The build of both being possibly of long descent from the same source,—Phœnician colonists and traders. On one side I saw a tiny, sharp-ended, wing craft, careened over to have her bottom payed; on another one with sardine nets of the finest barked twine hung up to dry, other boats of the same build, each with a loose and flapping latteen, lying on all sides for hire.

The *aqua sporca* of the port for some yards distance round the quays, was a mass of floating orange peel, well worthy the attention of any spirited marmalade manufacturer ! and on reaching the north-eastern

corner, I found dozens of pretty orange girls where Rachel once took her stand, waiting with their baskets to bear away the golden apples, coming ashore by thousands from the Spanish fruiterers there moored side by side. Further on I came upon piles of earthen pots and pans in myriads, from the tiniest pipkin no bigger than half a walnut, to those of Ali Babian size, all glazed within, and their richness of colour, suggesting Arabian Nights, and many a fairy tale; whilst "cabinets inodores" in huge letters, decked house front after house front, not only round the quays, but even in the main streets and squares.

Corn, cotton, millet, palm, and other strange feathery looking seeds, and grain of every kind, poured forth in heaps from the ships. Hides, salt, fruit, oil, and wine strewed the quays, and the traffic about a quarter that of Liverpool, seemed immense. As the carts, waggons, and wains lumbered by, I noticed the strange horse collars. Those throughout southern Europe vary in a remarkable manner, each district having a kind of its own; that of Marseille is a tall wooden cone like a tusk, or sharpened sugar loaf, towering in the middle, with wooden horns on either side of it curving outwards for the reins.

The square at the centre of this quay was crowded like a market place, with seamen from every nation under the sun. All pacing to and fro as if on watch, and now and then forming knots, with glittering eyes, shrugging shoulders, and arms waving and gesticulating, as they jabbered some sea tale or told of some frolic on shore.

A little Greek skipper with a huge fez big enough to put him in, was quite amusing. The little fellow had a voice like Lablache, and eyes like a basilisk, and every now and then hove to in his waddling course, to emphasize what he said to the attentive skippers around him. After vociferating a mouthful of sonorous Greek, he would smack his fez till its long fringe danced again, then nuctate, and resume his course. Anon he'd stop again, and in the course of a more than usually long disquisition smack his fez this way, that way, and every way in turn, so that at one moment it had the look of a *chapeau à mortier*, at another that of a mitre; then it became a Parsee turban, next a *chapel gore*, and so on, in fact, "did he maul it about"—to use a sea expression—"till he knocked it into a cocked hat," in all which Protean changes however, the scarlet seemed only to glitter the more, but oh his curves, oscillations, and nuctations, his voice, and his swing! Here, a sea b y knocked away the spines of an *oursin* with his knife, and when he h i chipped it all round and it fell open, scooped out the coral colour i coquillage with the blade and swallowed it with all the gusto we shor l an early native; there, some Dutchman, Russ, or Dane stripped i a

orange, and sent the peel flying over the quay to swell the mass floating in the adjoining basin.

Quitting these denizens of the deep, and pursuing my way through a continuous traffic along the broad wharves, I passed ship chandler's and other dock side shops, pilot stations where I could hear Phocæan *Palinurus*es snoring loudly from their bunks against the wall,—and a mousse training ship moored opposite, till I came to Fort St. Jean : where crossing the drawbridge, and addressing the sentinel, he directed me to the chef de peloton, who ordered one of the guard to show me round. Off then we started, through courts and arches ; up steps and along passages, past armourers, busily filing and hammering rifles and bayonets, and past stores where box upon box of these arms were piled from floor to ceiling,—St. Jean being a dépôt for Algiers. My guide had been two years in garrison at Marseille, which is an acclimatisation station for troops either going to, or coming from Algeria. He told me the strange cupola on the tower was a para-tonnere, to shed off the lightning should it strike the magazine, under which was a well, I know not how many hundreds of feet deep.

Looking over the ramparts, I saw raking batteries far down by the water side, one facing seaward, and another the entrance of the port. The view indeed from the battlements of this queer old pile of walls, platforms, and towers, was a worthy pendent to that from La Garde ; from one tower I looked over the forest of masts, and patches of bright coloured buntin in the harbour ; from another looking across an intervening bay, I could see the rows of warehouses, and long piers enclosing the Joliette harbour, with tiers of ships moored within. The heavy pile of the cathedral still in progress, and fine blocks of houses stood in rear of these, and behind all a steep rocky coast vanished westward in pink, towards the Delta of the Rhone.

Quitting the fort, I continued my way along the dry dock adjoining it and connecting the old and new harbours ; crossed some swing bridges between the basins ; passed a dozen or more watermen on the sea wall, each of whom endeavoured to seduce me into hiring his boat, whose latteen flapped to and fro in the breeze, and taking a sail to the "Châtea d' If and prison of Monte Christo," and seated myself on a rock by the landing place, in a bay between the fort and the basins, to enjoy the salt breeze. An hour at least I spent watching the tideless sea dashing against the steps, shooting aloft in sparkling globules, and falling in a shower of prismatic spray ; gulls the while screaming in air round me, or now and then dipping and flapping their wings awkwardly, as they rose and circled round and round, repeating their hoarse sea

cry. And this was the blue Mediterranean, I had so longed to see! The midland water round whose fair margin civilization had worked its way to the confines of the world.

The Phoenicians were the *first* to begin it, "says Herodotus (445 B.C.)," for at command of Neco King of Egypt (604 B.C), setting out from the Red sea, they navigated the southern sea; when autumn came they went ashore, and sowed the land, by whatever part of Africa they happened to be sailing, and waited for harvest; then having reaped the corn, they put to sea again. When two years had thus passed, in the third, having doubled the Straits of Gibraltar, they arrived in Egypt, and related (what did not appear credible to Herodotus, *but may now to us,*) that as they sailed round Africa, they had seen the sun on their right hand.* The Phoenicians having next migrated from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and having settled in the country which they then inhabited, forthwith applied themselves to distant voyages† and introduced among the Greeks many kinds of useful knowledge, and more particularly letters.‡ Then followed the Phocæans, who were the first of all the Greeks who undertook long voyages, and they were the people who discovered the Adriatic, and Corsican seas, and Spain and Portugal. They made their voyages in fifty oared galleys, and not in merchant ships|| till being pressed by the Persians, they launched these fifty oared galleys, and having first put their wives, children, and goods on board, together with their images from the temples, and other offerings, except works of brass or stone or pictures, with these exceptions, having put everything on board, and embarked themselves, they set sail for Chios; and the Persians took possession of Phocæa, *abandoned by all its inhabitants.*§ And thus two thousand years ago (539 B.C.) the Phocæans came sailing hither and founded Massilia.

On the very rock I sat, the first Phocæan matrons might have spread their dripping clothes, and babbled loudly of their long borne toils, whilst their children scooped out the pholades or sought shell fish around; and their husbands were toiling in the adjoining port, setting on shore their household gods and rearing their future home. Many a tear fell here over memories past! Many a sigh hence was wafted towards the rising sun! Anon fanes, and temples, theatres and palaces arose, and rich argosies came bellying in with goods from every clime. Ionia again appeared, far, far west, of its once far setting sun. And what of all this remains? No crumbling wall, or time stained pillar, no shattered torso, or carved stone; no memento save their name, and the spirit of those Greeks of old! Centuries have gone mouldering on, yet

*Herodotus iv. 42. †Her i. vii. 89. ‡Her v. 58. ||Her i. 163. §Her i. 164.

the Phocæans live. Their long steam galleys still plough every sea. Liberty, as of yore is still a Marseilles cry : and rather than be slaves, again they'd march in serried phalanx on, or launch their fiery long backed barks and crying *ça ira*, hie to other climes.

Phocæorum

"Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
Agros atque Lares proprios, habitandaque fana
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis;
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus."

Hor : Ep : Car xvi, 17.

"As the Phocæan State, when once they'd sworn,
In forward tramp, by weary feet were borne ;
Or o'er seas, where south, or south-west wind,
Bade them steer—and left their homes behind.
Their fields, their fanes, the haunt for ever more
Of rav'ning wolf, and wild Ionian boar."

Antiquities at Marseilles there are positively none. A splendid city of modern and still growing palaces, interspersed with trees, walks, squares, and fountains ; ports thronged with shipping of all nations ; 190,000 Marseillais, and a floating population, like Babel turned loose—such is modern Marseille ! But here comes a steamer from La Joliette: let us see what kind of craft ply between this and Naples. The Joliette is a fine square basin formed by a breakwater 1,350 yards in length, with two moles 590 yards apart, extending to it from the shore. I should have said basins: as the dry dock before referred to connects the old port with an inner basin, which again is connected with two others and the sea, by several entrances leading from one to the other. The outer basin, with its long surrounding walls and open entrances, was so large that the steamers lying there looked like mere river boats : and as I found the passage money was paid at the offices in the city ; thither I returned along the Rue Impériale. Atlantes, and Caryatides, I should think over twelve feet high, support many of the door entablatures in this palatial street. Along it I went for about a mile, and then turned to the right into the Cannebière leading to the offices of Freycinet and Co., I think in the Rue du Paradis, on the left hand near the port.

Having secured my passage for the second day therefrom, I felt relieved ; though so far as climate went, Marseille seemed mild enough for me, without going any further : but the die was cast, and I had started for Naples and the south. When lighted up at night, Marseille is gay indeed. Hosts of cafés line the broad pavements, their lustres glittering with gas, their double glass doors swinging noiselessly to and

fro, their marble topped tables rattling with coffee cups and dominoes, and their halls and recesses fragrant with tabs of orange, lemon, and myrtle plants in full bloom. Gaily dressed beauties, escorted by dandy cavaliers, pace to and fro the pavements, ogled by cigarette smoking troopers with clashing sabres, crimson breeched foot soldiers, and sauntering *petits maîtres*, glass in eye. Cabs, and busses rattle through the streets, and the singing halls are all crammed to suffocation.

The Alcazar one of the latter is quite as large as our Alhambra, and decorated in the Moorish style, with colored lustres, pendant crescents, and horse tail plumes. The stage is in turns either occupied by singers, who shout forth the trra-la-la-la, &c., burdens of their *chansons libres*, amidst rapturous applause from a densely packed hall, and crowded galleries, which chuckle nightly at their racy innuendoes and smoke to a man: by hosts of brigands, whom one little Frenchman puts to flight, amidst the bravos ! of an excited audience; or by English tourists—in “tourist’s suits,” with red Dundreary whiskers, and eye glasses lisping forth nonsense that sets the people in a roar, interlarding this rapid twaddle with frequent oh yis’es ! and emphasizing everything with the ejaculation *goddam*, applied as an epithet to our countrymen by poor Joan of Arc, and by which we have been known in France, any time these five hundred years since, if not before! Spite of this mild Anglophobia, self interest will step in; and the Marseillais secure English governesses, and English nurses for their children : and blue eyes, Teutonic noses, pale faces, and yellow hair are consequently often seen amidst a bevy of burning glances, olive faces, eastern noses, and raven tresses of the gayer, and more elastic children of Provence.

The mild climate and sea air of Marseille, should make it a fine retreat from northern winters. And the constant changes going on in the port, the variety of peoples thronging it, the cruises that may be taken from it in fine weather in the felucca rigged boats ; and the places in the neighbourhood attainable by boat or rail, would prevent time hanging heavily on hand. Spite of my muscular ailment, I could well have passed another week at Marseille, rambling through its streets, markets, and arcades ; watching the life and bustle round the quays, and mounting the neighbouring hill.

The movement round the port reminded me of Lower Thames Street: that in the Cannebière, and adjoining streets, of Cheapside, though the thoroughfares are over twice the width there, that they are in London. It was then mid’winter, yet the oranges, and shrubs at the Hôtel and café doors, the general character of the produce exposed for sale, and an aroma pervading the entire air, smacked if not of summer, of the sunny

south, and gave the atmosphere quite another flavour to that of the hyperborean murk in a London fog.

Leaving word to be called in the morning, arranging about the omnibus, and seeing these directions noted on the slate, I tottered up to bed on the eve of my departure, and slept soundly till the morn.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A MEETING of this Institution was held Thursday, 3rd March, at its house, John-street, Adelphi; his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, F.C., in the chair. The silver medal of the Institution and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum were granted to Capt. David Robertson, R.N., assistant-inspector of life-boats to the Institution, in acknowledgment of his gallant services in putting off in Yarmouth and Gorleston life-boats on the 13th and 14th February, during an easterly gale, and saving twelve out of thirteen persons forming the crews of the wrecked vessels Giovannina A. of Venice, and the Favourite, of Arbroath.

The sum of £32 5s. were also voted to pay the expense of the two boats on these occasions, and £28 for two other services rendered by the same life-boat at Yarmouth, in saving the crews, numbering fourteen men of the wrecked schooner St. Cyran, of Hull, and the smack Admiral of Yarmouth. Rewards amounting to £303 17s. were also granted to the crews of twenty-nine other life-boats of the Institution for various services during the recent storms. The life-boats of the Institution saved altogether during the past two months 170 persons from different vessels, every one of whom would probably have perished in the absence of the help of the life-boat. Various other rewards were likewise granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments to the amount of about £1,200 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. Various liberal contributions were announced as having been received from Bradford, Reading, Dundee, Northampton, Dublin, Henley-on-Thames, Settle, Yardley, and other places.

The legacy and interest thereon of the late Mr. James Davidson Shaw, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, amounting to £449 18s., had also been received. Legacies had likewise been left to the Institution by the late Mr. Stanton Meyrick, of Brompton; the late Mrs. Mary Ann Wood, of Bath; and the late Mr. R. W. Simonds, of Winchester. Mr. William Smith, of Bowden, had placed £300 in the hands of the Corporation of Manchester, the interest of which was to be given in perpetuity to the Institution, in aid of the support of its Manchester life-boats.

The British Workman life-boat was ordered to be stationed at Palling, on the coast of Norfolk. A first instalment of £450, in aid of this life-boat

establishment, has been forwarded to the Institution through Mr. T. B. Smithies. A public meeting had been held at Dartmouth, convened and presided over by the Mayor, at which it was decided that a life-boat was not needed there. A new life-boat had recently been sent to Appledore, on the north coast of Devon.

Reports were read from Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., the inspector of life-boats, and from the assistant inspector, on their recent visits to different life-boat stations.

SAPPHO & CAMBRIA.

HAVING devoted many pages of the *Magazine* to the correspondence between the owners of Dauntless and Cambria, and wishing to give all parties fair play, we beg now to submit that of Sappho and Cambria:—

*Hotel du Parlement, 1, Rue de la Ferme des Maturins,
Paris, January, 6th, 1870.*

DEAR SIR,—Not having been favoured by you with any correspondence since Sept. 27th, 1869, I was somewhat surprised to find stated in *Bell's Life* of January 1st, that you had, on your return from the Suez Canal, given me the option of sailing the three races proposed by you last summer, either immediately or during the month of May next.

In your letter, of the 14th December, addressed to Mr. Bennett, you allude to three important races to take place between the Cambria and Sappho next spring, *at my request*.

If you will kindly look over the correspondence which has taken place between us, I think that you will find that in every instance I have objected to the course round the Isle of Wight.

My first communication to you, on the 19th January, 1869, was a challenge for an open race free from the influence of light land breezes, currents, &c. You replied, accepting my challenge, but qualifying it by naming the three following courses, viz., round the Isle of Wight, Eddystone and back, Cherbourg and back. In answer to this I stated that such were not the courses contemplated by me when I named an open course, and concluded by offering to sail the Cambria either to the Azores and back, or 50 miles to sea and back from the west coast of Ireland.

I then received a letter from you, saying that, although the objections that you had made to the Dauntless were applicable to the Sappho, still at the same time it would give you much pleasure to sail the Sappho a longer race did your engagements permit you to do so. You were going to Cork or Dublin for racing purposes, and had no doubt but that I would sail to either of these places with you.

When I had the pleasure of meeting you in Cowes I endeavoured to explain, both to you and Sir Kingdon James, that the course round the Isle of Wight was as unfair to an American yacht as the course round Long

Island would be to an English yacht competing in our waters. I thought at the time that you were convinced by what I said. After this, wishing to bring the matter to some satisfactory termination, I addressed a letter to you, asking you to give me the first race in the spring of 1870. On the 23rd of September you replied as follows:—

“As regards the proposed races, *Cambria* and *Sappho*, you are aware that I did not challenge you, and simply consented, as an act of courtesy, to give you the Wight race and two longer ones, as I do not profess to be able to pit my vessel against yours for ocean purposes. I consider myself bound to give you the three races promised, viz., round the Wight, Cherbourg and back, Eddystone and back, and on my return in December, I shall see you and duly arrange to give you the races to meet your convenience.”

Supposing that it was your final determination to give me no other races than these mentioned, and knowing that you were well acquainted with my views on the subject, I let the matter drop, regarding the whole business at an end.

I cannot conceive why you should not profess to be able to pit your vessel against mine for ocean purposes, when you waive all considerations in regard to the *Dauntless*, a vessel of equal tonnage with the *Sappho*, and agree to race her from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook.

I have this day sent a communication to the *Times*, the *Field*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Telegraph*, containing a challenge to any schooner yacht to sail across the Atlantic during the month of July, 1870.

I have also challenged any schooner yacht to sail from the Nab Light to Cherbourg Breakwater and back during the first week in June, and I beg of you to consider yourself specially included in this challenge.

In thus offering to sail both an Ocean and a Channel race, I trust that I may refute the insinuation which you throw out in your answer to paragraph 2 of Mr. Bennett's letter, that American yachtsmen are afraid to meet their English competitors in any waters where the per centage is not greatly in their favour. The Isle of Wight race I emphatically decline. In so doing, I am acting in accordance with the advice of many English yachtsmen, whom I have consulted on the subject.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours truly,

WM. DOUGLAS.

James Ashbury, Esq., 6, Eastern Terrace, Brighton.

The ocean race between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless* having been satisfactorily arranged and being anxious that the *Sappho* should have some part in the international contest, I hereby challenge any schooner yacht in Great Britain or Ireland to sail against the *Sappho* from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook.

I should prefer to start on the 4th of July, the day on which Mr. Ashbury and Mr. Bennett are to sail, but I am prepared to sail on any day during the month of July, that the acceptor of my challenge may choose.

I propose that the race should be for a cup of the value of from 50 to 250 guineas.

The above challenge I shall leave open for acceptance for the period of one month from the date of its insertion.

I am also willing to sail any schooner yacht in Great Britain or Ireland from the Nab Light to Cherbourg Breakwater and back, any day during the first week in June, for a cup of the value of 50 guineas. I am willing that this contest should be decided either by one or three races over the same course.

I have limited the time for this race to the first week in June, in view of the probable acceptance of my challenge to cross the Atlantic, in which event I should not wish to have any engagement for two or three weeks prior to the day of starting.

In case of no one taking up my challenge for the ocean race I shall extend the time through the months of June and July. Thirty days notice, however, must be given to enable the yachts to prepare.

6, *Eastern Terrace, Brighton, Jan. 31st, 1870.*

DEAR SIR,—On the 7th inst. I had the pleasure to receive yours of the 6th, and in accordance with my general rule I acknowledged possession the same day, and stated I would reply thereto at my earliest convenience. You commenced by expressing surprise at a paragraph in *Bell's Life* of January 1st, which stated I had given you the option of racing over three courses forthwith or in the spring, and as proposed by me on February 1st, 1869, consequent on the request contained in yours of January 19th, 1869, viz., that I would allow the *Cambria* to sail against the *Sappho*, and you concluded with the following words, but did not define any particular course:—

“Permit me, however, to remark that an open course, free from the influence of light land breezes, currents, &c., would place the yachts on a more equal footing, the *Sappho* being rigged for ocean and winter cruising.”

On the arrival of the *Sappho* in August, 1868, her then owner selected his own course for the race of 25th August, (and which English yachtsmen believe an excellent one to test a vessel on all points of sailing), viz., round the Isle of Wight, a distance of nearly sixty miles. The race concluded thus:—*Cambria*, 6h. 17m. 8s.; *Aline*, 6h. 19m. 26s.; *Oimara*, 6h. 22m. 42s.; *Condor*, 6h. 25m. 42s.; *Sappho*, 8h. When you had made your extensive alterations to the *Sappho*, I considered I ought to give her another trial over the same course in which she had been defeated, and with the important addition of two other races peculiarly adapted to her qualities, viz., from the Isle of Wight round the Cherbourg breakwater and back, the distance being about 155 miles, and from the Wight round the Eddystone Lighthouse and back, about 236 miles. In suggesting these races I did not anticipate any objection from you or others on the ground that I had not complied

with your request, as expressed in your concluding remarks of the 1st, February, as before quoted. In commenting on this, the *Spirit of the Times* (New York) of about February, 1869, said:—

“The conditions named for the Sappho and Cambria match are very fair, as far as we can judge from the data before us. Mr. Douglas proposed a race longer than the course round the Isle of Wight, but he did not stipulate for any long race at sea. Mr. Ashbury named a course from Cowes around Eddystone, Cherbourg, and back to Cowes—as long and good a course as can be selected in the British Channel, and longer than the courses usually sailed over by the yachts of the New York Yacht Clubs in their regattas and matches. If the Sappho and Cambria beat round the Eddystone Light in a strong south-west gale, they will find enough sea to test their powers, and quite enough to satisfy the most aspiring candidate for “A life on the ocean wave.”

On the 1st May, 1869, the same paper thus referred to the Channel races proposed by me ; and to comments thereon by the *New York Herald*.

“One of the most ludicrous mistakes ever fallen into was that of the papers which supposed the Channel to be smooth, land-locked waters. Their ‘chops’ lie open to the winds of the west and to the billows piled up by the Atlantic, in a wide sweep from Newfoundland to the British Island. About twenty-four hours on a wind in heavy weather in the neighbourhood of Tuskar Island would be enough to satisfy anybody as to the seas to be encountered in the Channel.”

In paragraph 2 you allude to a letter I addressed to Mr. Bennett on the 14th December. Telegrams accepted. I have not written to that gentleman since the 14th November, dated Port Said, and in paragraph 18 of that letter you will find the three races mentioned to which I presume you meant to refer, thus:—

“Having at Mr. Douglas’s request promised to race the Cambria against the Sappho for three important races, I wished to avoid their taking place in the summer when light winds and calms prevail.”

In my allusion to the three races I proposed, it was not my intention to ascribe their origin to *you*, but that they were courses consequent on your letter of the 19th January, 1869, which, in paragraph 3, you say:—

“Was a challenge for an open race, free from the influence of light land breezes, currents,” &c.

In paragraph 4 you state I accepted your challenge, but qualified it by naming three courses. Permit me to say that, as no course was suggested by you, there could be no qualification ; and by naming the three races, I merely endeavoured to expedite an equitable understanding. In your letter of February 20th, you expressed a preference for a race to the coast of Spain or the Azores, or fifty or sixty miles out to sea and back from the west coast of Ireland, on March 8th, 1869. I declined the two former races for the same reason, which at *that* period decided me to refuse the Dauntless an Atlantic race, and as regards the latter there was and is no reason why we should be put to the inconvenience of going to the West of

Ireland to find a fifty or sixty mile course. My communication of the 6th March clearly expressed my ultimatum *not* to race the Sappho in an Atlantic race, and which is reiterated in your letter of the 6th January, 1870, by giving me an extract from my letter of the 23rd September, 1869, the concluding paragraph in question reading thus :—

“I consider myself bound to give you the three races as promised, viz., round the Isle of Wight, Cherbourg and back, Eddystone and back ; and on my return in December I will see you and duly arrange to give you the races to meet your convenience.”

And in the absence of further correspondence, I trust you will allow I was justified in concluding you had accepted the three races named by me, especially so as I said nothing to you at Cowes which could lead you to conclude I intended to accept the Sappho for an Atlantic race, or to modify my conditions ; in fact, the reason why these three races did not come off before my departure for the Suez Canal was, you had promised Mr. Fish, your builder, that you would not race my yacht unless he was on board. On Sept. 21st. while the Cambria was still in the Channel by stress of weather, you thus wrote me :—

“Mr. Fish, who altered the model of the Sappho, and who has agreed to sail her in any race she may enter, has arrived here in the Meteor. He is obliged to return to America this autumn ; but I have made arrangements for him to come back in the spring ; I shall be entirely ready to sail toward the end of May or the beginning of June, if convenient to you. I write this more particularly to ask you to bear me in mind, and, as the Sappho has once been so badly beaten by your yacht, to give me the first race next spring.”

Having definitely declined an Atlantic race—given you a distinct proposition for three races—and in the absence of any intimation from you that you declined to accept my challenge, I felt somewhat surprised on reading your letter in which you say “you considered the whole business at an end.” Referring to your remark in paragraph 6 as to an Atlantic Ocean race, allow me to remind you that my challenges to all America, dated October 3, 1868, were based on the Royal Thames Yacht Club's rule of measurement ; but consequent on no decision having come to between our clubs and the New York Yacht Club, I waived this to me all important question, and in my letter to Mr. Bennett of November 14th, 1869, consented to accept the New York Yacht Club's measurement, which, I am advised, would make the Cambria about 237 tons, as against 188 tons, English measurement ; it is therefore competent for you to have the Sappho and the Cambria measured at Cowes by the New York Yacht Club's rule, and if your vessel is within the stipulated ten per cent. limit I am bound to give you the following races, and for a 50 guinea-cup each race:—

Series No. 1 :—

First.—Round the Isle of Wight.

Second.—From the Isle of Wight round the Cherbourg Breakwater and back.

Third.—From the Isle of Wight, Eddystone Lighthouse, and back.

Fourth.—Cowes to New York; but in view of my engagement of the 4th July to race the Dauntless to New York, I would accept as the starting point the Old Head of Kinsale and the same date.

Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh.—A 60 mile triangular course in New York Bay. If it is found, by your own Club rule, that the Sappho is not within the terms of my challenges of the 3rd of October, 1868, I beg to say the following series are open for your acceptance, a 50 guinea cup each race:—

Series No. 2:—

First.—Around the Isle of Wight.

Second.—From Cowes around the Cherbourg Breakwater and back.

Third.—From Cowes around the Eddystone Lighthouse and back.

To meet your objections to light land breezes for No. 1, (in Series 2,) or all the races, I propose the yachts shall be at their moorings at Cowes on the 1st of April, and that they sail one or all the matches in half a gale, in order to obviate the annoyance of sailing in light winds, which might be the case if sailed later in the year. Your remarks as to currents, &c., I believe exist more in imagination than reality.

To prevent your being under any supposed disadvantage as regards a pilot round the Isle of Wight, I have written to William Nicholls, who was the pilot of the Cambria in the race against the Sappho in 1868, and he says:—

“If I am engaged by the owner of the Sappho to sail her in any match, I should do my best to win in her, as I should if I were sailing the Cambria or any other of our English yachts.”

If, by reason of excessive size, your vessel is not eligible for Series No. 1, and if you decline Series No. 2, I will give you another Series—No. 3.

Three races round the Nab and Owers Lightships (15 miles apart), with a steamer anchored 20 miles out at sea, so as to thus form a triangular course of 55 miles, for a 50 guinea cup each race.

In paragraph 9 you say:—

“In thus offering to sail an ocean race and a Channel race, I trust that I may refute the insinuation which you throw out in your answer to paragraph 2 of Mr. Bennett's letter, that American yachtsmen are afraid to meet their English competitors where the per centage is not greatly in their favor.”

You must excuse my saying that your emphatic determination not to race round the course where the Sappho was so signally defeated confirms the impression expressed in my letter to Mr. Bennett, that American yachtsmen evince reluctance to accept any race on terms as might endanger their success.

If you now decide to accept Series No. 2 or No. 3, or both, the above remark would certainly not be applicable to you; but a determination to adhere to the Cherbourg course only will leave you open to such opinions; because, in a triangular course, or round the Wight, you get sailing on every point, with a certainty of more or less turning to windward. But such may not be the case in the Cherbourg course, inasmuch as if the wind be blowing

either up or down Channel you would get a soldier's wind, and thereby such as would give the Sappho or other American yachts an undue advantage, seeing there would be no turning to windward.

If you decline the race round the Isle of Wight, I shall conclude that you do so from your belief that the Sappho would stand no chance in turning to windward against the Cambria. The second race (Series 2) is a course you have yourself selected; and the third one you ought not to object to, seeing it is a much longer course and a better one than that of your own selection.

To prevent any correspondence arising on the question of mode of measurement, I will accept the N. Y. Y. C. rule and race the Sappho as afore stated, with Cowes or Ryde time allowance proportionate to the course sailed; for example, assuming the Wight course 60 miles and the time allowance 15 minutes, the time for the Cherbourg race would be 30 minutes, if the distance is, say 120 miles.

Referring to paragraph 6 of your letter, as follows:—

“I cannot conceive why you should not profess to be able to pit your vessel against mine for ocean purposes, when you waive all considerations in regard to the Dauntless, a vessel of equal tonnage with the Sappho, and agree to race her from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook.”

My reason for waiving my proposition for a series of races in English and American waters, the starting point for the Atlantic race to be the Old Head of Kinsale instead of Cowes, the date of departure, and accepting the ocean race only, &c., &c., was from a conviction that without I conceded all these points in deference to Mr. Bennett's wishes, the controversey appeared interminable, with the great probability of there being no race.

In making these various concessions it has been in opposition to the advice of several friends, experienced yachtsmen; and having done it in the case of the Dauntless, I feel I ought not to be called upon to extend it to the Sappho or other vessels so much larger than the Cambria.

Allow me to request you will make no counter-propositions in any way or shape. My ultimatum is before you, and it is simply for you to accept No. 1 Series, failing that, Nos. 2 or 3, or both; if you decline all, there will be no race between Sappho and Cambria.

If you decide that the Sappho shall be at her moorings on the 1st of April, kindly advise me at your early convenience, as the Cambria is now entirely dismantled and the crew paid off for the winter,

I remain, respectfully yours,

JAMES ASHBURY.

William Douglas, Esq.

P.S.—Since writing the foregoing I have received your letter of the 28th instant. I am gratified to find that, after sending your communication of the 6th of January, you received my letters written to you in December, the non-forwarding of which by your agent very naturally caused you to conclude I had not addressed you since the 27th of September.

Long's Hotel, London, Feb. 10th, 1870.

DEAR SIR.—I have already acknowledged the receipt of your letter of the 31st of January, in which, to my equal surprise and regret, you decline my challenge given a month since to any yacht in England and especially to the *Cambria*, for one or three races across the English Channel, from the Nab Light to Cherbourg and back, and refuse to give the *Sappho* any race at all except over courses of your own selection and under conditions of your own dictation.

I have brought the *Sappho* across the Atlantic Ocean because I do not believe that her defeat in England under her former owner, over a course condemned as unsatisfactory by many prominent English yachtsmen, was a fair test of her qualities as compared with English yachts. I was anxious to make a match with any yacht in England over some suitable course, in English waters, and I gave the preference to the *Cambria* for the reason that she chanced to be the winner of the contest in which the *Sappho* was formerly defeated. I expected that my right to name the course to be sailed over would have been conceded, and I do not believe that any English yachtsman except yourself will regard that expectation as unreasonable.

Allow me briefly to notice one or two points in your letter:—1. The article to which you allude, in the *Spirit of the Times*, February, 1869, which was written under the impression that the course proposed by you was a triangular one, having at the three angles of the triangle, respectively, Cowes, Eddystone and Cherbourg. The telegram which was sent to New York before the arrival of your letter conveyed this idea. It ran thus: "From Cowes eastwardly through Spithead around the Isle of Wight, thence outwardly to and around the Eddystone Lighthouse, thence south-easterly to Cherbourg, France, thence northerly to Cowes, the place of beginning, through the Solent." When your letter was received, and it was seen that you contemplated not one but three courses, in the distance named, each for a separate race, a very different view was taken of the proposition.

2. The argument by which you endeavoured to prove that the *Sappho* ought to accept the course round the Isle of Wight would be much more forcible if used on the other side of the question. Would it not be natural to suppose that if you really considered the *Cambria* to be as much superior to the *Sappho* as you have more than once boasted, that you would yourself prefer some new course on which to assert that superiority, and prove that it was not the result of accident or a better knowledge of the course that gave you the victory? Your argument, in reality, amounts to this: Because I have beaten the *Sappho* by nearly two hours round the Isle of Wight, therefore that course is the best one over which to test the sailing and sea-going qualities of the *Sappho* as compared with those of the *Cambria*, and should without hesitation be accepted by the former vessel; which is absurd.

Permit me to state that the presence of Mr. Fish at Cowes last summer would have made no difference in my determination not to accept what I considered an unfair and unsatisfactory course.

By what sense of justice you assume the right not only to choose all the

courses, impose all the conditions (the Sappho having no voice in the matter whatever) but also to brand the Sappho with a self acknowledged inferiority should she decline any one of the conditions which you are pleased to lay down, I cannot see.

I offered to sail to the Azores and back, or fifty miles out from the west coast of Ireland and back, *bona fide* open races, such as were at first contemplated by me. These you declined, your objection to the last-named being the inconvenience of going to Ireland. Was it an extravagant proposition on the part of a yacht which had come 3,500 miles to race any English yacht—the Cambria in particular? Reluctantly I abandoned these courses in order, as far as possible, to meet your views; and on the 6th of January I offered to race the Cambria next June over one of your own favourite courses in the English Channel, from the Nab to Cherbourg and back. Again you declined to race. Being now convinced that if I claim any voice whatever in the choice of courses you will withhold from the Sappho that satisfaction which, before she crossed the ocean last summer, you so often expressed a willingness to give, I now abandon the course from the Nab to Cherbourg and back and accept the course which you name in your letter, viz., from the Nab Light around Owers Lightship, a distance of fifteen miles; thence to and around a stake-boat or steamer stationed twenty miles out at sea, and back to the Nab Light, making a triangular race of fifty-five miles.

Owing to the extensive repairs necessary to the Sappho before she can be put in sailing order, repairs which I am informed by Mr. White will take two months, and being without either officers or crew, I proposed in my letter of the 6th of January that we should not sail before the first week in June. To accommodate you, however, I will press forward the work, and will sail in the month of May, as proposed by you in a letter dated December 30th, after your match with the Dauntless had been arranged for the 4th of July. In a previous letter, dated December 27th, you say that the end of May, or even the beginning of June, would be quite agreeable to you. These letters being sent to Cowes did not reach me, as I was in Paris, until after I had forwarded my letter of the 6th of January.

I do not ask for half a gale of wind, but am perfectly satisfied to take the weather as it comes.

There is one point, however, in your letter of the 31st of January to which I must take exception, viz., the new condition that you now impose on the Sappho—the allowance of time which you claim from her.

This is the first intimation I have had that the contest between the Cambria and the Sappho was to be anything but an even match, boat against boat, on their own merits, or that the owner of the Cambria thought of claiming time from a vessel which he professes to be able to beat two hours in sixty miles. I do not believe that any one thought that the Sappho was to be handicapped, and from the facts now before me I am forced to the conclusion that the idea has but lately suggested itself to your own mind. Were this merely my own impression and that of my friends I should not mention it, but I have now before me your own words, which prove most clearly that it was not your original intention to demand time.

At a meeting of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club soon after our first correspondence, having alluded to the challenge of the *Sappho*, and your response thereto, your remarks are thus reported.

"The same reasons for not racing the *Dauntless* would justify him (Mr. Ashbury) in refusing to race the *Sappho*, but he was *quite willing to forego the difference in tonnage between them.*"

This is a plain straitforward statement of your intentions, and can bear but one construction.

If, therefore, you are willing to abide by your own words, the *Sappho* will be ready to meet the *Cambria* on any day you may designate on or after the first day of May next, to sail against her over the course above named of your own selection.

We shall mutually pledge ourselves to sail all the three races ; not less than two or more than five days to intervene between each race, unless by mutual consent.

If, on the other hand, you still decline to meet the *Sappho*, although I shall not follow your example by imputing to you motives or fears, I must be allowed to say that any further remarks from you on the lack of courage evinced by American yachtsmen would be singularly inappropriate.

I am, Sir, Yours truly,

WM. DOUGLAS.

James Ashbury, Esq.

6, *Eastern Terrace, Brighton*

22nd *February, 1870.*

DEAR SIR,— Having simply acknowledged possession of your favour of the 10th instant, replying to my proposals of the 31st of January, the latter as an answer to your challenge to all England, of the 6th of January, 1870, I now have the pleasure to reply in detail to the said communication of the 10th :—

Paragraph 2.—You herein express your regret and surprise that I declined the Cherbourg course, and ended thus :—

"And refuse to give the *Sappho* any race at all, except over courses of your own selection and under conditions of your own dictation."

In Mr. Bennett's letter to me, of October 1869, you will find the following :—

"As you have now reconsidered your refusal and challenge the *Dauntless* to an Atlantic race, I accept your proposition, and, exercising the right of the challenged party, I name the course, &c., &c."

As this gentleman is the Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club he, doubtless, writes with authority as to the custom of American yachtsmen to consider the *challenged* party as having the right to name the course. Assuming this to be the case, I am the challenged person, not you, consequent on your letter of 19th of January, 1869, requesting one or more races

with the Cambria; so that, from an American point of view, I am quite in order in having suggested the several courses, and believe equally so in declining any course which might give the Sappho undue advantages, as already explained. I had no intention to quibble on the point as to who was challenger, but suggested three distinct series of races, which, including what may be herein suggested, are in my opinion fair, equitable propositions; and in the event of no race resulting, I am quite prepared to leave yachtsmen and the public of England and America to form an unprejudiced opinion as to the fairness of my proposals.

In referring to the course round the Isle of Wight you say thus:—

“Paragraph 4.—Would it not be natural to suppose that if you really considered the Cambria as much superior to the Sappho as you have more than once boasted, that you would yourself prefer some new course on which to assert that superiority.”

In your letter to me of the 6th January, 1870, you give an extract of a letter of mine to you on the 23rd September, 1869, thus:—

“As regards the proposed races, Cambria and Sappho, you are aware that I did not challenge you, and simply consented as an act of courtesy to give you the Wight race and two longer ones, as I do not profess to be able to pit my vessel against yours for ocean purposes.”

And in my letter of the 30th January, declining the Cherbourg course, I practically admitted the Sappho would be the fastest vessel off the wind, although I therein expressed an opinion that the Cambria might be the best on a wind; and, under the usual time allowances of England or America, I think such might be the case. I have never used the word “boasted” verbally or in writing, as the above extract would appear to confirm.

Paragraph 10.—Herein you say my letter of the 31st January, was the first intimation of any time allowance to be given to the Cambria by the Sappho, from which third parties would conclude that I was endeavouring to impose a condition upon you contrary to the yachting regulations of England and America.

Consequent upon your request of the 19th January, 1869, I replied on the 1st February, offering you series No. 2 of my letter of 31st January, 1870, and said—

“The conditions as you observe can be arranged on your arrival in this country.”

What conditions? Certainly not the courses to be sailed over, because those I clearly defined. The conditions referred to dates for sailing, question of measurement, and customary time allowance. The former there can be no difficulty about, the second point I unreservedly waived, and agreed to accept the N.Y.Y.C. rule instead of R.T.Y.C., to prevent any question of controversy, thereby making the time allowance greatly in your favor as compared with the latter rule. As to the time question, as Rear-Commodore of the N.Y.Y.C., you must know it is the rule for large vessels to give small ones time allowance. Rule 2 of your own Sailing Regulations says:—

"Time shall be allowed for difference of measurement, according to the annexed tables at the end of Sailing Regulations."

Mr. J. B. Van Deusen, of New York, wrote fully to the *New York Herald* on the measurement question; two extracts I give thus:—

Firstly.—"The question of measurement and tonnage of yachts, and to equalize as nearly as possible, by a proper allowance of time and the difference in their respective sizes, has been the subject of much discussion since the earliest contest in yachting."

Secondly.—"Various bases of calculations and measurements for allowance of time between yachts of different size has been adopted from time to time by the New York Yacht Club, none of which seems to have given entire satisfaction. At first, time was allowed on tons measurement; after which a rule was adopted by which time was allowed on tons of displacement, obtained by actual weights of vessels, and again, the allowance of time was based on area of canvas or the vessel's propelling power, without regard to their comparative size, &c. &c."

In the *New York Spirit of the Times*, of May 1st, 1869, there appeared a long and able letter on time allowances, from which I extract the following —

"What is the object sought for by a system of allowances? What advantage has one yacht over another which affects her speed? If two yachts of different sizes, but of the same model, are compared, all will admit that the larger will be the faster, and just as much time as she excels by so much ought she to allow for, both being of the same model, every advantage she has is owing to something outside of model, i.e., size."

"We submit, then, that size is an advantage irrespective of model, and we believe this proposition will be universally admitted."

"Our English friends claim that the larger boat must allow, and we on this side of the Atlantic claim the same."

I think I have now conclusively shown to you and others that there was nothing unusual or unreasonable in requiring time allowance, especially after giving up so important a point as the mode of measurement. As regards your allusion to a remark I made at the R.V.Y.C. dinner, when speaking of the *Sappho* (as reported in *Field* of March 13th, 1869), that "I was willing to forego the difference in tonnage between them," I admit having said so but the *Sappho* of 1870 is a very different vessel to the *Sappho* of 1868, having since latter year been increased 2-ft. 6-in. at the water line, fifteen to twenty tons of lead run in to stiffen her, and sparred; and canvassed to ensure her a victory over yachts of half her tonnage, and seeing the *Cambria* only sailed the *Sappho* round the Wight, I now waive the time question for such race as the *Sappho* was defeated in, and herein offer to sail without time.

Paragraph 12.—In this, your concluding paragraph, you state:—

"I must be allowed to say that any further remarks from you on the lack of courage evinced by American yachtsmen would be singularly inappropriate."

The courage of Americans, either on land or water, is as undoubted by me as equally so by others; such a disparaging word has never been said or

written by me, directly or indirectly. The paragraph in my letter of the 31st January, which appears to have caused your comments, was simply thus:—

“If you decline the race round the Isle of Wight, I shall conclude that you do so from your belief that the Sappho would stand no chance in turning to windward against the Cambria.”

To this opinion I adhere; and I think on reflection you will find you have paid yourself a poor compliment by assuming your courage would be doubted because you did not choose to sail round the Wight.

No. 1 Series (in letter of 31st January) you decline, as implied by no reference thereto.

No 2 Series ditto.

No. 3 Series, or three triangular races, you say you will accept providing there is no time allowance.

I am sorry I cannot on this point meet your views, partly for the same reason which justified my declining the Cherbourg course. In certain winds you would have the wind free over two sides of the triangle,—20 miles each as against 13 miles—the base—in favour of the Cambria. I cannot, therefore, take such a risk: adopt your own mode of measurement, so much to my disadvantage, and then forego time, a request opposed to the practice of every Yacht Club in Great Britain and Ireland and in America.

I am, therefore, in hopes you will retire your objections as to the Isle of Wight course and the time allowance, and accept one of the following series without any further propositions, suggestions, or modifications, and failing such acceptance, there can be no race between the Cambria and the Sappho.

No. 1 Series.—To be conditional upon the Sappho being within 10 per cent. of Cambria's size by the N.Y.Y.C. measurement, with time allowances in proportion to the course sailed over as per Wight Clubs and N.Y.Y.C. rules respectively—the Atlantic race excepted.

Series No. 1;—

1st.—Round the Isle of Wight.

2nd.—From the Wight round the Cherbourg breakwater and back.

3rd.—From the Wight round the Eddystone Lighthouse and back.

4th.—From the Old Head of Kinsale to New York, on the 4th July.

5th, 6th and 7th.—A 60 mile triangular course in New York Bay.

Series No. 2:—

1st.—Round the Isle of Wight.

2nd.—From Cowes round the Cherbourg breakwater and back.

3rd.—From Cowes round the Eddystone Lighthouse and back.

Series No. 3:—

Three courses round the Nab and Owers lightships and a steamer or mark-boat anchored twenty miles out at sea, so as thus to form a triangular course of about 53 miles.

Series No. 4:—

Three races of 60 miles dead to windward and back, in the Channel, no conditions or time allowances.

Series No. 5 :—

Three races round the Isle of Wight, no conditions or time allowances.

Series No. 6 :—

Three races in New York Bay, 60 miles dead to windward and back, no conditions or time allowances.

Each race to be for a fifty guinea cup.

To expedite an early and I hope successful termination of what would soon be a controversy, I trust you will find it convenient to take your choice of the above series! in which case the Cambria will be found at Cowes about the middle of April, to await your convenience; at the same time I beg you will fit the Sappho out as quickly as you can so that we may not drift into calms and light winds. Allow me also to suggest that your crew (pilot excepted) should be purely Americans, inasmuch as if you win with a selected English crew it would greatly lessen your success.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

JAMES ASHBURY.

W. Douglas, Esq.

Paris, March 12th, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Having simply acknowledged your favour of the 22nd February, I now reply in detail.

Although I know of no code in yachting matters which gives to the challenged party the exclusive right to select such courses as he pleases, yet, assuming that you are correct in your supposition, this in no way affects the present case. You must remember that I challenged the Cambria to sail, not over *any* course, but over any *open course, free from the influence of light land breezes currents &c.* This did not leave you at liberty to select courses peculiarly subjected to the above influences, such as "round the Isle of Wight, &c." Not wishing necessarily to prolong our correspondence, I left the choice of the courses to be settled between us after my arrival in England, for although you had, as you say, clearly defined the courses you wished to sail, I had as clearly declined them.

The extracts which you give from the *Spirit of the Times* and the *New York Herald* were entirely unnecessary, if their object was to convince me that time allowance for difference of tonnage is generally given in regattas, not only in England but in America; although in our private matches this question is always a matter of agreement, and is generally waived *vide* matches between L'Hirondelle and Vista, Rambler and Magic, Magic and Eva. I never for a moment thought of either asserting or implying that such was not, however, the usual custom. I did not consider that to be the subject under discussion. The question was, had you, or had not agreed to "forego the difference in tonnage" between the Cambria and Sappho? In your letter of February 22nd, 1870, you admit having agreed to do so, and the excuse which you now give for withdrawing your promise, I cannot but consider as trifling.

The Sappho has added but four inches to her extreme breadth since 1868, and has not had an ounce of lead run into her. The Cambria on the other hand, has had her bows filled out (a wonderful improvement according to the English press), she is now being raised forward, her masts have been bored, and by latest accounts she is to have more lead and additional sails. If the Sappho of 1870 is not the same vessel as the Sappho of 1868, in equal justice may it be said that the Cambria of 1870 is by no means the same vessel as the Cambria of 1868.

Notwithstanding your promise, however, had you given me any *bona fide* open race, such as to the Azores and back, or across the Atlantic, where any superior power the Sappho may possess, would have told in her favour, I should have been perfectly willing to have given the Cambria full allowance of time, either by the N.Y.Y.C. or the English Custom House measurement. Over such courses as round the Isle of Wight, or the triangular one you mentioned, the advantage is often decidedly in favour of the smaller vessel.

In reference to the word "courage" to which you take exception, in my letter of February 10th, allow me to say, that I only make use of that word in contradistinction to the word "fear" (*fear of defeat*), twice used by you in your letter of November 14th, 1869, when replying to paragraph 2 of Mr. Bennett's letter of October. The presence of fear implies the absence of courage: but I did not suppose that any one would understand me as referring to physical courage.

It is needless again to discuss the series of races which you offer me in your letter of February, 1870, they being for the most part (with the exception of series 4 and 6), almost identical with what you have before suggested.

In Series 4 and 6, you offer to race the Sappho 60 miles dead to windward and back, no conditions or time allowance, either in English or American waters. In such a race as this the Cambria would have 60 miles on what is admitted to be her best point of sailing, a head wind, whilst the Sappho would be entirely cut off from what I consider to be her best point, namely, a beam wind. This is weighting the Sappho pretty heavily. I should think that three races of 60 miles each, the first to windward, the second with a beam wind, and the third with the wind dead aft, would have been a better test as to which was the best boat all round.

Nevertheless, I accept both series Nos. 4 and 6. If however, you do not wish to sail as many as six races, I will sail two in England and one in America, or two in America and one here. Failing this, I accept Series No. 4 alone, and will sail the Cambria 60 miles dead to windward and back in English Channel. We shall take a flying start from some suitable point outside of the Solent, waiting for such a wind as shall enable the yachts to beat into Mid-Channel, thereby avoiding the possibility of either vessel hugging the shore and taking advantage of currents and slants of wind from the land.

In the concluding paragraph of your letter of February 22nd, you suggest

that my crew should be purely Americans, inasmuch as, should I win with a selected English crew, my success would be greatly lessened. I cannot agree with you there. My object is to test the quality of my vessel, under the *best* management : I shall therefore make every effort, in the short time that is left me, and labouring as I do under great disadvantages, to get the best set of men that I can, irrespective of nationality, feeling that my happiest efforts cannot produce a crew superior, if equal to the celebrated racing crew of the *Cambria*.

I remain, dear Sir, truly yours.

WM. DOUGLAS.

Jas. Ashbury, Esq.

Brighton, March 14th, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 12th.

I think three races in Series No. 4, 60 miles dead to windward and back, will be quite enough to test the merits of the two vessels, at the same time, *if* the *Sappho* should be defeated, I engage to give you three similar races in New York Bay in August next.

The *Cambria* will be fitted out ready for sea on the 12th April, I trust, therefore, that you will expedite the fitting out of the *Sappho* as rapidly as possible, so that the first race may take place not later than the 1st of May.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours truly,

JAMES ASHBURY.

Wm. Douglas, Esq., Paris.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club—The annual general meeting took place at the club house on Thursday March 24th, the Vice-commodore Hon. Lord de Ros in the chair, and was very numerously attended; amongst the members present were the Right Hon. Earl Vane; Col. A. D. Wigsell; Capt. Crosby-Lovett; Col. J. Thomson; Capt. W. H. Shafto; Col. J. Wilkinson; J. Ashbury; H. W. Birch; D. Balfour of Balfour; W.H. Mogford; D. A. Lange; W. Walker; J. N. Harrington; Sydney Walker; D. H. Macfarlane, and A. Duncan; Esqrs. The Commodore Lord Alfred Paget was prevented from being present by attendance on Her Majesty.

The minutes having been read and confirmed, the club proceeded to elect the flag-officers, cup-bearer and auditors, pursuant to Rule 6. Lord Alfred Paget was re-elected Commodore, the Right Hon. Lord de Ros Vice-commodore, and Col. J. Wilkinson cup-bearer, Messrs. W. L. Hooper, and H. Treherne were appointed auditors, and the following members were ballotted for according to Rule 4, and elected as the general committee for the ensuing

year, viz: F. H. Addams; J. Ashbury; H. W. Birch; W. Bradshaw; W. Compton; S. N. Driver; W. J. Ford, Esqrs.; Colonel Sir C. Hamilton, Bart. C.B.; Capt. Cosby-Lovett; Capt. T. E. Smith, R.N.; Capt. Sir Luke Smithett; Colonel A. D. Wigsell; Colonel J. Wilkinson; H. C. Maudalay, J. R. Kirby, W. H. Mogford, W. F. Moore, S. L. Price, J. N. Harrington, C. Smart, and W. F. Stutfield, Esqrs.

The auditors' financial statement was then read and approved, and certain proposed alterations in the rules were agreed to. The proposal of the sailing committee to limit the number of hands on board cutters and schooners from one hand to every five, and one hand to every seven tons, and substituting in lieu thereof one to seven, and one to ten tons respectively, did not meet with the approval of the meeting, and the sailing regulations consequently remain intact.

Several new members were elected, including Mr. W. A. Barr, M.D., Coquette schooner, and Mr. J. R. Rushton clipper cutter Glance; and for the April ballot other gentlemen were proposed.

Royal London Yacht Club.—At a meeting of this club, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Monday, March 21st, the Rear-Commodore in the chair, the following gentlemen were duly elected members:—J. J. Whatley, Esq., H. B. Miller, Esq., and Lieut-Colonel H. Verschoyle. The arrangements for the opening cruise and club dinner on May 7th, having been adverted to, it was moved by — Eagle, Esq., seconded by E. Crosley, Esq., that the Vice-commodore (T. Broadwood, Esq.) the Rear-commodore (G. W. Charlwood), and Under-Sheriff J. Crosley, Esq., be requested to take charge of the same, which they kindly consented to do. On the motion of Under-Sheriff J. Crosley, Esq., seconded by Capt. Robertson, the following were elected stewards for the matches:—The Commodore, Vice-commodore, Rear-Commodore, Treasurer, Cup-bearer, and Messrs. C. Borrass, E. S. Bulmer, T. Bolster, T. Brown, J. Lees, T. F. Oriel, O. D. Osborne, W. H. Ridgway, T. N. Talfourd, W. H. Trego, J. Vickers, C. Welbourne, and R. J. Wood, Esqrs.

The following is the programme of the season.—Opening cruise, Saturday, the 7th of May. Yachts will rendezvous off Erith Pier, and start at 11h. 30m., under the orders of the Commodore; dinner at Gravesend at 5h. 30m. p.m. First match, Tuesday, the 24th of May. First class yachts, exceeding 30 tons, C.M., 1st. prize, 100 guineas, 2nd prize, 50 guineas. Time for tonnage, 30 to 50 tons 30sec. per ton, above 50 tons, 20sec. per ton. Second class yachts, exceeding 15 tons, and not exceeding 30 tons, C.M., 1st prize, 30 guineas, 2nd prize, 15 guineas. Time for tonnage, 45sec. per ton. Course—from Erith, round the Nore Light, and back to Rosherville. Entries will close on Wednesday, May 18th, at 9 p.m. Second match, Thursday, 9th of June. Schooners and yawls; yawls to have one fifth of their tonnage added. Course—from Rosherville, round the Mouse Light, and back. Time for tonnage, 20sec. per ton up to 100 tons, 10sec. per ton above; no time allowance above 200 tons; yachts to start from and slip their own anchors. Entries will close on Friday, June 3rd, at 9 p.m. Channel match, Wednes-

day, the 15th of June, for the the Vice-Commodore's prizes, 1st prize £120, 2nd prize, £80. Course—from Dover to Cowes, for yachts of any rig; yawls to sail as schooners, with one-fifth of their tonnage added. The rig of the first yacht in, will determine to which class the 1st prize will be awarded; the 2nd prize will go to the winning yacht of the other rig; time allowance Schooners—30ecs. per ton up to 100 tons: 15sec. per ton from 100 to 200 tons; 5s. per ton above 200 tons. Cutters—1m. per ton up to 50 tons; 40sec. per ton to 100 tons; 20sec. per ton above 100 tons. The time and manner of starting will be determined by the Flag-officer in command at Dover. Entries will close on Wednesday, June 8th at 9 p.m. Post entries (£5 5s. each, which will not be returned) will be taken at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, between three and five p.m., on Tuesday, June 14th. Yachts with sliding keels will not be permitted to enter; otherwise according to the club rules. N.B.—This match is open to yachts belonging to American yacht clubs. Fourth match, Saturday, the 9th of July.—Third class yachts, not exceeding 15 tons, C.M., 1st prize, 20 guineas, 2nd prize, 10 guineas. Course—From Erith, round the West buoy of Leigh Middle and back. Time for tonnage, 1m. per ton. Handicap match, 1st prize, 30 guineas, 2nd prize, 15 guineas, for yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to the club. Course—From Erith, round the Nore, and back; entrance fee £1 1s. which will not be returned. Yachts to start from and slip their own anchors; no balloon canvas or spinnakers allowed. Crews must not exceed one hand for every 10 tons or fraction thereof, captain and pilot, otherwise according to the club rules. Entries for these matches will close on Friday, 1st July, at 9 p.m. All the above matches are open only to yachts belonging to the club, with the exception of that for the Vice-Commodore's prizes, which is open to yachts belonging to American yacht clubs.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club.—The annual dinner took place on the 1st of March, and was well attended. In the absence of the flag officers, the chair was taken by Mr. Edward Hornsby, one of the trustees. The toast of the "Yacht Clubs" was acknowledged in an effective and interesting speech by J. Mulholland, Esq; the "Army and Navy" by Colonel Browne (44th Regt.); "The Committee" by the Chairman. The entertainment was most successful, leaving nothing to be desired, and a most agreeable evening was passed. The expectation of a most successful regatta seems to be well founded, as doubtless many yachts that would, perhaps, not otherwise be tempted to visit Ireland will do so to witness the start of the Anglo-American Ocean Race on the 4th of July, from Youghal, the St. George's Regatta being so fixed that ample time is afforded for attending it after that event.

Royal Ulster Yacht Club.—At the March monthly meeting of this club the following prizes were agreed upon, to be sailed for in Belfast Lough on Monday, July 18th:—First race.—Open to all yachts, of any tonnage or rig. Prize, the Bangor Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, presented by Lord Bangor and R. E. Ward, Esq., with a purse of 50 sovs. added by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club; the cup to become the property of any vessel

winning it twice in succession ; a time race. Second race.—Open to all yachts, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 40 tons. Prize, a purse of 30 sovs ; a time race. Third race.—Open to all yachts of recognized yacht clubs, exceeding 10 but not exceeding 20 tons. First prize a purse of 20 sovs., second prize (if three or more yachts start) a purse of 10 sovs ; a time race. Fourth race.—Open to all yachts under 10 tons. First prize 10 sovs., second prize (if three or more yachts start) 5 sovs ; a time race. Fifth race.—Open to yachts of 5 tons and under. Prize, 5 sovs ; a time race. The foregoing fixtures are open to competition by all yachts belonging to royal, foreign, or recognised yacht clubs.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above club was held on Thursday evening, March 10th, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, the Commodore, J. D. Lee, Esq., of the Nettle cutter, in the chair, faced by the Vice-commodore, W. N. Rudge, Esq., of the Night Thought cutter. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, N. G. Godfrey, Esq., of the Kelpie cutter, 15 tons, and H. G. Poole, Esq., of the Ripple screw steamer, were elected members. R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., the treasurer, produced the bankers' book, showing a balance in favour of the club of upwards of £700.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—At the annual meeting of this club, held at the club rooms of the Tower, Liverpool, March 23, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing season:—S. R. Graves, Esq., M.P., Commodore, P. B. Drinkwater, Esq., Vice-commodore ; Lieut-col. Gamble, Rear-commodore ; F. M. Ross, Esq., Treasurer ; and J. Haddock, Esq., Cup-bearer. W. G. Holland, Esq., of the Saraband, was elected a member of the club.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—This club held its monthly meeting on March 9th at the Ship Hotel, Charing Cross ; the Commodore in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed the following motions were put and carried :—“ Any yacht having won consecutively two prizes in any class shall be disqualified from sailing in the two following matches in that class, and that the tonnage dues be returned to owners of all yachts which start in any class, who are members of the club.” “ That yachts allow to smaller ones not exceeding eight tons one minute per half ton, and to yachts above eight tons half-a-minute per half ton.”

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May 11.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—First Match.
- 23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Cutter Match.
- 24.—Royal London Yacht Club—First and Second Class Cutters
- 25.—New Thames Yacht Club—First and Second Class Cutters
- 28.—Cheshire Yacht Club—First Match
- 28.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club—The Commodore's Cup, from the Thames to Harwich
- 30.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regattas

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY 1st, 1870.

SAPPHO AND CAMBRIA.

WE ARE indebted to a weekly paper for divers criticisms on the notice that appeared in our April number of the coming race between the above named yachts and though we naturally feel somewhat depressed on having such adverse judgment passed upon us by so widely-circulated a journal, yet we are by no means unwilling to join issue with our contemporary upon those points in our observations which he has thought fit to cavil at.

Our critic begins by saying that those observations are "little better than an announcement of the coming match," a conclusion we imagine to have been arrived at from the brevity of our remarks.

Now we suppose that we are indebted to a certain amount of the nautical leaven about us for that partiality for change which is one of the characteristics of the sailor: for this cause we don't like to be long a-shore; we don't like to be long at sea; we don't like the same wind long (especially a head wind); we don't like long sermons; neither do we like long articles, and more particularly on a subject which is somewhat threadbare and when one runs the risk of submitting to our readers a *réchauffé* of what has already appeared in the weekly papers. For this reason we endeavoured to make our *announcement* as concise as possible, though at the same time we

certainly did not wish to lose sight of those leading features in the coming match which would be likely to interest our subscribers; that we have failed to please our contemporary, is of course matter for the deepest regret.

We are then *presumed* to have "wished to say that we thought the Sappho would win," and as the writer seems to think that we have been somewhat ambiguous, or at all events as he is apparently unable to appreciate the mild way in which we were solicitous of breaking as delicately as possible the very probable result of a contest which will, so far as one can judge, startle the owner of the Cambria and many other yachtsmen, we have no objection to state in plainer terms that we *do* think the Sappho will win and simply because she is in every respect a larger vessel than the Cambria, and that power, unless counterbalanced by faulty lines which is most certainly not the case in the Sappho, must and will tell in such a struggle.

We are next supposed to have come to the conclusion, *with some hesitation*, that the owner of the Cambria has made the match with "more valour than discretion," and though we give our critic some credit for his ingenuity in discovering the *hesitation*, we can assure him that the feeling had no reference whatever to the asserted indiscretion of Mr. Ashbury but was dictated by the fear of giving offence, when using a hacknied phrase, where no offence was meant. The phrase, we candidly acknowledge, would have been better left out of our *announcement*, but the opinion then expressed remains the same, and we still affirm that in accepting the conditions of Mr. Douglas and running against the Sappho, a vessel so very much larger than his own, without any allowance of time, Mr. Ashbury cannot escape from the charge of indiscretion.

It is, however, satisfactory to find that we are not singular in our opinion on this point, for the writer goes on to say that, in considering the relinquishment of time an act of indiscretion on Mr. Ashbury's part, we have fallen into a "very common error," which is then denounced as an absurdity, *because* "this is a duel contest between two vessels of different nations, the object being to test their different merits." Now we cannot see why any alteration should be made in the universal rule which we lay down in all our contests to equalise as much as possible the different combatants, *because* in this case they belong to different nations! With this view of

equalisation we weight our older horses, put a tax in the shape of time on our larger yachts, and in the high circles of the P.R. we have, or rather had, our champions of light and heavy weights in order that no advantage may be taken of the latter over the former, and we maintain that in this particular match the rules and regulations which guide the New York and our own yacht clubs should not have been departed from.

Now, as regards this same "duel contest between two vessels of different nations, the object being to test their respective merits," we can assure our contemporary that for the first time we now hear this match so described. We have been under the impression, and so we believe has the yachting world generally, that this match has not been engaged in so much with the view of testing the merits of the Sappho and Cambria as to ascertain *whether the broader and shallower model of the Americans is or is not superior to the English model with its greater proportionate depth and length*; this is the right in which we have been taught to look upon this race; and will any one who knows anything of yacht building and the model of the Sappho say for a moment that the issue of this race will solve that problem? We emphatically say No.

To solve that problem a match should be made between yachts of as nearly equal size as possible, and the American vessel should be of the same length as the English vessel, only broader and shallower, which our cousins consider the better model; such a match would be interesting and satisfactory in the highest degree, but instead of such a trial we find the English yacht pitted against an antagonist vastly longer, broader, and larger in every respect.

In speaking of the want of power and the extremely fine lines of the Sappho forward it should be borne in mind that though she is undoubtedly more cut away than our builders, as a rule, consider advisable, yet we have some wonderful examples among our own yachts of the extent to which a vessel may be cut away forward, and yet how well she can carry her spars and how well she can sail, as the Banshee and the Vampire fully testify, and if such fineness forward can succeed in craft of that size it is much more likely to succeed with the Sappho, as of course the larger the vessel the finer can your lines be in proportion. The Sappho is undoubtedly very much hollowed out, but her beam and round powerful bilge, short though

it may be, counterbalances to a vast extent an evil which no doubt would tell against her when racing a vessel of equal size, but which will not do so against the Cambria.

If our readers will turn to the November number of 1868 they will there see a table of comparison between the Cambria and Sappho, when it will be observed that the latter is five feet broader and more than twenty feet longer—though we confine ourselves to the twenty feet, as the built-bowsprit may have been to some extent taken cognizance of in the figures of '68—than the former, and though these proportions might have been counterbalanced by less actual weight on the part of the Sappho, yet we find this is not the case, as she carries five tons more ballast than the Cambria, so that not only in length and in breadth, but in power also, she is a much larger vessel than her antagonist. The last remaining element of power, and where the English model is supposed to be superior to the American, is the draught of water, but even here, though shallower *in proportion* than the Cambria, yet we find the Sappho "at home," so far as her rival is concerned, as though she certainly draws less water by a foot aft, yet she draws nearly as much more forward, so that taking the mean there is in reality very little difference between them in this respect, and thus the last remaining element of power on which we might look for reliance is cut from under our feet, and in every way the Cambria is over matched.

If this race is in reality to be considered as a simple contest between the Sappho and Cambria, to test *their* relative merits, we have not one word to say against the terms that have been decided upon, but if, as the public generally supposes, it is to test the merits of the yacht builders of the two nations, then we do protest, in the name of common sense, not only against the terms but also against the combatants, as they are not nearly of equal size there being a difference of no less than ninety tons between them, and no allowance is made to the smaller vessel.

We hope now that we have been sufficiently explicit and lengthy even to satisfy our critic, and all we trust is, that while bringing to the notice of our readers the true and unvarnished state of the circumstances connected with this match, Mr. Ashbury will understand that we have no wish to damp his ardour, or to detract from the merit which he may fairly claim for having taken up Mr.

Douglas's challenge. We are far from wishing to do anything of the kind; but what we really do wish is to protest *before the race is run* against the match being looked upon on either side of the Atlantic as a true test of the English and American lines; after it is over all comments of the kind would be frivolous.

One word more with the *Field* on the subject of our *announcement*! We are of course very much indebted to that paper for having—though in a somewhat more personal manner than we should have liked to indulge in—pointed out to us the fact that the owners of the *Sappho* and *Cambria* are unusually equal to the task of looking after their own interest, but we can assure our critic that the intimation was unnecessary, as we were quite aware of this trait in their characters, and we can also assure him that it was from no misgivings on that account that we recommended them to place themselves in the hands of some one else; we were anxious that this course should be adopted, because, in the first place it is always better, under ordinary circumstances of the kind, to employ a third person; and in the next place we thought that if it took these gentlemen from the 6th of January to the 14th of March to arrange the preliminaries of a contest, Anno Domini 1870 would probably be on the wane before the various other matters that have yet to be considered would be settled unless some third person acted as mediator.

We may now leave the *Sappho* and *Cambria* to the care of their respective owners and crews, wishing them a fair breeze and no *contretemps*, while we turn our attention for a short time to the Atlantic race between the latter vessel and the *Dauntless*.

In another part of the *Magazine* will be found a few extracts, a letter written by Colonel Taylor to the New York *Spirit of the Times*, and the comments of that journal in reply. On reading those extracts it will be seen that Colonel Taylor, who sailed in *Vesta* in the great ocean race from New York, and who is a most distinguished American yachtsman, agrees, or rather re-echoes, the opinions we expressed in our March number of the coming race between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless*, and asserts that it can be no test whatever of the speed of these vessels. The *Spirit of the Times* differs from Colonel Taylor, and we must leave them to settle the dispute; but what appears passing strange to us is, that neither of

these gentleman seem to take into consideration the difference of size between the Cambria and Dauntless, though we find the one entered as 190 and the other as 280 tons, a difference that must and will affect the question at issue most materially. For ourselves we most emphatically declare that we have no native prejudices or jealousies whatever; all we long to see is a fair race between any two vessels which represent the different type of the two nations, and which shall be equally matched, when we should have some data to go upon in designing future craft, as yacht building is far too expensive an amusement to experimentalise upon; but this race we maintain will not help us in the least, as, let alone the uncertainty which must necessarily attend a long ocean race, the difference in size here again interposes a most fatal bar to the solution of the problem.

LAND WAIFS BY A YACHTSMAN.*

CHAPTER V.

OUR course was now due South, or in other words we were bound to Florence, and taking a last look at Venice, its Campinile, and its three domed San Marco, as the railway makes a detour round the town, we settled ourselves in our carriage and began to study the map of the country between Vienna and Bologna where we intended staying the night.

At Padua we had to change carriages, but from this point it was all fair sailing, and nothing occurred to ruffle ones' temper or to distract ones' attention from the acre on acre of those magnificent Lombardo, Venetian plains which were formerly such objects of attraction to those hungry Northerners who swept down from the Danube, and which only now require a little more cultivation, or at all events cultivation on a more improved plan, to make them far exceed in fertility any other land in Europe.

These plains are cut up into fields, if one may so designate what might reasonably be considered a patrimony for any ordinary mortal, which stretch in length almost as far as the eye can reach, and are about the width of an ancient musket range. They are separated from each other by long lines of the everlasting poplar or mulberry tree, which are linked together by those slender reeds one continually sees

* Continued from page 162.

cropping up by the side of the different railways in passing swampy or marshy ground, and are here so placed as to form a trellice work for the vines to creep along and thus make the lightest prettiest fence it is possible to conceive, though we imagine it to be more suitable for the sunny, inanimate south than for more northern latitudes, where one occasionally comes across a "bull rush."

The natural irritability of ones' disposition was I must confess sorely tested on seeing the way in which ploughing is carried on in these regions, and taking into consideration the primitive plough, which is probably of the same pattern as that used by Meccenas when he ruled the Mechi of his class, and the painfully slow pace at which the oxen drawing the plough travel, one comes to the conclusion that the expense of ploughing per acre must amount to a sum that would shock the nerves of our agriculturists who are obliged to calculate the cost of every item in the management of a farm, and above all to economise the expensive article of labour in the strictest way, in order to make both ends meet, and no more convincing proof could be had of the fertility of these plains than seeing the treatment they receive at the hands of the tenants.

But if one was shocked to find the Italians such wretched agriculturists, how can one sufficiently admire some of their horticultural arrangements whereby such bunches of grapes were brought to our carriage at many of the stations as to make one's mouth water even at this distance of time at the very thought of them. It is true that in some places the grapes were indifferent, simply we presume from want of proper cultivation, and it is no doubt partly on this account, and partly owing to the little attention paid by the Italians to the method of making their wines, that the produce of the grape is now so indifferent in Italy. In many instances however that came under our observation the grapes were undeniably good, and quite equal to those grown in our English hothouses, and though not exactly to be had for the eating were yet to be bought for the ridiculously small sum of an equivalent to three halfpence a bunch.

There was one particularly good basket of fruit at a station about midway between Venice and Bologna that would have done credit to Covent Garden, and the owner of the vineyard where they were foaled seemed not only to have been turning his attention to the farming of the vine, but also to the farming of human nature, as he had sent his wares under the protection of the prettiest little village girl we saw in Italy; no doubt the proprietor had visions of moths and candles when he daily sent his little messenger forth, but whatever his ideas on the

subject may have been I know that it was with no small misgiving that we found ourselves endeavouring to enter into a commercial treaty with the possessor not only of the best grapes we had seen in the country, but of such a pair of jet black eyes, such glossy black hair, and such regular features as we had not seen for many a long day. Under ordinary circumstances, and one may even say with odds on your side, it is no easy matter to hold your own with an Italian in the matter of buying and selling, but of course under the circumstances in which we found ourselves the task seemed hopeless, and we cannot imagine why we did not give up the game at once and pay all demands cheerfully instead of bargaining for an indefinite period over a few pence. Possibly the climate was affecting us, or possibly the influence of the "candle" was at work, but in spite of both influences we at last came to some sort of an understanding with the vendor, though to judge by the expression, we will not say of anger, but certainly of disappointment, on the pretty face of our little friend, the arrangement was hardly as much to her satisfaction as she could have wished, and we must in all honesty confess that those features bore a different aspect, and those eyes told a different tale, when, repenting us of having played the part of Shylock, we returned with a few more "baiocchi" to her of the dark hair and darker eyes; and we only trust in all charity that when she gets a partner IN HER TOILS he may be fortunate enough to have a ready stock of "baiocchi" to be used "as occasion may require."

This was about the only instance of a pretty face that we remember among these vendors of grapes, for as a rule the vine growers seemed to be in the habit of sending the ugliest old hags in the village on their mercantile errand, a very short-sighted policy we thought, as though doubtless these old ladies are uncommonly tough customers at a bargain yet we all know that

" One rich drop of honey sweet,
As an alluring luscious treat,
Is known to catch more flies by far
Than a whole ton of vinegar."

and that therefore a few such messengers as our little friend, *with just a trifle less expression in the eye*, would be much more likely to prove a source of profit to the merchant than the older and uglier sister with all her experience; at all events we looked in vain for beauty among these grape girls who may fairly be considered as representing the peasants, and the fact proved beyond doubt either short-sightedness on the part of the merchant or an undeniable proof of the decadence of Italian beauty quite deplorable.

It was somewhat late when we arrived at Bologna, as though we had left Venice "betimes" and the distance is inconsiderable, these Italian railways take matters so excessively easy, that a great deal of time is occupied in going over a very little ground, but though rather late the hotel was ready to receive us with all the comfort and cleanliness of a first-rate establishment, and there is scarcely a house in Italy where the rooms are so convenient, or where all the arrangements are so good as at the Hotel Brün of Bologna. The diligence belonging to the hotel was crowded inside so we perched ourselves by the side of "Jehu" and thus had a fair opportunity of seeing the entrance to Bologna, and forming some idea of this quaint old town and its environs, and on driving through the principal gates of the city and passing through its massive wall one was forcibly reminded of those days when Bologna played a prominent part in the history of Italy; and those huge gates, even now guarded by gendarmes, and those thick walls spoke plainly of the state of things when every man's hand was against his neighbours, and when every precaution had to be taken against surprise not only from the said neighbour but also from the "outer Barbarian."

In almost every respect, save and except the hotel Brün, Bologna seemed to us to belong to bygone ages, and though it is true that we devoted but little time to "doing" the town yet what we did see of its old fashioned shops, its heavy, dull, ill-kept arcades, its market carts savouring strongly of antiquity, and its ill-paved streets, not to mention the general absence of life either in the business or the pleasure way, made us feel that whatever Bologna may have been she now occupied but a very second-rate place in present Monarchial Italy.

Then the sanitary arrangements seemed wretchedly managed, so that in this respect, the way in which the water was conducted from the houses, and the way in which the market carts jumped from one huge stone to another along the streets carried us back I cannot say how many years in municipal jurisdiction, and we don't know when looking on the scenes from our hotel windows, if we should have been very much surprised to see the Engineer to the Local Board of Bologna stalk by in Toga and sandals, with a numerous retinue similarly attired. The next morning we had a very good insight into the manner in which the water question was settled at Bologna, as the rain came down in Tropical profusion, and the way in which it was allowed to distribute its benefits all over the place was a marvel. I should think that the same spouts now acting as a means of conveyance from the various housetops must have acted the same part for generations, and though some of tougher material or superior construction had better withstood the inroads

of time and water, and still conducted the aqueous element to the middle of the smaller streets, when a "quasi" gutter took it heaven knows where, others again that had suffered more from these inroads had become so short as merely to drop, or rather pour the element on to the streets in close proximity to the houses, so that walk where we would it was impossible to avoid an ablution of the most effective kind.

At the Hotel Brün we came across one of our countrymen, who with that frank and open manner so prominent in the Saxon race commenced a conversation on ordinary topics in general and local matters in particular, eventually informing us that we ought by all means to stay at Bologna if only to see Vandyke's "Shay Dovres" which, according to his account, were as plentiful as blackberries; not to be behind-hand in courtesy we informed him of that which we knew must be news at Bologna, that "Pero Gomez" had won the Leger! there was I have an indistinct idea, some muttering about "enough" and "book-keeping at home," but I am quite sure that the conversation was brought to an abrupt termination by my friend informing me that he "*look no interest in Spanish affairs.*"

On leaving Bologna the next day we had to disburse what we could not help thinking a fabulous sum for the very small amount of baggage we had allowed ourselves, and which we were in the habit of reducing still more through the increase of a little ingenuity by passing our own portmanteau off as of railway regulation size, and squeezing it into the place in our carriage which was meant for cloaks, umbrellas, and smaller valises and where judging by the dismay depicted on the countenances of our fellow passengers it perhaps took up more room than would have come to our share or allotment, so that nothing remained to the extortioners but a small leather box and leather bag, the latter I am bound to say of lady-like proportions, and which the officials seemed to make the most of, but after all, though we did exercise the Englishman's privilege of a good grumble, we believe there is really, or was in our case, little cause for complaint, as the Italian railway fares are so much lower than those of other countries, that we can afford to pay a little extra for our baggage.

After the usual tedious delay in the "Salle d'attenti" we were once more in motion, and rolling over the same kind of plains that we had passed through the previous day until suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of very different scenery where rocks, stunted trees, and a mountain torrent took the place of more fertile "fixings", and when the engine, after much puffing and blowing, and such slow rate of travelling as to be suggestive of an accident, brought us to a place where we were

embedded in mountains, and where the incline was excessively steep we could not help thinking what a stronghold such a locality would be for brigands, and it suddenly struck us that we must be ascending the Appenines, and in the very heart of that district where these gentlemen aforetimes carried on their somewhat lucrative employment.

It was very natural that after having travelled for so many miles over the flat country between Venice and Bologna one should have been to some extent struck with the first sight of the Appenines, but so far as we could see there really was nothing so very remarkable in the view or the scenery on the north side of these far-famed mountains, but when one begins the descent on the other side towards Pistoja then one really does come upon the loveliest scenes it is possible to conceive.

For my own part I must confess that this view was the more striking, as it was to some extent unexpected, for we cannot recall to mind ever having heard so much said in its praise. Of the first glimpse of Italy as you come down the Alps from Switzerland we had often heard people speak in the most rapturous terms—though, by the way, one does not see Italy from the St. Gothard—and our expectations were raised to the highest pitch, but really, so far as Mount Cenis and the St. Gothard are concerned, the scenery in those districts cannot for a moment be compared with that of the south side of the Appenines. The view from the St. Gothard particularly struck us as being so very contracted, as the pass is so narrow, and at the same time so very coiling, if I may use the term, that the mountains on the opposite side of the valley are continually enclosing the view within the narrowest limits, and never allows it to be extended; but the descent from the Appenines is far different as you come down the face of the mountain with no opposite neighbour to impede the prospect, which is truly magnificent.

It would be difficult to imagine anything that could surpass the view spread before one just after leaving the station on the summit of the Appenines as one begins to descend towards Pistoja. Immediately under one's feet is a perfect sea of mountains running one into another, like the huge waves of the Southern Atlantic, each and all covered with gardens teeming with the varied productions of fruitful Italy, and shaded by the olive and the vine, which is trained from one part of each garden to the other and overruns the whole district like a weed, while the little picturesque homesteads appear as if placed there for the use of the painter as well as the occupier, or to charm the traveller with greater diversity of colour; and in the remote distance, until lost in vapour, the whole valley of the Arno is stretched before one, with its fertile plains and winding stream. One feels quite angry with Adrian

de Colonna for having been so dreadfully taken up with his Irene as to have no thought for the picturesque when travelling this road in search of her, as one would much prefer a description of the landscape from such a pen to the heated imagination of a disconsolate lover.

Though we had very often cause to complain of the slow rate of travelling on the part of the engineers of the Italian railways we had certainly no cause, to make a similar complaint, while racing down the Appenines, but on the contrary it seemed as if some "untoward saint" had been putting the engineer of this particular train up to the idea of thwarting us, or he may have had his Irene sighing for him at Florence; but whatever the cause, he certainly seemed to rush down to Pistoja at most unseemingly speed, giving us but little time to admire a scene that was far more lovely than anything of the kind we had ever beheld, and after all for no other purpose that we could make out than to remain for an indefinite period opposite an engine shed, or some other railway structure of equally inartistic design, at Pistoja, with crates of butter and different articles of marketable value on the other side of us. After giving us full time to admire these works of art and nature, the engineer at length took the "skid off," and in a few hours we reached the present capital of Italy.

It was late when we arrived at Florence, so that one has no "first impressions" to retail, save and except those of the Hotel D'Europe, which are of so negative a character that they are hardly worth recounting.

CHAPTER VI.

If there is any place in the four quarters of the globe of which we have heard more than of any other place it is Florence! It is continually cropping up in the various novels that one reads, and all one's friends and acquaintances that have visited Italy are always telling you that Florence is the most charming place in creation, so that the reader will not be very much astonished to hear that our expectations were raised to the very highest pitch, or that we were unusually anxious to get an indifferent breakfast over the next morning, in order that one might, as soon as possible, commence a survey of such a town, and such environs as we imagined belonged only to Florence.

That Florence came short of these our expectations I must fain confess, barbarian though I may appear to be, but there is a want of fine broad streets, a total absence of squares, or open space of any description in the town, and the houses, both as regards shops and dwelling

places, came so very far short of what one reasonably expects to find in a capital, that we were altogether very much disappointed.

It is true that the present generation seem aware of their defects, for they are now building a somewhat imposing row of houses on the road to the Cascine, about half a mile from the Ponte Vecchio, and facing the Arno, which will in due course be an ornament to the town ; but as it will yet take some time before they are completed Florence must, until then, afford very indifferent accommodation to those who annually flock there during the season.

As regards the suburbs, the case is different, as nature, ever bountiful in this part of the world, has been so very profuse in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, that little exertion was required on the part of human nature to turn the whole face of the country into a garden of Eden ; and though perhaps this simile may be bordering somewhat on the poetic license, yet that advantage has been taken of the locality, and very much has been done, one cannot fail to acknowledge with all candour, and the numberless hills that surround Florence are converted into so many gardens, rich with their vines and their orange-trees, as well as other luxurious plants indigenous to this enviable climate, while either a monastery, a nunnery, or a villa, rises in the midst of this varied foliage, and though we do not remember to have had any particular hankering after a change of scene and climate to the former of these domiciles, yet we have a faint recollection that the idea did strike us that a little change of air from our northern climate to either of the other institutions might be very agreeable. But to return to the town ! The great attractions at Florence are, of course, her works of art, which have been collected with such care by successive generations, and here from time to time have been gathered together Italy's best pictures, and some of the best examples of her ancient sculpture, both the one and the other the envy and admiration of every other European capital, and it seems almost a marvel that a country which has been subject to such intestine wars and such varied inroads should have been able to preserve so many tempting treasures as are now in Florence.

The palaces of the Pitti and the Uffizi contain these works of art, and though by far the best collection of pictures is in the former, yet there are some gems of paintings in the latter which has, on the other hand, the finest collection of sculpture, so that it would be an easy matter to decide which of the two palaces holds the most valuable collection.

The picture in the Pitti is the Medonna della Saggiola, or, in other words, the sitting Madonna, so named in contradistinction to Raphael's

other picture at Dresden which is considered its rival, and where the Madonna is represented in another position. Beautiful as the Madonna della Seggiola undoubtedly is, we cannot compare it to the one at Dresden; the former is supposed to be portrait of, or at all events the idea to have been suggested by, an Italian peasant, whose face must assuredly have been of most unusual beauty and marvellous attraction, but the picture at Dresden suggests other reflections, and the face is so perfect in feature and so heavenly in expression that one's thoughts are carried at once to a far purer atmosphere; the one is a picture from perfect nature, the other the conception of a marvellously refined mind.

Besides the picture of Raphael's, the walls of the Pitti palace are covered with many other works of Italy's best masters, while the different ceilings are ornamented with frescoes that in any other place would of themselves be marvellously attractive, but here they are almost lost amidst such a profusion of painting. There are but few examples of ancient sculpture in the Pitti worth mentioning, but the more modern Venetian Cornova is here well represented by his Venus, which is of course the best piece of sculpture the Pitti possesses, and it is somewhat unfortunate that the Venus de Medici should be so near a neighbour, and that thus two such stars should be shining in the same hemisphere, and to a certain extent marring each other's brilliancy; then there are busts, sarcophagi, old Etruscan vases, and countless other works, that would require a winter's residence at Florence thoroughly to examine, and which we could not of course attempt with the limited time at our disposal.

The Uffizi, though unable to rival the Pitti in the matter of pictures, has quite as interesting a collection on the whole as the Octagon room in the centre, called the Tribune, has not only some rare examples of ancient masters in their very best period, but it has what may be called the essence of sculpture in its small space.

As you enter the Tribune you find yourself opposite the celebrated Venus de Medici, which the victorious French at one time took to Paris, only however to disgorge again in 1815. It is the most perfect work that can be conceived, and one feels that one could stand before it for a month admiring above all that look of modesty which is so strikingly imparted, and which is considered one of the great charms of the figure; while looking at it one could not help recalling to mind the old lines,—

“Auchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked and exposed to view:
All these I freely own, without denying,
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?”

And wherever Praxiteles, or whoever the sculptor may have been, that carved the Venus de Medici, may have been prying, he certainly did so to some purpose, as it is impossible to imagine a more perfect work in every respect. Then in the same Tribune are the Slave sharpening the knife, and other specimens of by-gone art, shewing not only the judgment of the collector, but the wonderful skill of our forefathers.

As in the Pitti so in the Uffizi besides paintings and sculpture are numberless other curios, which, for fear of taking the wind out of the sails of some other ambitious authors, or of poaching on the preserves of Mr. Murray, we will refrain from describing.

Now while Florence provides such food for the mind as is to be found in no other place, she is woefully deficient in making provision for the flesh, and though using my best endeavours to find out the various houses of entertainment, I could find but two, the one the Café Doney, close to the Piazza Santa Trinita, the other the Café de Paris, in the Via dei Cerritani, and though the former is generally held in the highest estimation, we found the best cook and the best wine at the latter, together with more moderate charges.

After a hard morning's work among paintings, which is about as fatiguing a thing as I know of, and a visit to the Café de Paris to refresh the inner man, it is very pleasant to step into a low comfortable carriage and take an afternoon's drive, and as the correct at Florence is to circumnavigate to the Cascine, we of course wended our way to the "row" of that city. There is no doubt but that the time of our visit to the Cascine was unfortunate, so far as seeing the "monde" was concerned, as we were at Florence during the very dullest time of the year, and consequently two carriages, containing not over good specimens of the feminine gender, and a fat cob carrying a dyspeptic banker, were the only signs of life in "the row," but we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the Cascine itself, which is a very indifferent specimen of the genus park, and seemed to be laid out without any taste whatever; favoured by such a climate, one would have expected to see the Cascine ornamented with every variety of shrubs and flowers, and the grounds laid out with more than ordinary skill and care, instead of which the road was on either side bordered by a miserable hedge, beyond which were forest trees, not widely separated with mossy turf beneath them, but close together, and interspersed with underwood looking as if profit, and not ornament was the consideration; then at the spot where the band plays in the season, and where all Florence congregates, was a wooden structure for the performers, resembling one of our signal sta-

tions at a large railway junction more than anything else I can compare it to, while a miserable attempt at a flower garden, intended no doubt as an ornament, completed the defect.

On alighting at the Piazza Santa Finita we handed what we considered a proper remuneration for our friend the driver, after a careful perusal of the handsomely-bound tariff, so gorgeously displayed in the fiacre; but we soon found out that this was a mere "delusion and a snare," as the tariff only applied to the town, so that once outside the district, you are, unless some bargain is made beforehand, completely at the mercy of the Florentine "cabby," a party by no means behind his brother in London, who mildly hoped, when asking the cook of the Nepaulese Ambassador for the fare from Victoria Station to Mivart's, that "his highness would not think five pounds too much," we were not victimised to this extent, yet we have reason to remember that a Florentine cabman is the most extortional in Italy, no doubt from the fact of his frequent intercourse with our countrymen, who glut the market with money wherever they go, from the feeling that any practice of economy is a proof of vulgarity.

Next evening we drove to the church of San Miniato, happy in the knowledge of having come to an understanding with "cabby" beforehand, and with an accredited witness to protect us. The drive to the hill, as you roll along the avenue which so pleasantly shades you from the scorching sun, was very delightful, and we only wished the avenue and our drive could have extended to Jerusalem instead of San Miniato, as though the Florentine cabmen are to be devoutly prayed for among the category of Jews and Heretics, their "fiacres" are undeniably comfortable and cannot fail to be duly appreciated after a hard day's sight seeing, and the only fault we found with San Miniato was that it was far too near the town. From the churchyard of the monastery you get an admirable view of the town and neighbourhood of Florence, and we were fortunate enough to see it all under the influence of a brilliant sun-set, and with "one more look" upon a scene so perfect, and one which we were never likely to have the opportunity of seeing again, we returned to the "fiacre," which was waiting in the lane outside the monastery gate, and in a few hours we were in the night express on our way to Rome.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER SCAMPER TO NAPLES AND BACK.*

CHAPTER VI.

MARSEILLE TO GENOVA AND LIVORNO.

Embarkation—Castillanos, Catalans, Canadians, French, Neapolitan, and Tuscan Passengers—Foundlings and their Nurses—Views of the Coast—English barque dwarfed by high mountains—Toulon—Fine old French Quartermaster—French opinions of the Italians, and *vice versa*—Sunset between the Hyeres Islands—Morning View of the Alps and Riviera di Genova—The Corniche—Appearance of Genoa—Walk through the City—Fisherman in the Bay—Fine Streets and Marble Terrace—Fortifications—Bustle and Noise in the Port—Former Greatness of the City—View of the Appenines and the Riviera—Runaway Stevedore's Boy—Birdless, Fishless, Sea, till Gorgona—Meloria and the Great Battles there between the Genoese and Pisans—Views of the Coast and Val d'Arno—Leghorn—Departure of the French Captain and the Canadians—Walk through the Town—Boboli Gardens—Soldiers at Drill—Squabble among the Boatmen—Pigs for the Neapolitan Market—Start for Cività Vecchia.

Mare senza pesce,—montagne senza alberi,—uomini
Senza fede,—e donne senza vergogna.

Old Tuscan Saying of Genoa.

DRIVING to La Joliette in the morning a boat put me on board the steamer, where, mounting the saloon deck, I found myself the first passenger on board. A gentlemanly young Spaniard, the skirt of his fur-lined brown cloak thrown over his left shoulder, soon joined me; and then a black-eyed, olive-complexioned girl, with pretty boots and neat chignon, tripped on board, followed by a lady-like cousin, and their uncle, a meagre, red-faced Canadian, in a wide-a-wake hat, and long sky-blue overcoat with a hood. A little Castillano, and two swarthy great Catalans, followed. The two latter, in thick Phrygian caps hanging aslant over their ears, short Spanish whiskers, and the broad striped scarves round their necks and shoulders, dangling in front as low as their knees. Their open jackets shewing the broad coloured sashes round their waists, and their velveteen breeches unbuttoned at the knees, like those of a Staffordshire crockerywaresman. Zouave leggings, with round buttons at the sides, encased their shins; and worsted socks, with turned-up toes like Chinese boots, covered their

* Continued from page 80.

feet, and reached a little way above the ankle—such were the Catalans. The latest arrivals stood down among the casks of petroleum, of which a vast quantity is consumed in Italy, and with which our deck was entirely lumbered, the Catalans' hands ever and anon diving into the outer pockets of their jackets for tobacco to replenish their pipes with. "All four of us," said my companion, nodding towards them, "are going to Rome for dispensations to marry our cousins; it costs us less to do this, and see all to be seen there, than to pay the church fees in Spain." A French infantry captain, on two months' leave to visit his wife's relations in Rome, "*ou il avait fait une alliance*" during the occupation, joined us; and a Florentine, returning from his wanderings in the Old and New Worlds, and a Neapolitan wine grower, returning to Vesuvius, swelled the little group below. These, and three nurses, with as many pauper children, completed the passengers on board. The poor little *bambini* were swaddled from feet to armpits like mummies. Their Italian mothers, located at Marseille, could not afford to keep them, and their fathers, the nurses said, were unknown; so, under a convention between the two countries, they were being sent "to their own parish." One child was very handsome, and its nurse seemed quite proud of it. The others *pas grande chose!* as those who dandled them said, nodding at the same time towards the third with a *celle là est jolie!* The women were very kind to these poor little forlorn ones, who nevertheless kept up one continual wail. So sure as one began, so surely the others chimed in; and under a vague sense of wrong and desertion, with tiny finger in drivelling mouth, and a comical air of vacant bewilderment, kept up a plaintive whine, as much apparently to their own temporal gratification, as to the amusement of all around. Poor little things! I saw them next day handed from a cab into the large "Foundling" at Genoa. May no thoroughfare through life prove hard to them, and may they be as successful as, if not more happy than Cortez, Pizzaro, and other "love children," to whom a brilliant career was opened in a new world, by the bold Genoese. The last cask of petroleum being duly secured, and all the freight on board, at 11 a.m. there were a hiss and puff of steam, followed by a scranch and scuffle in the engine-room, and a clank, shiver, and bubbling splash abaft, and then our screw began to send us ahead, and out of the Joliette into the blue Mediterranean beyond. We soon left the three islets and lone lighthouse behind, and the gradually fading city was finally hidden from view by the bare towering cliffs to the southward. We passed ships and feluccas on their way in, and steamed along past lofty coasts, arid and bare for the most part, but with here and there a

clump of dark pines; and on the hill tops, which were mostly enveloped in snow, an occasional church or a chapel. On rounding a high bluff cape we came upon an English barque, standing out of the deep bay behind, the sea dripping from her bows as she rose and fell in the long swell, the sun shining on her head sails, and under the foot of and beside them, on the leaches of those behind, the rest being enveloped in *chiar'oscur'*. Some of the crew peered over the bulwarks at us as we smoked by, and the barque seemed dwarfed, by the immense height of the land behind her, to a mere child's toy! Semaphores were perched all along the hills, and later in the day we could just see Toulou in the bight, surrounded by high mountains, crowned with forts all around. The captain and mate here left the deck in charge of the quarter-master, a thorough sea-dog, bearing a great resemblance to the Syrian bear in our Zoological Gardens. I noticed they paid strict attention to his paternal advice, and invariably followed his whispered suggestions. The old boy's face was one mass of wrinkles, down some of which coursed the juice of his quid, and which were continually changing their curves, as he stopped in his walk of two or three paces from side to side, sheered round, brooded deeply, and kept muttering to himself. His eyes were constantly on the move. He would look aloft, shout out some hoarse command to the crew, who flew to obey it, then take another round turn, a look to starboard, to port, ahead and astern, and shout out something else. Then he would have a staysail set, which was followed by a glance of the deepest scrutiny aloft, a round turn, and an expectoration to leeward. Then he would cross to windward, and mumble to himself while sniffing the breeze. The weight of the whole world could scarcely have been greater on Atlas's shoulders than seemed the responsibility of the Medéah on his.

We had had frequent rebuffs from him, when, "I think he looks in a good humour now," said the Canadian, "I'll try him again."

"*Est ce que c'est Toulon que nous voyons là bas?*" asked he.

"*Hein!*" snarled the bear, in a fury, and scuttled away in a perfect cycloid, rumbling like a volcano as he went, the abashed Canadian returning to his seat, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"*Siets Genovese?*" asked I, catching him at another turn.

"*Quoi!*" he shouted.

This indeed was too much. It was adding an insult to the injury of obstructing him in the due performance of his duty.

"*Non! Marseillas!*" shouted he, in a tone of pity and contempt, taking a sheer into the conning box opposite, whence, between looks aloft and around, he occasionally cast a furtive glance towards us, whose

features notwithstanding remained all but impassible under his scrutiny.

When the old boy emerged from his lair, I said : if the month were always as mild as this, Old Doria might have added January to his list of ports in the Mediterranean.

"*Mum !*" snarled he ; " Doria had nothing to do with it. June, July, and Carthagenà, the only three ports in the Mediterranean. That's what you mean ! That's a Spanish proverb." And somewhat mollified by the recollection, he made a more than usually copious expectoration, and relaxing his rule, that the prohibition against speaking to the man at the wheel should, on board the *Medéah*, extend to the officer of the watch, volunteered occasional information for the future.

The day was lovely, and the evening beautiful. After dinner we lounged about the seats. The young Spaniard, constantly smoking cigarettes, and as he could speak little Italian and less French—the former more resembling his own language he said—making himself as agreeable as he possibly could under the circumstances in a *lingua franca* of his own; and the French captain talking of Rome, and depreciating Italians to the lowest degree. He said the Romans were the most conceited humbugs on the face of the earth, every ragamuffin boasting himself the descendant of the Scipios and Camilli, yet being the greatest poltroon imaginable ; and as for the Garibaldians, they were red-shirted *canaille*. The little Florentine eyed him most comically while he vented these fulminations, and then began to talk of Tuscany, calling it the garden of the world, dubbing Florence the centre of art and refinement, and lauding it to the skies. The Frenchman winced, and could scarcely keep his temper ; and as the little Italian followed him up, and eyeing him like a basilisk, poured forth his praises of his native land: " For God's sake, man, talk Italian !" said the infuriated Gaul, eyeing him as Alexander might have eyed Diogenes; though I can't speak a word of it myself, I can understand your Italian a thousand times better than I can your wretched French !"

The little Tuscan grinned, looked at him with an expression of amusing irritation, and to insure the captain's understanding every word he said, rattled on with most voluble French till he drove him quite wild.

" These Italians are incorrigible," said he, moving off. " We have just set them on their legs, and given them a start, and they talk with all the confidence and assurance of a nation established these thousand

years ! I have no patience with them ! We shall have to undo the whole of our work again !”

The sun was now fast sinking in the west. The Canadian pulled his hood over his head, and looked like a friar of orders blue. The young ladies let their books fall unheeded in their laps, and, as we all did, gazed admiringly at the setting sun. We were then passing between the low, moorland-looking isles of Hyeres, every one of which bristles with masked batteries, and whence here and there rose in the still air blue smoke from mines and factories. The western sky, against which they soon stood in profile, was streaked gloriously with red, purple, azure, and green ; and an atmosphere more pure and limpid than painter ever limned sat on a gently-ruffled plain of deep blue sparkling sea. We all lingered fondly enraptured with the fleeting hues of this constantly changing scene, in a general silence of mute admiration, broken only by occasional ejaculations in half a dozen languages of “How lovely !” The very Syrian bear stayed its restless move, and turned its glance oftener than its wont to the west ; and though it would resume its usual prow, yet again and again it took a rounder turn, and stood blinking westward at the setting sun. Slowly the shades settled round us, and, the air growing more chilly, one after another sought shelter below. The crew shouted lustily as they hauled out a tarpaulin, tent fashion, over the hatchway, to shelter the passengers on deck ; and as I, the last, stepped from off the bridge, I could see the silhouette of the Syrian bear, and hear a sound I well knew, jerking to leeward a stream of tobacco juice into the now pitch-dark gloom.

The long night past ; one by one we all appeared again in the morning,—the ladies somewhat pale and fluttering, the soldier captain’s eyes suffused with pink, the Spaniard nervous, the Catalans and others creeping from under their tarpaulin tent, and all of us shivering more or less slightly in the raw morning air. Another glorious prospect then burst upon our view. We were approaching the *Riviera di Genova*.

Across the deep blue waves, the lofty snow-capped Alps were tinged with the softest of pinks by the rising sun behind them, and their bases enveloped in clouds and mists which gradually revolved themselves into strata.

Lovely towns, villages, and houses, were dotted along the sea-shore on our left, along which frequent square-towered campaniles rose high in the air. Just behind the flats on which the towns stood, rose lofty mountains towering in the sky, their rugged peaks covered with snow, and clouds like huge cotton flakes or piles of eider down hovering

round their ridges, nestling in the valleys between them, and rising and rolling away, till gradually dissipated by the fast mounting sun.

Miles of this *riviera* extended along our left front in a thin white line, like the shores of some white-sand bay, and winding along the steep hill fronts behind it, we could see the beautifully constructed Corniche-road, along which the Canadian told us he had travelled twenty years before. Four of them had engaged a postillion who found a coach and horses, fed these and himself, acted as courier, and at a rate of not less than forty miles, drove them all the way from Nice to Naples and back, for a pound sterling per day.

I counted thirty-one vessels all of a row, building on the beach westward of the port. We soon steamed past these into the bight of the bay, and then between the two piers at the port entrance, where we found ourselves surrounded by shipping.

A fine taunt frigate, her chequered sides glistening in the sun, a sooty iron clad, a tide-a-wash turret ship, and several other vessels of war, lay on either side. The dark blue water between them was curled into ripples by the morning breeze, and danced in the sun light; and through the now clear atmosphere we saw two or three more frigates behind the red walls of the Darsena, in the basin a-head. Through the embrasures of the Arsenal battery, we could see the troops marching round and round on parade, to the tune of their band, the music of which echoed among the surrounding hills, whilst up the steep slopes on all sides rose the noble buildings of Genova la superba. Leftward of the Arsenal hung the gardens of the Palazzo Doria Pamfili, whence the colossal statue of the great Andrea Doria gazed proudly over the bay; and to the right of it towered a hill, topped by the red cupola of Santa Maria di Carignano. Boats soon thronged alongside, and making a bargain with one of them, a manly fellow, in a smartly-cut blue suit, like a British petty officer, he agreed to take us the two hundred yards a-shore and back, for a franc and a half per head.

The Canadian, his nieces, the French captain, the two Castellanos, and myself, stepped in, and on landing, formed a straggling procession through the up-and-down streets of Genoa, where clothes hung to dry on lines stretched from window to window across every side lane.

We strolled along the Strade Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima, fine well-paved thoroughfares with tall marble palaces, through whose pillared portals we could see the frescoed courts, with marble fountains, statues, and orange groves within. Handsome, black-eyed, and elegantly-dressed women swept along the pavements, and pretty brunettes, with white muslin veils hanging from their rich back hair, in

the fashion of Genoa, tripped gracefully past us, exciting the admiration of the pretty Canadian, who, knowing the veils would become her admirably, exclaimed, "Oh, I must have one of them, they are so lovely!"

We entered the church of L'Annunziata, gorgeous with ultramarine and gold, and adorned with white, purple, and twisted marble columns, splendid frescoes, and fine paintings, the whole interior being toned down by the soft-coloured light that filtered through crimson silk curtains hanging over small square windows near the roof,—the Spaniards making their genuflexions, moistening their fingers reverently, and signing the cross as we stepped forth again.

The children we saw playing in the streets were remarkably handsome; and the young ladies being anxious to find the Strada degli Orefici, we left them there buying filagree work, with which the street is bedizened from one end to the other on either side. We then strolled round the ramparts, built on rocks, against which dashed the sea, and in a bastion near Santa Maria found an ancient fisherman busily baiting his hooks in a corner, and sending them, by a running noose, down the bight of a line over a hundred fathoms in length, stretched across an intervening bay of Acqua Sporchissima beneath to another bastion beyond.

Some Israelites, basking in their doorways at the back of the platform, seemed amused at our appearance, and facetiously made bids for our water-worn raiment; and as the steamer started soon after noon, we had just time to take another stroll through the city, peer once more into the grand halls, courts, and palaces; wander through some of the narrow, up-and-down alleys, and take one turn along the marble promenade extending on arches like a viaduct across the back of the harbour, between the Custom House, and a terrace behind.

The Canadians and Frenchman here rejoined us, and the usual explanations for having parted company followed.

The captain had mounted the heights, and was in raptures over the land fortifications. They were splendid! One or two of the forts were perfection itself. He had no previous idea of the magnitude of these works. They quite astonished him, and if manned by French troops would be impregnable!

The boatman here reminded us that it was time to be moving, so, re-embarking, in a few strokes we regained the steamer, where our ears were deafened and our voices made husky for an hour or more, by the puffing of the donkey engine, the heaving of the winch, overhauling of the chains and pulleys, and rattling of the cogs, as bale after bale, and

cask after cask of cargo were hoisted into, or out of, the big flat barges alongside.

Similar noises too, and blowings off of steam, rattlings of chains, heavings of windlasses, shoutings of crews, and splashings of oars, so resounded from all sides around, that they utterly drove all ideas of Doria and the Doges from our distracted minds, and prevented our finding the least enjoyment in remaining on deck, to view the theatre of domes and palaces, rising terrace after terrace, in lovely prospect, all around.

The fearful hubbub quite drove us below, where dinner formed but a feeble solace for the surrounding din. During our meal, however, we steamed forth; and on turning the Mole point, the hurly burly ceased as soon as the beautiful city with its 150,000 inhabitants was shut from our sight.

In 1311, says Sismondi,* Genoa maintained at St. Jean d'Acre, at Pera, and at Caffa, military and mercantile colonies, which made themselves respected for their valour, at the same time that they carried on the richest commerce of the Mediterranean. Several islands in the Archipelago, amongst others that of Chios, had passed in sovereignty to Genoese families.

The palaces of Genoa, already called the "superb," were the admiration of travellers. Its sanguinary rivalry with Pisa had terminated by securing to the former the empire of the Tyrrhene Sea. From that time Genoa had no other rival than Venice. An accidental rencontre of the fleets of these two cities in the sea of Cyprus, lighted up between them, in 1298, a terrible war, which for seven years stained the Mediterranean with blood, and consumed immense wealth.

In 1298 the Genoese admiral, Lambra Doria, meeting the Venetian commander, Andrea Dandolo, at Corzuola, at the extremity of the Adriatic, burnt sixty-six of his galleys, and took eighteen, which he brought to Genoa, with 7,000 prisoners, suffering only twelve vessels to escape. The humbled Venetians in the next year asked and obtained peace. The Genoese, vanquishers in turn of the Pisans and Venetians, passed for the bravest, the most enterprising, and the most fortunate mariners of all Italy.

The government of the city was entirely democratic; but the two chains of mountains which extend from Genoa, the one towards Provence, and the other towards Tuscany, called by the Italians *Le Riviere di Genova*, because the foot of these mountains forms the shore of the sea, were covered with the castles of Ligurian nobles; the peasantry

* Italian Republics, chap. v., p. 124.

were all dependent on them, and were always ready to make war for their liege lords. Four families were pre-eminent for their power and wealth,—the Doria and Spinola, who were Ghibelins; the Grimaldi and the Fieschi, who were of the Guelph faction.

The Genoese, says Froissart,* carry their commerce everywhere by means of the duties they pay, even to the further India, and the realm of Prester John. They are universally well received on account of the gold, silver, and rich merchandise they bring from Alexandria, Cairo, Damascus, or from the Saracens. It is thus the world is supplied, for what is not in one country is in another: but all this is well known.

The Genoese are the most adventurous navigators, and are much superior to the Venetians as lords of the sea, being more feared by the Saracens than any others, for they are excellent and determined seamen; and one Genoese galley would attack and probably conquer four galleys of the Saracens.

On going on deck we found the snow-clad peaks of the treeless Appenines extending along our left, and with the exception of an English barque which ran up her ensign as we passed, not a sail, not a fisher's barque, not a gull was to be seen, reminding one forcibly of the Tuscan saying: "Fishless seas, treeless mountains, faithless men, and shameless women," applied to Genoa and the Genoese.

While smoking a quiet after-dinner pipe, we heard a terrible squealing and scuffling going on forward, mingled with nautical expletives; and the captain by and by joining us, told us one of the *stevedore's* boys had concealed himself on board, in order to have a trip to Naples. He, however would take good care to mar his plot, for not a foot should he set on shore till he got back again to Genoa. The little fellow, however, grinned through his tears, and soon made himself useful, if not ornamental. He scoured the bittacle and the brass work with sand and oil, swept and swabbed the deck, hauled at the ropes, peeled the légumes, and seemed as active as ubiquitous.

"*Aquila di mar*," shouted he next morning when I came on deck and saw one solitary gull hovering over, and occasionally dipping into a strongly-marked line, like a seam of tide, dividing the hitherto clear green sea from the chalk-coloured water adjoining it.

The sun was again shining on the snow-clad crests of the Appenines, their feet being enveloped in haze.

Feluccas were trawling over the fishing ground (the margin of the fishless sea being probably indicated by the solitary gull), and rolling

* Chron. vii., 226.

along before the wind, each with four or more three-cornered sails boomed out, before and abaft, in addition to its one large, long-yarded latteen.

In the distance rose the massive silhouette of Gorgona of anchovy notoriety: and near Meloria Light-house, perched on some piles in the sea, we passed over the site of the terrible battles between the Genoese and the Pisans. The latter were the first to introduce into Tuscany the arts that ennoble wealth. Their dome, their baptistery,* their leaning tower, and their Campo Santo, or burial ground, composed of soil from Jerusalem, which the traveller's eye embraces at one glance, but does not weary of beholding, had been successively built from the year 1063 to the end of the twelfth century.

These *chefs d'œuvre* had animated the genius of the Pisans; and the greatest architects of the thirteenth century were for the most part pupils of Nicolas di Pisa. The Pisans had astonished the shores of the Mediterranean by the number of vessels and galleys that sailed under their flag, by the succour they had given the crusaders, by the fear they had inspired at Constantinople, and by the conquest of Sardinia and the Balearic Ides.† Jealousies in consequence arose 'twixt them and the Genoese.

On the 3rd May, 1241, the Pisans attacked a Genoese fleet off Meloria, sank three vessels, took nineteen, and made prisoners of all the French priests on their way in them to join a council convoked at Rome by Gregory IX.‡ But on the 6th August 1284 the Genoese were avenged. - Whilst the fleets of the two republics, almost equal in number, were again engaged off Meloria, a reinforcement of thirty Genoese galleys, driven impetuously by the wind, struck the Pisans in flank: seven vessels were instantly sunk, and twenty-eight taken. Five thousand citizens perished in the battle, and eleven thousand who were taken prisoners to Genoa preferred death in captivity rather than their republic should ransom them by giving up Sardinia.

This loss ruined the maritime power of Pisa. All the fishermen of the coast quitted the Pisan galleys for those of Genoa. Their vessels diminished in number, with the means of manning them, till Pisa could no longer pretend to be more than the third maritime power in Italy.

The *Val d'Arno*, like a long sea-beach, extended all along our left, the mountains on either side of it converging in the distance till lost in the haze, and the river, after having in its course passed through both Florence and Pisa, winding through it into the sea. The water here

* See casts at Kensington Museum.

† Sismondi's *It. Rep.*, chap. v., p. 109.

‡ *Ibid*, chap. iii., p. 72.

was very shallow and discoloured, and about two-and-twenty hours after leaving Genoa we steamed into Leghorn.

The outer port of *Livorno*, formed by a lofty crescent-shaped wall or breakwater, is about the size of the projected harbour of Dover. There are inner basins and harbours, in one of the former of which lay a fine English schooner yacht.

"It is all nonsense our paying these boatmen such exorbitant charges for taking us a few yards," said the Canadian, who, with his nieces and the Frenchman, were here going to leave us: "let us make a bargain with them." But with one exception the men refused taking us for less than two francs a-head "return," which they said was the tariff.

"The captain can speak Italian in a proper manner I dare say," said our friend, who had before made inquiries respecting the *lingua franca* in which the Spaniard and myself had carried on our conversation, and eyeing me disparagingly, he strode off in a sententious manner to find him. The captain not meeting his requirements, and the Spaniard shouting "*Castillano!*" to his fellow-countryman, we three jumped into the boat we had bargained for, and left the cute Canadian to settle his difficulties in the best way he could. The young ladies bowed to us from the gangway as we shoved off, and the Frenchman, rushing to the side, shouted after us, "*Mais vous n'avez pas non adresse à Rome!*"

They soon followed us, however, the boatmen all giving with a will; but as their luggage had to pass the Custom House, our courses diverged, and after a waving of hands I saw them no more till some months afterwards I caught a momentary glimpse of the Canadians getting into a train at Cannon Street as I whisked by.

We had hoped to get a run to Pisa, but were too late for the train, so strolled through the fine open streets of Leghorn, on which the sun shone down from a clear blue cloudless sky. Elegantly-dressed women, with tasteful sun-shades, were passing to and fro; and pretty flower-girls darted from side to side tempting us with tiny nosegays from the little baskets they swung on their arms. Bronze statues stood about in all directions. The group of Fernando I., by Giovanni dell'Opera, with models of a father and three sons, taken at the battle of Lepanto, writhing in chains, and looking up to him with an expression of intense agony, was most life like.

We passed inscription after inscription of fulsome Latin, puffing one or two Grand Dukes of Tuscany to the skies; and by their attempted sublimity reminding one the more forcibly among other dukes, of "*Le Grand Duc de Besançon!*"

Livorno, with its squares, avenues, statues, waterworks, docks, and basins, and its eighty or ninety thousands inhabitants, looks even newer than does Turin. There is a "just-opened" look about the place, but the beauty of the women we saw there was as remarkable as were the elegance of their carriage and their taste in dress.

The town stands on a perfect flat, the Delta of the Arno in fact, and at the back, by the Water Works, lie the Boboli Gardens. Elegant little illuminated metallic scrolls, forming part of the slender poles from which they apparently hang, had notices on them relative to the gardens, and entering these we found hundreds of soldiery wandering about the paths, staring at the rich exotics and gorgeously-plumaged birds in the wire aviaries there, and when not crushing the well-sanded walks with their tread, lolling on the many seats posted around. Here nursemaids were airing their little charges, and now and then a pretty mamma popped in, looked up and down the avenues for her darlings, fluttered up to, stooped, kissed and fondled them, set a plait or a collar to rights, and with another kiss and an *addio*! vanished again. On our way back we met a regiment going to drill on the Campo d'Armi, and followed it. It broke into open column on the ground, and the captain of each company began putting it through the manual exercise. The officers were all much taller than the troops, and had a remarkable air of education and refinement. It was really pleasing to see the pains they took in personally adjusting the position of their men's hands, arms, &c., and to hear the gentle and conciliating tone in which they addressed them when giving explanations. This scene formed a marked contrast to many I remembered, where concentrated animal power vented stereotyped phrases, in the most bullying tones, and with the greatest show of restrained ferocity, it could possibly assume.

When we moved off, we found boat-loads of more raw material at the quay, the conscripts being greeted as they landed by the friendly banter of the boatmen lolling about the stairs. While we were admiring the Babelistic inscriptions over the stones, one of which—"*Apotheke ton Kalaphaton*,"*—appeared strange in its Greek form, and preparing to re-embark, a violent altercation arose below—the boatmen accusing our Charon of taking less than his fare, and he calling all the saints in the calendar to witness that he had not abated one *centesimo* from the amount of extortion which he and his fraternity were legally entitled to inflict.

At the beck of his comrades, one of the junior wranglers leaped into

* Magazzino dei Calafati, i.e., Caulker's Stone.

the bows of our boat as she shoved off, and there, perched like a cormorant, railed at our ferryman, who from time to time stopped his rowing, and, with tears in his eyes, gesticulated like a maniac, at which the other only increased his fire, and, with a sly twinkle in his eye, derided him the more, till Ulysses and Polyphemus, in our estimation, were as nothing. We paid no attention to all this pantomime, though Charon appealed from his saints to us and then back to his saints again to corroborate the lie he was telling.

His arch enemy watched the play of all our features like a lynx, and as we shot alongside the steamer, leaped into another boat like a monkey, and disappeared, Charon telling us, as he pocketed the reduced fare we had bargained for, that his poverty, not his will, consented.

The noise welcoming us on board was somewhat varied from that of the previous day. A steamer alongside was embarking a host of fine black pigs for Naples. These squealed, grunted, and shrieked in the most heartrending manner as they were whipped into the air from the barge alongside, and kicked, plunged, struggled, and screeched there, till they touched the deck, and then shuffled forward to join the close-packed throng of their fellows, huddled side by side together in the bows. Their cries ceased the instant they wedged themselves in, though now and then there would be a general surge, and a chorus, when some more than usually pig-headed subject thrust its nose, or forced its way where it was the general impression among the other pigs, that its room was more welcome than its company.

Dinner afforded a mild relief from this noise, as it had from that of the day before; and after enjoying our first impression of an Italian sky—which to me seemed as if I were looking through a frame without any glass in it, so limpid and pure is the air, so azure the vault above—about six in the evening we left Livorno, and steamed on for Civit  Vecchia.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

AN IMPORTANT meeting of the New York Yacht Club was held on March 25th, at Delmonico's, the object being to fix the terms upon which Mr. Ashbury, the owner of the English yacht *Cambria*, should compete for the possession of the cup won by the *America*. The subject at issue was whether the New York Yacht Club was to select one vessel which should race Mr. Ashbury's yacht *Cambria*, or whether, as the *America* had won the cup against the whole Royal Yacht Club squadron of

England, it should not be considered necessary for Mr. Ashbury to enter the *Cambria* against the fleet of the New York Yacht Club. The question was of such importance that there was a full attendance of members at the meeting, and the utmost interest was manifested in the proceedings.

Commodore Stebbins presided, and Mr. Morton officiated as Secretary. The owners of all the principal yachts were present. The discussion was participated in pretty generally, but Commodore Stebbins, Mr. Schuyler, chairman of the committee formerly appointed to arrange the terms of a race with Mr. Ashbury, and Mr. Grinnell, spoke at most length. The subject as to whether it should be a contest of the *Cambria* against one American yacht brought forward an animated debate as to whether or not the committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club had not committed themselves to race the English yacht on these terms; if they had, one member contended, it would be the same to ask Mr. Ashbury to race his yacht against all vessels of the New York Yacht Club as to have asked Tom Sayers to fight all the prize-fighters in the United States. This view of the case caused much laughter, but was objected to on the very strong ground that the America won the cup against fifteen English yachts—that is, against the whole squadron of the Royal Yacht Club. It then became simply a question of honour as to whether the correspondence which had passed between the committee and Mr. Ashbury had committed the New York Yacht Club to select one vessel from their squadron to decide with the *Cambria* the possession of the cup. It was contended that to select such vessel would be giving the English yacht a great advantage over the terms on which the America had won the trophy, and that, moreover, such a race would not decide the question of the relative superiority of England and America in the naval architecture of this class of vessels. Mr. Grinnell put this point very forcibly, arguing that if ten yacht clubs in England sent yachts to compete in a race for this cup, the New York Yacht Club was prepared to allow them all to enter. In reference to the correspondence which had passed in 1869 between Mr. Ashbury and the committee of the New York Yacht Club, it was the almost universal opinion of those present that it was evident that that correspondence in no way bound the club. In Mr. Ashbury's letter of the 6th of September he receded from the terms proposed because his own condition would not be granted, and the object of the correspondence begun by him in June fell through in December from his own choice. On the 10th of February Mr. Ashbury wrote to state that he intended to visit the United States with his yacht, and that he hoped to have an oppor-

tunity of racing for the possession of the cup under the rules of the New York Yacht Club.

A vote being then taken as to whether in the coming race the *Cambria* should race against the vessels of the New York Yacht Club was carried in the affirmative by eighteen against one. The votes were of those actually owning vessels in the club. It was subsequently resolved that sloops should be ruled out and schooners only be allowed to compete in the race.

The result of the meeting seemed to give general satisfaction, as every question as to fairness had been honourably and frankly settled by the members of the club.

The race is to be run over the New York Yacht Club course, but the club expresses its willingness, in case Mr. Ashbury should desire to choose some other course, to yield to whatever may be reasonable in the matter.—*New York Herald*.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE.

We beg to submit to our readers the extracts from Colonel Taylor's letter, alluded to in our leading article, and the comments of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, from which they are taken :—

“ And now, near *Spirit*, permit me, if you please, to take up the matter of the coming ocean race proposed between the *Dauntless* and the *Cambria*, and to say that I, for one, beg to disagree with you entirely in your views of that match. I consider it as gigantic a humbug, in the way of being a test as to the speed of either yacht, as can well be conceived of. My grounds for this assertion are as follows :—In the first place, it must be presumed that both English and American yachtsmen desire a really fair test as to which is the fastest yacht, both on and off the wind, the *Dauntless* or the *Cambria*. Now, to get at this correctly, is it not necessary that both yachts should sail in the same wind and the same water, and go over the same ground, for the purpose of seeing who goes over it the fastest? Can they both have the same wind, the same water, and go over almost precisely the same ground, if they start on such a long race-ground, where the winds are always variable, and *where each navigator will select his own course*? One will go more to the southward or the northward than the other; and the *Spirit* knows as well as I do that in different latitudes one will find different winds, and never will they be twice alike. This has been instanced so many times in the various passages of our clipper ships from New York to San Francisco or China, that comment from me is unnecessary. To prove this I refer the *Spirit* to some of the old copies of ‘Maury's Sailing Direc-

tions,' which give the logs of many ships, both full ships and clipper ships, and which show conclusively that the race was not always to the swiftest. Indeed, oftentimes the slowest vessel was the victor in these impromptu contests that were constantly occurring on the ocean, simply from the fact that several vessels would start on or about the same day from this port or the other, and some sort of a contest would surely grow out of it. They oftentimes never sighted each other from the day they left port. How then could it be called a fair race? You might call it making a passage, but is it fair to say one ship beats another squarely in sailing when that ship never sights her rival?

"Will it not then be a test more of navigation than anything else? Suppose they start in mid-ocean, far away from land breezes or eddies, in an eight or ten knot breeze, wind free and steady (or even a gale of wind), at about nine o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon the Dauntless has run the Cambria out of sight, will not this prove that the Dauntless is the faster of the two with a free wind? Or change the wind if you like and make it dead a-head. Under these circumstances, too, will not the yacht which first runs the other out of sight be the faster and more weatherly yacht? It seems to me so. Then why, if we can suggest a race where both yachts can have a steady and continuous wind for twenty miles out to sea and back to the starting point, should it be deemed necessary for them to go over three thousand miles to prove their fitness! Is this international race intended to prove anything? Yes. What is it intended to prove? Why, which is the fastest, the Dauntless or the Cambria, not which is the most seaworthy and has the best navigator! Therefore, I pronounce, unhesitatingly, the proposed contest a humbug, because the grand question (unless both have the same wind, either a-head or free) will still remain unsettled, no matter which arrives first at Sandy Hook, and no one knows this better than the owners of these yachts, who are too good sailors not to know that seaworthiness and navigation, as opposed to swiftness, are two entirely different things. Witness the ocean race in 1866. The three yachts started side by side—the Vesta at once taking the lead—all having the same wind, and yet the yacht that was pronounced the slowest of them all won the prize. How? Not by her superior sailing qualities, but by the skill of her navigator. The Vesta arrived first at the Scilly rocks, but made a bad landfall. The Henrietta made a good landfall, did not have to tack as the Vesta did, and won the race! And yet does any gentleman who has read the logs or known anything of the yachts consider the Henrietta was faster than the Vesta or the Fleetwing? The latter went too much to the southward, and lost the winds in their strength. Had she gone more to the northward she would, I think, have been right up with the others at Scilly too.

"As a mere matter of excitement and novelty, by all means let us have the grand race; but do not let us be so utterly oblivious of the first principles of yacht racing as to call this contest a trial of speed. Call it

rather a test of the staunchness of the yachts, the skill of the navigators, the experience of the crews in handling the sails, their quickness in hoisting, lowering away, reefing and unreefing; and whether or not fickle fortune loves best Yankee Doodle or the British Lion.

"Is it to be three cheers for the 'American Eagle—confusion to the man who throws salt on his venerable tail'—or 'Ip, 'ip, 'urrah; hall 'ail, hold Hengland!' My best wishes are with them, and may the fastest win.

"In the *Spirit* I am anxious to see the subject of the ocean race well ventilated."

The *Spirit of the Times* says:—

"We publish an eloquent and able letter on yachting topics from our gallant friend Colonel Taylor. The latter part of it is devoted to the forthcoming ocean match between the *Dauntless* and the *Cambria*, and this Colonel Taylor does not hesitate to pronounce a humbug. We altogether disagree with that opinion. It is of recent English origin, and we purpose to show that Colonel Taylor himself is quite a recent convert to it. He could not have held that an ocean race was a humbug when he sailed in the *Vesta*, from New York to Cowes, against the *Henrietta* and the *Fleetwing*. Nor could he have done so at a more recent period, when he called at our office and authorised us to announce that Mr. Pierre Lorrillard was willing to sail his yacht, the *Challenge*, against the tea fleet of clipper ships from China to London. The public sentiment of this country and England in reference to the race between the *Henrietta*, *Vesta*, and *Fleetwing*, showed that nobody in these great maritime nations considered the race a humbug. On the contrary, there was too much of a tendency to make a marvellous exploit of it, and we had to show that the Atlantic Ocean had been navigated by vessels of the size of those schooners ever since Christopher Columbus steered through the weeds of the Sargossa Sea and discovered America. Colonel Taylor holds that the speed of the yachts may be tested in a much shorter space. It may; you may test it in a run over the measured mile in one of the English roadsteads, if that is what is wanted, but we have always contended that it is not. Speed is a very important element in a good yacht, but it is not everything. And, instead of there being but two points of sailing—a wind over the taffrail and one dead a-head—there are many points. Now, in a long ocean race, the probability is, that there will be winds from every direction—winds that will vary greatly in force, accompanied by seas of widely different character. Well, is not this more calculated to test the value of the models of the yachts than to run twenty miles out from the land and beat back again? All the English amateurs in their island cannot convince us that it is not, and we are quite certain that, if they laid down their propositions to English sailors, not one in a thousand would agree to it. The device is to obtain a ten-knot breeze, and have it remain the same in force and direction until the race is completed. No such wind is to be had, to a certainty, this side of the south-east trades be-

tween the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena. Even in the trade winds, as soon as you near the land the wind begins to be variable in direction and in force. The devices for a race that shall be a certain test as to speed, over a short course, just reminds us of the expedient by which Pat managed to lay his course east north-east—he nailed down the card of the compass. The difference of the passages between the Swordfish and the other clipper ship is very easily explained—they sailed ten days apart. The Dauntless and the Cambria are to sail on the same day and hour. We *do* want to test these yachts in all sorts of weather. It is not for the purpose of trying the quality of the wood from which they are built, as Colonel Taylor suggests. It is to see how they will behave when the great seas come plunging down, like huge blue mountains capped with snow, upon their weather bows—when the furious billows chase them and rise high over the taffrail, threatening a pooping sea—when with a double reef topsail breeze upon the beam they lay down to their work and rush along gunwale under—this is what we mean by testing the capacity of yachts as good sea-boats. There is a very great difference in vessels. We remember when the famous fast barque, the Mischief, made a very rapid run across the Bay of Biscay, in a strong breeze and high sea, her owners asked the Scotch captain if she was not a good sea-boat.

“Weel, she did na’ just mak’ her passage under water altogether, for, ye see, she came up to blow three or four times.”

If a yacht loses a mast, will the race be a test? Certainly not; but, as we have pointed out heretofore, a trifling accident may change the result in a short race, while it will take a serious one to do so in a long race. We again protest against a device for a short test of the mere speed. A yacht is not worth ten dollars as a mere inanimate piece of work. You cannot wind her up, and run her as you do a chronometer. She is most valuable as a means of bringing out skill, judgment, daring, knowledge, and science. Then she becomes a thing of life, of beauty, and of joy! As of the Coquette—

“She was so loved, the fairy,
Like a mistress or a child,
For she was so trim and airy,
So buoyant and so wild.

Although so young a rover,
She knew what life may be,
For she had gambolled over
Full many a distant sea.”

It is when the art of the builder is seconded by the skill and daring of the seaman, and the science and judgment of the navigator, that results of real value are obtained. Therefore we have strongly supported this ocean race from the first, and remain of the opinion that it is of more real significance than any number of short races under the land. We must remind Colonel Taylor that practically twenty miles from the Scilly Islands is not

at sea at all. Land slants and shore currents prevail there, and a seaman does not call himself at sea until he is nearly or quite off soundings. What we have contended for, in common with Mr. Bennett and Mr. Douglas, is just this, that though an ocean match may not be a perfecttest, it is a much better test than any of those that have been most resorted to heretofore. What is commonly the result of regattas in Long Island Sound and around the Isle of Wight? Why, in half of them you might as well be in the horse latitudes, and the other half determine nothing, for some one or two yachts get a favourable slant of wind or a stern set of tide or current, and that enables them to come in first. The best yacht don't win in these races above one time in ten, and that accounts for the great difference of opinion in New York and at Cowes as to which are the best yachts. If you ask a number of our yachtsmen as to which is the best New York yacht, very few of them will be found to agree. They may have been tested in Long Island Sound over and over, but that will have settled nothing in the minds of those who witnessed the races. So it is in the waters of the Isle of Wight.

“ Instead of troubling and vexing ourselves with theories as to what may possibly occur, let us look at what has actually happened in ocean races. What was the difference in time between the *Vesta* and the *Henrietta*, from New York to the Bishop's Light, in the Scilly Islands? Just two hours and no more, although the *Henrietta* had been hove to once in the passage, and they had never been in sight of each other after the first day out. Again, the tea-fleet of clipper ships sailed from North China to London, and made a race of it. The difference in time between the leading ships at the South Foreland Light, in the English Channel, was *half an hour*! To suppose that any navigator is going to stand to the south, into light breezes and the adverse current of the Gulf Stream, and thereby make the passage greater in distance, as well as slower, is to suppose that a great blockhead will be in charge, and we shall not do anything of the sort.”

THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT SELENE.

BY ONE OF THE CREW.

THE schooner yacht *Selene*, R.N.Y.C., 275 tons, owned by David Richardson, Esq., of Hartfield, lay at her moorings in Gourock Bay in September 1868, when I went aboard with her crew. The yacht lay outside a fleet of yachts, her big mainsail hiding half-a-dozen of the lesser craft. From the dinghy the schooner looked like a clipper—long-sided, lean-bowed, light-sterned, and fine in all her lines. A broad gilt line swept along her black side, from the figure-head to the counter. The rake of her stem was as

sweet as a swan's neck, and her rail had just enough of spring to take the stave of the bowsprit easy. There was no ornament but a woman's head on the stem, clean cut in the features, but the likeness not easily made out. Her masts were wonderful to look at. They were two Oregon pines, close on one hundred feet from keelson to head. Her main boom was a tremendous spar to have a sail bent to it, and must have taken twenty men to lift its dead weight. She had whipped the fastest English yachts, hand over hand, and she had all the look of it.

Her deck was reached from the gangway. A "cat's paw" would have left a mark upon the white plank. The mahogany skylights shone, and the brass fittings blazed in the sun. The only noise on board was a hum from the forecastle hatch, and the flapping of a thousand yards of canvas overhead. The creak of the mainsheet blocks sounded eerie to those who were vexed at parting from their friends. The preparations for a start were as quietly gone about as if the *Selene* had been the *Flying Dutchman*. The captain was busy among flags at the companion. He was earnestly looking up signals to speak to foreign fleets. He had nothing to say to those about him, and I thought it wise not to trouble him. I went forward to the mate, and spoke to him. He was leaning over the bow, and looking as a man might do who had discovered something curious at the bottom of the sea. He was a broad-shouldered, fair-headed, pleasant-looking Englishman, but declared he belonged to Gourock, and hailed from about the Quarry Quay. He might have been a Cockney or a Dutchman, but he was "sartin" that he came from Gourock. He had little to say to me, and chiefly spoke towards a bucket that hung over the fluke of the anchor. He said—"I ain't agoin ashore no more for six month, and which is a comfort in heavy weather. I hopes as we get well clear o' the land, for no man's safe until he has the Longships well down across the taffrail."

The forecastle was wide and airy; it was high enough to dance a hornpipe in, and was wide enough for a seaman's chapel. The crew were busy in it attending to their own affairs. Dougie, the sailmaker, was overhauling his Sunday gear. There might be church-going out about the places where we were bound for. He knew we were going to Athens, where Paul preached. The sailmaker thought it wise to have a good suit against visiting the prison of St. John, and he prepared for it by sewing a needful button upon his shirt. English Phil regarded Dougie's industry with a kindling eye. The steward was standing by the galley fire, explaining, by drawing with his finger upon a door, how the cook should mess the forecastle. He was full of importance, and would answer no questions. He handed a visitor a Bible, and told him he would find something there to keep him going till they had a little leisure.

Sailors were rummaging into canvas bags, settling their hamper, and looking up their stores. Hammocks were swung for those who came aboard, and the night went by with songs and chatter.

Under Weigh.—The rush of the hanks of the foresail up the forestay brought me on deck in the morning. Before I had got clear of the scuttle,

the sole of the staysail went over my head with a sweep, and the returning swing, of the sheet blocks caught me between the shoulders, and laid me on my back on deck. A sudden respect came over me for the ropes and rigging of the *Selene*. I heard the captain's sharp voice, and the mate's softer call. "Head sheets to windward there," said the captain. "Stand by and slip the buoy line." The head sails filled, the buoy line was slipped, and the schooner slowly drew on end before a breeze of west wind. With the backstay runner away, and the mainsheet eased off, the yacht forged ahead splashing a ripple along her weather side, and reaching in by the Roseneath shore. The Shoals Buoy, the Green Isle, the Roseneath Perch, were all left behind before the schooner showed a spurt of foam under her counter. Abreast of Clynder a gust slowly careened the yacht, filled the tall sails, and sent a long ripple away from her lee chainplate.

With the dinghy ahead, a line was rove through the ring of one of the mooring buoys at Lochhead, and the work of traversing the compasses was begun. The Lochhead pleased the Englishmen forward. Billy thought it as pretty as "the flats o' the 'umber." The first night on board was spent in forecastle jollity. Billy Wren was elected chief fiddler, because he owned and played a concertina, to the disgust of Vallance, the fiddler from Skye.

With the gloaming the skiffs of the fishermen went down the loch—with the dawn their yellow bows came upon us like phantoms in the mist. The fishing had not been good. The steward bargained for some hundreds. He was blamed for not paying "a shentleman's price." With the forenoon the *Selene* was laying through the "Narrows," and by mid-day had reached the Cove. Shipping stores would take time, and the anchor was let go at Cove Point. Boats were converted into transports; boxes, baggage bales, packages, and hampers of all sorts were piled on the yacht's deck and hurled through the hatchway and skylights into her cabins. The steward wrestled with boxes and bales. He lost his temper among the baggage, and he got chaffed for his crossness. "We should have gone into dock to load reg'lar," said Phil. "Why, look here, I knows on two tons o' potatoes on board, besides so many barrels o' hard tack, with casks o' beef an' soft tack enough for a frigate's crew." And there was still more of it as carts streamed down to the beach and left "a mountain of plunder." The piano was brought aboard with wonderful care. The crew thought it something cheery.

The second day's storage was completed, and the mirth gained with the darkness. The dinghy crossed to Gourock with those who were home sick, but the mate would not be coaxed. "Tell old Kate to keep the wherry fire cheery and tell her to keep the wee jar with a drop in it," he said as the dinghy left the gangway.

About Ardentunny the lights of sunset died away. Twilight airs broke the grey and amber shadows of the mountains. Faint mists were trailing from beach to beach, the calm of the autumn eve had fallen over hill and hollow; to those who were going away the night had a tinge of sadness.

The dawn of the 23rd September found the yacht's decks in an uproar. More luggage had to be shipped and stowed. The steward's temper was

again lost, and this time difficult to find. The weather was no way suspicious looking, and we wearied for a start.

Down Channel.—The owner, his family, and friends came aboard to-day. Leave-taking delayed the time till preparations were complete. When the boats returned from the beach they were hoisted to the davits. The head sails were set, and the anchor was weighed. The east wind was freshening, and with all sail set the *Selene* sped upon her way. Anxious eyes were kept upon Cove Point, upon Gourock Point, upon remembered places. The Holy Loch was passed; the Kinn, looking cold and wintry; and Dunoon were left behind. The clouds looked black towards the "Heads," but level lights crossed Bute, the Cumbræes, and melted among the Ayrshire hills. On the woods of Skelmorlie the autumn sunlight fell with mellow tenderness. On all the foreign shores our eyes have crossed, nothing richer passed us than its trailing splendour.

Through the "Heads" the *Selene* cleft her way to the sea. Before us the peaks of Arran, like the many-coloured bergs of icy seas, swam in the sunset. Torn clouds girt their black lines. Their look was full of auguries against the night. The iron headlands of Bute were cut with azure rents. The wintry hills of the Kyles were wrapt in slumberous clouds. There yet remained the dim hills of Strone, the Cove, and the black moors beyond. From the Ayrshire coast thundering clouds swept into the Firth. From under these the flicker of lights fell across the waters, the "Heads" slowly closed, and the *Selene* held on her course outside the Craig.

With the wind abeam, and freshening, the schooner settled down to her work. The streak of foam under her bow broadened—from her chains the spray would suddenly break—in her wake the white crests swept away to leeward. The dull thunder of the breaking sea was coming and going, with the music in her rigging. The waves came darkly from the Ayrshire coast, and the yacht was taking it wonderfully easy. She rose and fell with a long, steady swing. In the night the tall sails loomed ghostly over the vessel as she sped on her way.

On our lee lay Pladda Light, and before the close of the dog-watch the Craig was seen rising like a storm cloud. Red lights and green lights were coming out of the darkness as inward-bound craft were running for the Clyde, and weary eyes followed the dim vessels as they passed homeward, with unspoken messages to those left behind.

The first night out.—The deck looked cheery with the glare through the skylights. In his sea boots and sou'-wester the captain leaned on the rail, and kept watching the sky to windward. He looked at the bright light set up by the iron furnaces on shore. In dark and stormy nights their flash shows brightest, and the sky was curiously clear across the iron mines. About Dalry great pulses of light widened on the clouds with every flash of the fires, and anxious coasters knew the night would break upon them if they could not make Lamlash. For the *Selene* there was no concern, but her canvas might require snugging before the morning.

In the forecastle the lamps were lit, and sailors' yarns were filling up the time. It was the first night at sea, and each one had some reason for being

wakeful. Some were sick, and others were but sickly. It was agreed that "the master and the mistress" were the best sailors on board, and the mate, said, "When the youngsters are sick, I shan't have many hands in my watch." Billy remarked that he "hadn't been aboard no more comfortable ship." "I never said nothin' to the contrary," answered Phil, "but I never was aboard a finer craft. Why, everything's warm and comfortable below, and there ain't a bit about her as isn't shinin' like silver. Why, I jest looked aft through the cabins from the pantry and they are a bleesin through to the sail locker. Why, there isn't nothin' about the cabins as isn't shinin' exceptin' the dirty weather in the glass that hangs beside the cabin door." "An' is that partic'lar black?" asked the mate. "It didn't look partic'lar bright," replied Phil, "but that might come of the bright things alongside." "The wind's been backin' round to the southward," said Dougie. "They hae been flattening the sheet on her this half-hour." "How d'ye know?" asked Phil. "Because I hae seen the shadow o' that lamp travel up the hammock locker, and fix itself steady after a spell." "That's curis! isn't it?" replied Phil, lost in quiet admiration; and turning to Vallance, he expressed his opinion that Dougie "was a proper sort'o man" "He's a North country man," Vallance answered impressively. "His folk, like my folk, belonged to Skye. They hae had some doin's wi' the M'Leods for generations."

The Craig —To the schooner's crew the Craig of Ailsa had the interest it never loses to seafarers. Its name is a homely word aboard ship. The Craig brought up a heap of stories. It was "a round table" for the fore-castle tars to spin yarns. Harry remembered of leaving a party from a yacht on the Craig with a punt to pick them off after the yacht had run as far as Loch Ryan and back. "Well," said Harry, "it was an Irishman we left in charge of the punt, and while the party were on the top Pat settled himself in the boat for a snooze. He slept, and slept soundly, for you see the tide came up and floated away Pat in the punt without wakening him. Well, the wind was at a north, and Pat drifted handy in the direction of Belfast Lough, and devil a bit of him would wakin', for guns firin' and all the rest of it. So we came back to pick up the gentlemen, an' no punt to get them aboard. They told us how it had happened, and we run five miles to leeward of the Craig; when we met the Irishman pulling back again.' 'And where have you been?' we asked. 'Sure an' wasn't I wearied waitin', answered Pat; an' havn't I been home for a clane shirt.'"

The laughter which greeted the mate's story brought up other recollections. Barker could tell of a wild night off the Craig, when a glass of whisky saved his life. "How was that?" was asked. "Why, it was simple enough," Barker answered. "The captain asked us aft to have a glass of grog before taking the second reef in the topsail, and while we were having the drink didn't a squall take that topsail-yard out of the slings."

A shout took me through the scuttle. When I had got my head above the cooming, a great black cloud passed by to windward. "That's the Craig," said Vallance. "You hav'na a lighthouse like that down about the Channel."

The yacht was going by the wind with as much canvas as she could comfortably carry. The mate said, "There's too much music in the rigging to night, boys."

Dead on end.—With the grey of the dawn, the dim coast of Galloway loomed to the eastward, cold mists trailed along its bluffs, and darkened the rising sea. The leaden waves broke to windward, and a silvery network of foam streaked their sweltering hollows. They lashed along our bright copper, and swung across our wake. But the *Selene* took the head-sea easy. She lifted with it, and forged ahead with the steady send of a vessel making way. She was under a reefed trysail, had her foresail stowed, her headsails snugged, and she went along as dry as a bird. Through the mist that closed in the horizon, phantom sails were driving landward. Brigs with reefed topsails, and schooners without their topsails, were running heavy for the Clyde; and big craft going down Channel were trying with snug canvas to hold their own. The Channel steamers were making wild weather of it, driving the sea over them and disappearing in clouds of spray.

But most striking was our sight of a three-masted "ranterpike,"—a Liverpool schooner, working board for board with us. Barker knew a deal about "ranterpikes." Vallance had his story of a "ranterpike," in which he had made a tempestuous voyage from Clyde to Liverpool. "It was in the spring o' the year we got that awfu' drubbin', an' I'm speakin' the truth when I say we spent sax weeks in the month o' March atween the Tail o' the Bank an' the Bell Buoy. "Six weeks in the month of March, Vallance" asked the mate. "Why, that had been leap year." Dougie recommended "ranterpikes" for a knowledge of navigation, but he suspected swimming might be a needful preparation. "I have seen the whole watch up to the neck in water!" he explained, "and dry clothes are not known aboard of them."

With the dawn the sea was still rising. The yacht crept ahead, but she began to toil in the grey surges. Dim bluffs of the Isle of Man were shapen in the rain. The Peel boats were high and dry in their haven, but a few coasters ran northward before the sea and the wind. The heavy spars of the yacht gave nothing with the wind; her canvas, wet with the rain and the spray, stood like a board. Vallance had backed the "ranterpike" to go to windward, but the *Selene* had left her. Barker thought he saw the hills of Newry, but he would not swear. "Rain brought hills nearer and a gale shifted them," explained the forecabin philosopher.

Dougie guessed where Dundrum Bay lay, where the little *Tiara* was lost. "That little cutter, built by Simmons of Glasgow, when I was in his yard," said Dougie, "was the model all our Clyde cutters have been built upon for nigh twenty year."

Wild weather.—The night again darkened down. Vessels were still running before the sea with shreds of canvas. The Channel steamers were driving through patches of spray. The sea was moaning very sadly. With the night the crew talked less pleasantly. The captain, and the mate, and the older sailors, spoke less, and laughed less. Those who had work to do were

quiet and earnest. A shriek of the wind hushed the voices in the fore-castle. "There's a sound o' kirk music in the wind," said one of the crew, with the reverence sailors speak of what shows a gathering gale. And as the sweep of the winds deepened the fore-castle stories saddened and died away. Our talk was but a murmur, and sharp words were used when work was to be done.

"There's plenty o' them old hookers away down about the mouth of the Bristol Channel; and in about the back o' Lundy, would give a month's wages to be in dock this night," said the mate; "there's just a sea on for a craft as cannot carry her canvas." "This would be a night to take the sailin' out of them hard-weather fifty-tonners," said Phil; "I would like to see the Vindex or the big Menai or old Ironsides with a double reef down haulin' round the Longships."

Anxious heads were pushed through the scuttle to catch some signs of the weather. The gale was freshening. The lights of inward-bound vessels passed with the heave of the billows. Coasters from Irish ports were rolling deep in the surge; and while shore men were counting their gains, the drenched sailor at the tiller was wondering if the leaky craft would run till daylight. The captain's few words became fewer. Those who stood beside the fore-castle lantern making fast sou'-westers and oilskins shook their heads and spoke quietly.

The watch came up on deck in their jackets and sea-boots, dripping with the wet. "It's a sore nicht," said Barker, "but it's nothin' to one nicht I had off the Moil." The "Moil story" was always threatened by Barker at untimely moments. The foremast thrilled under the hand while the squalls passed over the vessel. The wind in the rigging grew shriller; as the scuttle closed or opened the roar of mighty waters drowned our voices. And as the hours passed away, those who did not slumber spoke of disaster. Barker was "Sartin o' a gale for days afore he left the Clyde, for a dreep had gathered on the saut-fish hangin' in the kitchen." Some knew of the sure sign, but others only laughed at Barker's wisdom. "Why didn't ye say so?" said Phil, "and we might have been lyin' snug in Lamlash!" "It is a peetie to speak o' signs when they are no revered," Barker retorted. "I never kent guid come o' lauchin' at warnins."

The storm.—With the grey light the storm had broken relentlessly. The yacht still made way against the gale. The sea was lost in the spindrift. The cold rainy sky showed no signs of clearing. The glass was still going back. More vessels were running for shelter, but the yacht's head "was kept at it, and she was always taking something of the road."

Ahead of the Selene, and looking vague and phantom-like, a Penzance lugger showed against the sky. She was working to windward with a shred of black sail lashed low upon her mast. She was making good weather of it, and, as Phil said, "wanted but little coaxing."

The spray lashed into the reefed trysail. The old and the young had to keep watch, while a sudden swash came across the skylights. The youngest aboard kept the weather rail, and the older hands saved their "oilskins"

under the lee of the boats. The *Selene* tossed the spindrift across her fore-foot with an angry heave, and under her lee bow a whirlpool raged and tumbled. As the day wore on she took the sea with a heavier send, rose with a sudden plunge, and topping the wave she went away with a long easy roll into the next. She was doing wonderfully, when big ships were distressed.

When the schooner had got down as far as the Arklow Light the sea was a foaming race. To weather the gale or run for Kingstown was debated in the cabin, and the calm haven was carried. With a long swing the yacht went off the wind, and with something of regret the way made so steadily was lost. Within an hour or two she was abreast of Kingstown Harbour, and in time to show a crowd of craft choked in the harbour's mouth. The *Selene* was headed for the haven, and by watching her well she slipped through the fleet. With anchors let go and sails snugged, a sudden relief came to some on board. White faces were shown above the companions, and the earnest look wore off the sailors.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A MEETING of this Institution was held on Thursday, 7th April, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., vice-president, in the chair. There were also present—Lord Henry Cholmondeley, W. H. Harton, Esq., Captain G. H. Richards, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty; Admiral Ryder, Captain G. H. Willes, R.N., C.B., Captain De St. Croix, and several other gentlemen.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to £237 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the Institution for various services in the boats during the past month.

The Pakefield life-boat, Sisters, saved the crew, consisting of five persons, of the brigantine *Adelia Ann*, of Swansea, which was totally wrecked off the Suffolk coast during blowing weather. The life-boat *Old George Irlam* of Liverpool, at Drogheda, Ireland, was happily the means of saving the whole of the crew, numbering sixteen men, from the barque *Richard Cobden*, of Liverpool, which, while on a voyage from that port to Monte Video, with a valuable cargo, went ashore on the Irish coast in a strong gale and heavy sea. The Cromer life-boat, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, took off the crew of five men from the wrecked brig, *Emulous*, of Middlesboro'; the sea was making a clean breach over the vessel when the rescue was effected, and she soon afterwards went to pieces.

The Ramsgate life-boat, Bradford, and steam-tug, *Aid*, and the Broadstairs life-boat, Samuel Morrison Collins, went out to the brig *Volunteer* of Shoreham, which had gone on the Goodwin Sands; with their assistance the vessel was got off and taken into Ramsgate harbour. The Wexford large life-boat, the *St. Patrick*, rendered assistance to the stranded steamer *Danube*, of Leith. The *Albert Victor* life-boat, at Berwick-on-Tweed saved, at considerable risk, in a very heavy sea, the crew of five men from

the wrecked schooner, *Margaret*, of Whithorn. The North Deal life-boat, *Van Kook*, brought ashore the crew of seven men of the brigantine, *Germania*, of Bremen, which was totally wrecked on the Goodwin Sands.

Various rewards were likewise granted to the crews of different shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts.

Payments, amounting to about £1,600, were also ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments, and works to the amount of £957, in connexion with different life-boats, were ordered to be carried out.

Her Majesty the Queen had sent her usual subscription of £50 to the Institution. The employées of Messrs. Jones & Co., of Bristol, had generously forwarded £20. 11s. 3d., being the proceeds of an entertainment they had given in aid of the life-boat fund being raised in that establishment. Messrs. Knowles and Foster had presented a further donation of £50 to the society; and Thomas Broadwood, Esq., had given it five debenture bonds of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, bearing interest at 5 per cent. The late Miss Mary Walker, of Coates, N.B., had left it a legacy of £500, and the late Mr. Matthew Bell, of Glasgow, one of £200.

The committee expressed their deep sympathy with Mr. Lewis, the barrister, Secretary of the Institution, on the occasion of his recent heavy bereavement caused by the death of Mrs. Lewis.

A new life-boat was about to be forwarded to Kingsgate, near Margate. New life-boat establishments were also decided to be formed at Seaham, county of Durham, and Chapel, on the coast of Lincolnshire, the local residents having promised their hearty co-operation, and there being plenty of resident boatmen to work the life-boat. Lady Bouchier had kindly promised to defray the cost of the Chapel boat, and that for Seaham would be provided by the Misses Carter, of Harrogate, who by their needlework and by means of bazaars held at their house had raised the entire cost of a life-boat and its equipment.

A report was read from Captain David Robertson, R.N., the assistant inspector of life-boats, on his recent visits to the coast, and the proceedings then terminated.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The ballot meeting took place at the Club-house on April 6th, on which occasion several new members were elected, including Colonel Verschoyle, of the clipper cutter *Vanguard*, 60 tons. The next ballot is appointed for Wednesday, May 4th.—The celebrated cutter *Condor*, S. Walker, Esq., arrived at Gosport on the 3rd instant from her cruise up the Mediterranean; she met with head winds and a tedious passage across the Bay.—The fine clipper schooner yacht *Gwendolin*, 192 tons, constructed for Major Ewing by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson, was successfully launched on Monday, the 4th inst., at Gosport. She is a very powerful and beautifully-fitted vessel.

Royal London Yacht Club.—At a meeting of the members of this club, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Monday last, the Commodore in the chair, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and ten new members were elected, including Herbert Fox, Esq., of the *Lurline*, cutter; A. O. Wilkinson, Esq., of the *Gloriana*, schooner; J. C. Morice, Esq., of the *Marina*, cutter; and F. Vachell, Esq., of the *Petrel*, cutter. The *Albert Edward* saloon steamer has been engaged to accompany the matches of this Club for the present season. The sailing committee proposed that the following alterations be made in the rules and sailing regulations, which were unanimously carried:—

1. Rule 17.—That the words "Or compounding with his creditors" be inserted after bankrupt.

2. That in the General Sailing Rule, No. 1, the words from "By ten o'clock, p.m." in the second line, "Saturday" in the fourth line, be omitted.

3. Special Sailing Rule No. 35. That after the word "Matches," "Sailed on the river" be inserted.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday, April 13th, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, the Commodore, J. D. Lee, Esq., in the chair. W. P. Douglass, Esq., of the schooner *Sappho*, 280 tons, New York Yacht Club; Lieut.-Col. Verschoyle, of the *Vanguard* cutter, 60 tons; and several other gentlemen, were elected members of the club. The Treasurer announced that the club funds at present amounted to £750, besides subscriptions to come in.

Royal Harwich Yacht Club.—The annual meeting of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club was held at the Club-house, Great Eastern Hotel, Harwich, on Wednesday, April 13th, when there were present—the Commodore, James Ashbury, Esq., yacht *Cambria*, in the chair; the Rear-Commodore, P. S. Bruff, Esq.; James Goodson, Esq., the Mayor of Harwich J. Vaux, Esq., E. Packard, Esq., jun., T. M. Read, Esq., E. Chapman, Esq., R. Barnes, Esq., J. Richmond, Esq., J. H. Vaux, Esq., B. P. Goodwin, Esq., (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer), W. J. King, Esq., H. W. Packard, Esq., J. Watts, Esq., jun., W. Groom, Esq., Captain Rivers, J. Durrant, Esq., &c.

Two magnificent silver cups, presented by the Commodore, were placed upon the table, one to be the principal prize in the oceanic match from the Thames to Harwich, on Saturday, May 28th; and the other, a very elegant covered tankard or claret jug, in dead silver, to be one of the prizes at the regatta, on Monday, May 30th. A photograph of the £75 Cup, also the gift of the Commodore, which will be the prize in the ocean race from Harwich to Hull, open to yachts belonging to the Royal Harwich or Royal Yorkshire Clubs, to come off in July, was also shown.

E. Hamilton, Esq., H. A. Rump, Esq., A. J. Barber, Esq., and Major W. J. Foreman, were elected members.

The retiring members of the committee were re-elected with one exception, T. M. Read, Esq., being elected in the place of —. Dorling, Esq. The sailing committee was also re-elected, with the addition of the name of Captain Rivers.

The Commodore said it was understood that the ocean match from Southend to Harwich should come off on May 28th, and the regatta on the 30th. The exact point of starting for the ocean race would be settled by the sailing committee, but he would suggest that there should be one course fixed upon, which should be kept, and any protest arising from one vessel taking one course and another another would thus be avoided.

The Hon. Secretary, B. P. Goodwin, Esq., read the report from the Committee.

The Committee of Management, in presenting their report upon the proceedings of the club for the past year, do so with mixed feelings of regret and pleasure :—

Firstly.—Having to record the loss, by death and resignation, of 21 members, while but 15 elections have taken place, thereby reducing the club numbers by 6; but against that reduction 4 candidates are to be balloted for to-day, whose election if carried, while nearly making good the deficiency, will leave the club financially in fully as sound a position as before. The committee in further recording the retirement of the club's most excellent and trusty friend, James Goodson, Esq., from the office of Commodore cannot permit the opportunity to pass without expressing their deep sense of the club's obligation to that gentleman for the care and solicitude with which for several years he presided over its affairs, while hoping still to have the benefit of his advice and co-operation as a member of the managing committee for many years to come.

Secondly —The committee having resolved upon filling up the vacant post of Commodore conferred with the other flag officers, after some communications had passed between those gentlemen, and James Ashbury, Esq., of the world-renowned Cambria, when the committee having expressed their unanimous desire that the office of Commodore should be filled by that gentleman, and he having expressed his willingness to serve and desire to uphold and promote the interests of the club, he was duly elected to that office, and the committee with great pleasure welcome him as President of the annual meeting this day.

The New Thames Yacht Club match from the Thames to Harwich came off as fixed on July 3rd last, at which the committee did their best to co-operate and otherwise show attention to members of that club who visited Harwich on the occasion by chartering the Robert Owen steamer, to meet and escort the fleet into the harbour. This formed a good introduction to the Club Regatta at Harwich on July 5th, at which the matches were well contested, although, unfortunately, some of the finest craft that were in the preceding contest could not remain to take part at the latter from having other engagements, which the committee trust may be avoided this year.

The committee also co-operated most cordially with the Royal Yorkshire Club in a contest from Lowestoft to Hull by yachts belonging to their members which excited great interest, although the committee strongly represented the advisability of future arrangements of the kind being extended to Harwich. And the committee are gratified to find that your recently elected Commodore has given effect to the suggestion by associating the Royal Harwich Club with the Royal Yorkshire in a contest from Harwich to Hull in July next by yachts of both clubs for the beautiful artistic cup of the value of 75 guineas, of which the photograph is before you.

Similar consideration for the club's interest has also induced the Commodore to offer a very handsome cup of 50 guineas, now on the table, as the First prize for a match from Southend to Harwich on Saturday May 28th, which the committee recommend should be supplemented by the club with a purse of 20 sovereigns as a Second prize.

Consequent on the early arrangements of the Thames and Western Clubs, and the unusual interest excited by the famous forthcoming Atlantic match from the south of Ireland to New York, in which your distinguished Commodore is to take such a prominent—and let us hope successful—part, the club regatta will be held earlier than usual this year, viz., on Monday May 30th, when the committee feel gratified in stating the Club arrangements will comprise the Commodore's presentation cup of the value of 25 guineas, with the very handsome donation of £40, placed at the disposal of the committee by Louis F. Crossley, Esq., of Willow Hall, Halifax; to both of whom the special thanks of the club are especially due.

The local arrangements for the forthcoming season will, it is anticipated, embrace a contest between the small yachts of the Norfolk and Suffolk Club, in connexion with a regatta between Ipswich and Harwich in July, with a return match from Harwich to Lowestoft for members of the Norfolk and Suffolk Club, with which movements the committee will have pleasure in co-operating.

In concluding, the committee, while regretting the considerable outstanding arrears due to the Club, are happy to state that there are no arrears of liabilities to be paid by the Club, consequently whatever is received will be in improvement of the clubs financial position.

The Treasurer's report was as follows:—

In presenting my report for the year ended 31st of March last, I have to state that the balance in hand on the 1st of April, 1869, was £93 1s 6d. The subscriptions and entrance fees received from members during the year have amounted to £191 2s.; donations to regatta fund £36 1s.; entrance fees for yachts, &c., at regatta, including a guinea omitted to be paid last year, £12 8s.; dividends on £300 stock (consols), £8 16s. 4d.; sale of tickets for excursions in the "Robert Owen" £6 2s. 6d., making a total of £347 11s. 4d. The expenditure for the same period, including club and regatta expenses, and the purchase of £50 stock (consols) was £309 3s. 3d.; leaving a balance to the credit of the club of £38 8s. 1d.

The club has lost by death, during the year, one member, 20 have resigned, and 15 new ones have been elected, leaving on the club books 202 members.

B. P. GOODWIN, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Both reports were unanimously adopted.

The following officers were elected:—J. Ashbury, Esq., Commodore; E. Packard, Esq., Vice-Commodore; P. Bruff, Esq., Rear-Commodore; and B. P. Goodwin, Esq., Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

Immediately after the meeting the members of the Club who were present sat down to an excellent luncheon provided by the manager of the Great Eastern Hotel, the Commodore occupying the chair and the Rear-Commodore the vice-chair.

Royal Northern Yacht Club.—The annual general meeting of the Royal

Northern Yacht Club was held at the George Hotel, Glasgow, on Friday, April 2nd, R. F. S. Stewart, Esq., in the unavoidable absence of the flag-officers, presiding, when the annual balance-sheet and accounts were submitted and approved of. The following flag-officers were elected for the year:—Commodore the Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow, s.s. Valetta; Vice-Commodore, Sir M. S. Stewart, Bart., s.s. Varina; Rear-Commodore, G. Elder, Esq., of Knock Castle s. Fay.

Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—The members of this club whose object is to promote yachting, and yacht racing in Dublin Bay, held their first meeting for the year 1870, at the Ancient Concert Rooms, Brunswick-street, Dublin April 9th. The Commodore of last year, F. Scovell, Esq., late of the cutter *Enid*, took the chair during the election of officers and committee for the ensuing year, but in doing so, regretted to say that, having sold his vessel, and having been already placed at the head of the club for the last six seasons, he thought he should give place to other men, and would therefore, not seek for re-election, though he promised his cordial co-operation in all the objects of the club.

A ballot was first held and twenty new members added to the list, making 192 ordinary out of 200 members, to which the club is restricted; and, with ten life, one temporary, and two honorary members, raising it to 205, while it includes in its list of vessels some of the most renowned racing yachts afloat. The new flag-officers are G. Thompson, Esq., Commodore who hoists his flag in the *Torpid*, 27 tons, well known for her defeat of the celebrated *Thought* in 1864, by which the owner of the *Torpid* became possessed of both vessels, T. D. Keogh, Esq., Vice-Commodore, who having built the *Dinorah*, 40 tons, last season, and finding her not fast enough, threw her back on her builder's hands, and laid down the *Eveleen*, 40 tons more on the lines of his well-known little craft, the *Secret*, and which, though not yet launched, is pronounced by competent judges to have a most beautiful bottom, and to be sure to go if properly sailed; while the "kettle" interest is ably represented by the appointment of W. J. Corrigan, Esq., of the steam-launch *Firefly*, as Rear-Commodore, though he is also a first-rate amateur hand, and when work is to be done, or a match to be sailed, he is oftener found with his hands on a main-sheet or a main-halyard than on a safety valve or throttle lever. When this knotty point was over, and five other yachtsmen good and true; associated with the flag-officers and secretary as a sailing-committee, the programme of races for the season was read, and £330 voted to purchase plate or be given in prizes of various amounts, leaving £40 for expenses of all kinds, and a sufficient balance in hand to meet contingencies. The liberality of private members contributed £56 more, so the prizes given will amount this season to £386, a sum which contrasts favourably with the sums voted by larger societies. Committee consisting of the Honorary Secretary; J. Mulholland, Esq., and Col. Leach, R.E., was appointed to select the champion prize value £100 to be held one year, with £35 added, open to all yachts of the club, and which will form a prize worth winning. It is hoped the races to and from Holyhead at Whitsuntide will

fill well, and enable many members of the club to get a pleasant and inexpensive outing, while owners will have the chance of a cup, and the excitement and fun of a sail in company to recompense them for hospitality shown. After a pleasant evening and a good deal of yachting talk, the party broke up at nearly the small hours, with a vote of thanks to their new and old chairman.

Clyde Yacht Club.—At the April meeting of the Club the appointment of the officers was completed, and is as follows, viz:—Commodore, The Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow. screw steamer Valletta, 80 tons, Vice-Commodore, John A. Lockett, Esq., schooner Snake, 40 tons, Rear-Commodore S. King, Esq., cutter Denburn, 31 tons. Committee, Messrs. J. Ure, F. Powell, D. W. Finlay, C. Henderson, J. M. Forrester, A. H. Mc'Lellan, and J. Harvey Esqrs. Auditors, Messrs. R. Mc'Intosh, and A. Sim, Esqrs. Secretary, W. York. The fixtures for the season have been arranged to take place as under, viz:—The opening cruise to start from Gourock Bay, on Friday, 3rd June for Rothesay, where the members and their friends will breakfast together on Saturday morning and resume the cruise. The regatta comes off at Blairmore, on Thursday the 21st. July. The amateur match at Skelmorlie on 20th August, for a purse of 20 sovs., open this year to all comers of 40 tons and under, with an extra time allowance, the Vice-Commodore giving a piece of plate to the second boat. There will also be a special race, probably in the earlier part of the season for a handsome silver jug presented by the Rear-Commodore, for competition amongst the 10 tonners and under belonging to the club. The season will be wound up by the closing cruise on 27th August. The club has recieved a large accession of new members since last year, adding to its list of yachts such well-known craft as the Nyanza, Oimara, Fiery Cross, Mosquito, Onda, &c., &c.

Annual Sailing Barge Match.—The Committee of influential barge owners appointed to conduct this interesting match held a meeting on Monday, April 25th, at Mr. J. A. Farnfield's Office, 99, Lower Thames-street, Mr. J. Flower in the chair. A letter was read from Messrs. Davis and Co., kindly placing at the disposal of the Committee a Polytechnic and an Admiral Fitzroy barometer as additional prizes, and it was resolved to accept them, and give the first as a fourth prize to the topsail barges, with £2 for the hands; and the second as a fourth prize to the larger sprit-sail barges, with the same sum to the crew. It was resolved, as already announced, that the race shall take place on Thursday, June 23rd, entries to close on Wednesday, June 15th—course from Erith to the Nore and back; three classes, viz., topsails (not exceeding 50 tons register), spritsails not exceeding 45 tons register, carrying four sails; and a smaller class of spritsails, carrying only three sails: prizes as before, with the additions above named, and including two champion prizes given by Mr. Henry Dodd, the energetic founder of this race, and a third the gift of Mr. Robert Miller. In future the heel of the sprit will not be allowed to be hoisted more than two feet above the mast case, and thus prevent a source of complaint in smaller classes. Similar arrangements, which were so successful last year, have been made for the subscribers' accommodation.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The meeting of this club was held on Monday, April 11th, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Commodore presiding. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. R. Hewitt proposed, and Mr. Bain seconded, "That in the month of May the time for tonnage be two minutes per ton up to ten tons, one minute-and-a-half up to fifteen tons, and one minute up to twenty-five tons," which was unanimously carried. Five new members were then elected.

THE officers appointed to the undermentioned Foreign Clubs have been duly elected for the season, the Lists of Yachts of which will be given in detail in the *Universal Yacht List*, now in course of publication:—

New York.—H. G. Stebbins, Esq., Commodore; J. G. Bennett, jun., Esq., Vice-Commodore; W. Douglas, Esq., Rear-Commodore; and W. Morton, Esq., Secretary. The club now numbers thirty schooners, the majority of which are over one hundred tons, fifteen sloops, and four steamers.

Atlantic.—William Voorhis, Esq., Commodore; W. Peel, Esq., Vice-Commodore; J. B. Morgan and L. Netmore, Esqrs., Secretaries. The fleet consists of forty-seven yachts. We are requested to state that this club will be happy to reciprocate with any English club by exchanging each other's books of Rules.

Brooklyn.—The following gentlemen have been elected for 1870:—G. W. Kidd, Esq., Commodore; R. Dillon, Esq., Vice-Commodore; Treasurer, C. M. Felt, Esq.; and G. C. Wood, Esq., Secretary. The List of Yachts contain twenty-six vessels.

Royal Canadian.—E. M. Hodder, Esq., Commodore; B. R. Clarkson, Esq., Vice-Commodore; J. H. G. Hagart, Esq., Captain; A. R. Boswell, Esq., Secretary. The fleet consists of twenty yachts, and there are about one hundred and fifty members.

Yacht Club of France.—Admiral Rigault de Genon, President; Admiral Dompière St. Horney and M. Benoit-Champey, Vice-Presidents. Mons. A. Buquet, Secretary. The club numbers a fleet of sixty-one yachts, and two hundred members.

Le Cercle Nautique.—The officers elected for 1870 of this Club are the Duke de Vallambrosa, Commander; Mons. V. Bechard, Vice-Commander; Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Chevalier de Colquhoun, and numbers on its List twenty-four yachts.

Editor's Locker.

CAMBRIA AND SAPPHO.

SIR,—I send you an extract from *The Times*, which will show that the suggestion made by you last month, that the owners of the *Sappho* and *Cambria* should place themselves in the hands of others, in order that final arrangements

might be made for the match, has, though sneered at by the *Field*, been lately adapted by the "wise resolution" of Messrs. Douglas and Ashbury.

Yours, faithfully,

AN OLD HAND.

"YACHTING.—The American schooner yacht *Sappho* and the English schooner yacht *Cambria* have both been under canvas lately, although not in company, testing their modes of going in connexion with their trim since leaving dock at Cowes, and it is now pretty certain that their match of sixty miles to windward, and their run back over the same distance, will very shortly come off. The owners of both vessels have very wisely resolved, in order to sail the match with all possible fairness and beyond the reach of cavil, to transfer the management of all further details of the race from their own hands to two gentlemen of unimpeachable authority in yachting matters, whose decision on all points shall be final, the basis of the final arrangements to be a six or eight-knot breeze. Mr. Douglas has already named a gentleman to act thus as umpire for the *Sappho*, and Mr. Ashbury, on his expected arrival in London to-day, will name his representative for the *Cambria*. The start will most probably be made from off the east end of the Isle of Wight."

THE CAMBRIA AND SAPPHO MATCH.

It is now finally settled, should the weather permit, that the first match between these vessels comes off on the 10th May. The place of meeting will be Cowes. The conditions are as follows, which we extract from the *Field* of April 30th :—

1.—That three matches be sailed by the *Sappho* and *Cambria*, each match for a silver cup value 50 guineas.

2.—That the first and second match be sailed sixty miles to windward of the starting point, and that the yachts return to the point of departure. In case the wind should be blowing off the English coast from the northward, and it were found impracticable to start the yachts to windward, then it shall be left to the discretion of the umpires to start the yachts to leeward, providing they agree that a reasonable probability exists of the wind continuing from the northward. In case the yachts be started to windward, they shall continue to make for a point that was sixty miles to windward at the time of the start.

3.—That the third match be sailed over a triangular course, of equal sides, twenty miles each. The yachts to be started to windward. The umpires to decide the course on the morning of the race.

4.—That the *locale* of the start for each race be left to the umpires to determine on the mornings of the days appointed for the matches to be sailed; the first yacht to pass the same point after completing the course to be considered the winner.

5.—That the first match to windward be sailed on Tuesday morning, May 10th, 1870, providing the umpires agree that there be sufficient wind on that morning to make a race; and that the other matches be sailed at the earliest practicable date after the first match, the umpires to be judges of the time that may be required for any necessary refit, repairs, or rest; and that the whole of the

matches be sailed before the 16th day of June, 1870. In case, from whatever cause, the matches be not sailed within this specified date, then these articles, so far as the unsailed matches are concerned, to become null and void.

6.—That the matches be sailed in breezes of not less than seven knots strength, the umpires to determine when the wind is of that strength.

7.—That the yachts be started, if practicable, at seven a.m.; but the umpires shall have power to start them at any other hour of the day that may seem more favourable for the match.

8.—That there be no time allowance for difference of tonnage.

9.—That no ballast be shifted during either of the matches.

10.—That in rounding a mark boat, or object named as a mark, the yacht nearest thereto shall be considered the leading one, and the other shall give her room to round, and take every precaution to avoid a collision, or the forcing of the inside yacht on to the mark boat or object.

11.—That in running before the wind, or going free, neither yacht shall bear away, and thereby compel the other yacht to bear away.

12.—That when approaching close-hauled on opposite tacks, the yacht on the port tack shall give way to the yacht on the starboard tack, either by bearing up or going about, as the circumstances of the case may demand. The yacht on the starboard tack should not bear away, but luff or go about, if a collision, by the yacht on the port tack disregarding this rule, seemed imminent.

13.—In standing on a shore the yacht to windward shall go about when hailed by the one to leeward, if the latter be in danger of running aground; the yacht to leeward to be the judge of her own danger. The yacht to leeward shall then tack simultaneously with the one to windward.

14.—In standing along the weather edge of a shore, bank, shoal vessel, mark, or any object, the yacht to leeward shall bear away for the yacht to windward, if the latter be in danger of touching either of the obstructions named; the yacht to windward shall be the judge of her own danger, but she shall not hail the yacht to leeward, to bear away if she has a proper channel open to her to windward of the obstructions.

15.—That on rounding the distance mark vessel or vessels, or the vessel marking the termination of the race, the yachts shall leave each and all on the port hand.

16.—That if either of the yachts whilst engaged in the matches infringe any or either of the regulations enjoined in the articles heretofore given, and numbered 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 respectively, she forfeits all claim to the prize, whether she be the first to pass the winning boat or not, and that the arbiters of this forfeiture be the members of the sailing committee of some recognised English yacht club.

17.—If either of the yachts, after her owner or his representative has had notice given him by the umpire of the hour and *locale* of rendezvous for either of the matches, be not there within thirty minutes of the appointed time, it shall be left to the umpires to decide whether satisfactory reasons existed for her not complying with the notice, and whether or not she shall forfeit the prize.

18.—That the rendezvous be Cowes Roads.

19.—That the expenses incidental to the hiring of the steam vessel that will

mark the course and convey the umpires be equally borne by the owner of the *Sappho* and the owner of the *Cambria*.

20.—In the event of the yachts having to round the distance vessel after dark, the *Cambria* shall burn a blue light on so rounding and the *Sappho* a red one, in order that the time of rounding may be correctly taken by the umpires on board the steamer; and further that the steamer, on reaching the distance, shall, if possible, bring up and discharge rockets at intervals of five minutes. The same signals shall be made by the yachts and steamer in the event of the match terminating after dark.

21.—That the signal for starting shall be taken from the steamer, by the firing of two guns; the first to bring the vessels as near as possible in a line, head to wind; and the second gun, at an interval of fifteen minutes, will be fired for the start.

22.—That the owners of the yachts appoint an umpire each, to carry out these articles.

23.—That in case any dispute shall arise as to the fulfilling of these articles, the owners of the yachts shall appoint a referee, whose decision shall be final, excepting as provided for in Article 16.

(Signed) J. D. LEE, for W. P. Douglas, *Sappho*.

DIXON KEMP, for James Ashbury, *Cambria*.

YACHTING NOTES.

Messrs. FIFE AND SON are building two schooners, one the *Reindeer*, 106 tons, for Lord Cholmondeley, the other *Amadine*, 86 tons, for J. S. Mills, Esq.; a cutter named *Eveleen*, 40 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq.; and one of 35 tons, the *Foxhound*, for the Marquis of Ailsa.

SAMUEL WINTER, of Great Yarmouth, is building a schooner yacht of 30 tons for F. Palmer, Esq., which will be launched in a few days.

Messrs. LAIRD, BROTHERS are now building, from the designs of Mr. St. Clare Byrne, a screw steamer of about 160 tons, named the *Nooya*, for J. T. Molson, Esq.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

May 11.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—First Match.

21.—Prince Alfred—Fourth and Fifth Class.

23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Cutter Match.

24.—Royal London Yacht Club—First and Second Class Cutters

25.—New Thames Yacht Club—First and Second Class Cutters

26.—Cheshire Yacht Club—First Match

28.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Third Class.

28.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club—The Commodore's Cup, from the Thames to Harwich

30.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regattas

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. C. will oblige, when in England, by communicating his address. The "MISSING SHIP" in our next.

London.—HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1st, 1870.

SAPPHO AND CAMBRIA.

THIS long talked of match which had at length been settled to take place during the early part of last month is now a thing of the past, and whatever doubts may still exist in the minds of yachting men and yacht builders as to whether the American is or is not superior to the English model, we imagine that there can now be no doubt but that the Sappho is in every way a very much faster vessel than the Cambria, a fact which we have not scrupled to foretell from the first moment when a contest was decided upon between them. The final arrangements made between Mr. Ashbury and Mr. Douglas were that there should be three races, two of which were to be sixty miles dead to windward, with a run home to win, while the third was to be over a triangular course or once to windward and twice to leeward, and we do not very well see how any fairer arrangement than this could have been made.

It was decided by the umpires that the two first races should be those once to windward and once to leeward, and nothing could have been more favourable than the weather was on the 10th of May, which was fixed upon for the first match. A fine whole sail breeze

from the Eastward with smooth water and a moderately cloudy sky left nothing to be wished for, and both yachts were got away from the starting point by the Nab without any *contre temps*; but very shortly after both vessels had fairly felt the weight of their canvas and had settled down to their work, it was seen that the American yacht was not only fore-reaching but actually weathering on her English rival, and before an hour had passed it became evident to the lookers-on that whatever the Sappho may have been, and whatever may have been the pre-conceived notions of our sporting papers and many yachtsmen on the subject, there could now be but one opinion, and that was that the Sappho was going away from the Cambria hand over hand on her best point of sailing, and that the latter had not the least chance against her too powerful antagonist. Tack after tack Sappho kept going away from the Cambria, until by the time the former had arrived at the place where the steamer with the umpires was expected to be, to mark the sixty miles to windward, the Cambria by competent judges was considered to be between seven and eight miles to leeward, and the first race was lost to her; but now a difficulty occurred, as on the arrival of the Sappho about the latitude and longitude where the steamer should have been, nothing, not even her smoke, could be seen of her, and though this might have led to some unpleasantness, Mr. Ashbury in a thorough sporting spirit put his helm up for Cowes and acknowledged himself fairly defeated for that day by the Sappho.

The next day fixed upon for a similar race was Saturday the 14th. of May, which broke with a breeze from the W.S.W., strong enough to test the merits of even such large vessels as the combatants, and a gale which had been raging for three days in the Channel had raised up a sea likely to find out any weak point in their lines. Unfortunately however a hitch occurred which put an end to this match altogether, as Mr. Douglas did not consider the course adopted by the umpires to come within the terms of his agreement. The course laid down was round the breakwater at Cherbourg and back, and though such a course was not as dead to windward as might possibly have been arranged, yet, taking into consideration the mistake made by the steamer on the previous match and therefore the desirability of having some fixed point to sail round, which though in this instance not exactly dead to windward was yet sufficiently so to test the weatherly qualities of the yachts, and above all

the fact that Mr. Ashbury was bound to sail over any course decided upon by his umpire, it seemed a great pity that the owner of the *Cambria* should have declined to sail over this course, and the umpires and referee having come to the conclusion that there were not sufficient grounds for Mr. Ashbury's protest, the second race and its honours fell to the lot of the *Sappho*.

There now only remained the race over the triangular course, and on the 17th of May the *Sappho* and *Cambria* appeared at the Nab, from whence they were to round the "Vectis" sail forty miles to windward, and then they were to slack their sheets for an easy reach of another forty miles, returning with a run into Cowes. The wind was at S.W., and of moderate force when the vessels were started, and they had to beat against a strong tide along the back of the Isle of Wight to gain the Vectis. Here the *Cambria* was "at home" and the way that she bowled along in the short tacks, which they were obliged to make to keep out of the tide, and the way in which she weathered on the *Sappho*, and kept her huge foe to leeward in spite of all her efforts, showed that she well deserved the reputation she has earned for weatherly qualities during her racing career. But after all she was only just able to keep ahead, which of course could avail her but little, as over the remaining part of the course she could not hope to compete with the *Sappho* and unless she could put such a long interval between them before rounding the Vectis as would prevent the *Sappho* from catching her in the run home, the race was gone but the Vectis was now close at hand and the *Cambria* could only hope to round the steamer a few seconds before her rival, and even this honour was denied her by want of judgment on the part of those in charge, as she overreached the mark and allowed the *Sappho* to round the Vectis first. No sooner were the sheets eased off than the *Sappho* was covered with yard upon yard of canvas which sent her fine lines along at a pace that left no doubt as to the issue of the contest, which, terminating in her favour, left her the victor of the three races.

Much has been said about the *Cambria* being out of trim on the day of the first match, and no doubt from the way in which she was beaten by the *Egeria* then sailing in company she was not going as she ought to have gone, but it must be borne in mind that during the beat to windward along the back of the Island during the final race the *Cambria* was sailing as well as she ever did that when

a long leg could be made the *Sappho* forthwith went away from her and shewed unmistakeably that unless under circumstances unusually favourable for the *Cambria*, and which she could hardly expect to meet with again in an Ocean Race, the *Sappho* on every point is a far faster vessel than her antagonist.

But to us the provoking part of it is that after the consumption of a vast deal of time and the expenditure of a great deal of money we are "*as you were*" as regards the solution of *the* question as to which is the better model, as it is ridiculous to suppose for a moment that the *Cambria* was a fair match for the *Sappho* on account of the disproportion of size between them, and how our sporting papers, and some of our yachtsmen could for an instant have imagined that there could have been any other result than that which has come to pass is beyond our comprehension, we presume that the "wish" being "father to the thought" led them to this error in judgment and to form a conclusion so very erroneous.

The Americans say that our method of measurement is a very wrong one, and that taken by their standard there is little difference in point of size between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria*, but the fact that the former carries no less than 3,500 square feet of canvas more than the latter is a convincing proof of the difference in size of the two yachts, and we repeat the protest we entered before the race was run against this match being looked upon as a fair test of the merits of the two models. We now give our readers a detailed account of the matches.

On Tuesday the 10th of May, at the early hour of 4h. a.m., the committee, referees, and the members of the press, began to assemble on board the committee vessel the *Vectis*, which was specially engaged for the occasion, to proceed with the umpires, &c., to the east limit of the course, viz., 60 miles to windward in a south-easterly direction, according to the state of the wind then prevailing.

At 5h. a.m. a gun from the cutter yacht *Nettle*, the flag-ship of Commodore J. D. Lee, announced the start from Cowes Roads. The *Ruby* steamed out of harbour, and took the *Sappho* in tow. A few minutes afterwards J. D. Lee, Esq., Commodore of the New Thames Yacht Club, who had signed the sailing conditions on behalf of Commodore Douglas, owner of the *Sappho*, and who had consented to act as referee, came on board the *Vectis*, which then left the pontoon, having on board Charles Marett, Esq., and H. Bridson, Esq., owner

the Derwent and Muriel, acting as umpires; Count Edmund Batthyany, owner of the Flying Cloud, Captain Keane, Captain Grant, (Secretary of the R.T.Y.C.,) about thirty personal friends of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Ashbury, W. L. Parry, Esq., E. Liebert, Esq., several representatives of the Press, including Mr. Weedon, of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Edwin Hayes, Marine Artist, of London, Mr. A. Fewles, and Mr. Gregory, Marine artists of Ryde and Cowes, and our own special correspondent.

At 5h. 10m., the Vectis followed suit, by sending a hawser on board the Cambria, and thus the competitors, with their auxiliary power, passed all before them, the Cambria leading the way to the Nab Light Ship. There was a splendid breeze from E.N.E., as the yachts proceeded through the East Channel, but the morning was cold and cheerless for the May gathering. As we proceeded through the Mother Bank, we passed several yachts apparently bent on a similar intent as ourselves. Amongst them were the Dauntless, Morgiana, Guinevere, Pleiad, Vanguard, Egeria, Marina, and others.

At 6h. 25m. the Vectis rounded the Noman with her favourite charge, breeze freshening a little, but veering a point or so to the eastern quarter, nevertheless there was every prospect of a favourable race. At 7h. a.m. the Vectis reached the Nab Light-vessel, the place appointed for the start; here the hawser broke, and when about to bend another to the Cambria, we were told to go and fetch the Sappho. We proceeded for that purpose, but by the aid of the tug and screw steam yacht Ceres, she was towed to her station. Both craft now got sail upon them, and some minutes were employed in getting everything ready, and getting into line. At 7h. 45m. the American flag was hoisted at the fore as a signal to prepare. A beautiful sight now presented itself, as each of the competitors "boxed about", ranging up alongside of each other, each shooting ahead and alternately taking a weather position. Passing under the stern of the Vectis, Mr. Douglas asked the Commodore which was to have the weathermost berth? "Toss up for it" was the reply. "Head or tail"? "Head!" "It's a woman, you've lost! The Cambria has the weather station." "All right." And they took their respective positions. The wind was now E.S.E., with every appearance of continuing from the eastern quarter. There now appeared to be something unintelligible with respect to the course. The course was to be 60 miles S.E. dead to windward.

At 8h. 18m. the preparatory gun was fired, but it was not until 8h. 29m. the start was effected. And they were off! with a splendid breeze. Steamer steering S.E. as her course indicated. Cambria and Sappho

reached to the southward on the port tack. But it was now evident, from the manner in which the Sappho drew out in such splendid style, that she had never shown her best leg at Cowes, and it would not be long ere she took the first place in the race.

At 8h. 57m., after a long reach of about three miles to the southward the Cambria went about on the starboard tack, and headed N.E.b.E. Two minutes afterwards the Sappho put her helm down, and ran under the lee of the Cambria and came out on her weather, but the distance between them was not considerable. But let us here note, when they each went about, the Sappho was 61 seconds in stays, while the Cambria was round like a top. The several yachts being still in company.

At 9h. 50m. the Vectis had run by the patent log $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The whole Isle of Wight from St. Catherine's was still in sight, the atmosphere hazy, wind dropping "a few." Many persons on board apprehended that as Sol reached his zenith he would eat up the breeze, and such was partially the case for a couple of hours. Meanwhile all hands were summoned below to partake of the hospitalities furnished for the occasion by the noble hearted owners of the contending craft. Leaving the yachts for a few minutes on the starboard tack, on their reach towards the Owers; the amateur navigators went below to correct the sun's declination, and enter on their day's work by administering tonics and solids. We need not say "the staff" did ample justice to the most splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette*, provided by Dartnall of Southampton, inasmuch that from first to last the tables were continually renewed. At noon the path of the steamer was stopped, the log hove overboard, and 9 miles had been run at about half-speed, making a total of $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and Dunnose still visible through the haze. The yachts to the northward of us had got intermingled with the Dauntless and others, but it was apparent to those on board the Vectis that the Sappho was well to windward of them all. We had since been running full speed on our course, S.E., but as that would never fetch Beachy Head, the course of the steamer was altered to East.

At 1h. p.m. the Vectis had logged $21\frac{1}{2}$ knots, the steamer at 1h. 30m. still kept that course at half speed, and those on board the steamer saw nothing more of them until the afternoon was well advanced and the "dog-watch" entered upon. We had the whole flood in our favour, and the yachts took advantage of it by working along the English coast. Occasionally we could see from the Vectis the smoke of the French yacht Faust, which was keeping their company. The breeze had freshened, and there was a lull of a sea on.

We were jogging about up E.N.E. off S.E., all hands like the char-

nel sea confused ; the Admiral was even puzzled as to the course pursued. Several vessels in sight—a large double topsail ship, courses down, was descried through the haze working up channel, which was as good as a lighthouse for us all; there were also a lot of fishing craft to the southward and eastward of us, indicating there was the deep sea-fleet. The Vectis was kept away for them, hailed them, and enquired if they had seen the yachts? The emphatic reply was no! Hauled up again East then again South-east, making a regular traverse course.

About 3h. p.m., seeing nothing of the land or the yachts, every one but the right one seemed to be in a fix, and to enquire of each other why we parted company from the yachts. An old salt was urged to see the quarter-master, and represent his views to him, the result was steer East and try and make the land. Can you see Beachy Head? No sir, and never shall with the course we're steering. At length all the three elements of ease her, stop her, and go ahead were again applied. "Make for the land": and at about 4h. p.m., the chalk cliffs to the westward of Beachy were descried through the hazy atmosphere. At length Beachy Head, bearing about N.E., was faintly descried, and some of the fleet of yachts also, evidently showing our proximity to the contending craft.

About 4h. 30m. the Sappho was observed by herself standing across, then apparently the Guinevere, Dauntless, and Cambria, but it was impossible to note any of them with certainty, owing to the haze and cloudy atmosphere. The Vectis then stood on to pass for the station to the southward of the Head. At 5h. p.m., we were fast approaching the Guinevere, Cambria and Dauntless.

At 6h. 55m., the ensign was lowered from the mast head, and the yachts then in sight bore away, and Dauntless followed by Cambria were homeward bound.

. At 7h. 15m. spoke the Guinevere. Inquired for the yachts, the reply was "Sappho 15 miles to windward of Beachy Head, and bore up." This was differently heard by some, who thought that Sappho was the leading vessel, but ashore 15 miles to the eastward of Beachy Head. A thrill of doubt and disappointment ran through the company. It was then suggested that in the cause of humanity we should hasten to her assistance, and the Vectis was for some time steered in that direction. But, as Mr. Midshipman Easy would say, "Let us first argue the point," and that was done. Believing if such a disaster had occurred, the Dauntless, not being in the match, would not have forsaken her. That being the most sensible reason, the flag was again hauled down, a bearing was taken of Beachy Head that we might take a fresh departure homeward.

At 7h. 15m., Beachy Head bore from the Vectis N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., distant from 18 to 20 miles. Cloudy weather and thick over the land. After bearing away, at sunset, the sky became clear, a splendid quarter moon was visible, and nothing more was required but a good look out, for there was every appearance of a splendid night.

At midnight we saw the Owers' Light well to the northward, hauled in for the East Channel, and at 2h. a.m., passed the Nab and spoke the Ruby which had been stationed in that vicinity as a mark vessel. She was ordered to "up anchor", and make the best of her way homeward. On our homeward bound course passed several vessels—chiefly fishermen, and several schooners which showed their lights to us. At 3h. 15m. a.m. of Wednesday, the Vectis arrived at the Fountain Pier, and her passengers disembarked, highly pleased with the ocean trip. At 4h. a.m., the Cambria in company with the Dauntless returned safe to Cowes Roads, and the Sappho arrived at about 5h. 15m., and at an early hour was declared the victor in the race.

We had almost omitted to state that great satisfaction was manifested by every one on board the steamer that Commodore Lee and H. Bridson, Esq., acted as referees, both gentlemen being highly respected by the yachting world. C. Marett, Esq., was the umpire for the Cambria and H. Bridson, Esq., on behalf of the Sappho, Commodore Lee acting as referee in case of need.

The Cambria came to her moorings in Cowes Road about 4 o'clock, and it then transpired that she intentionally retired from the race: she travelled just sixty miles from the starting point. Sappho arrived at 6 o'clock, and it then became known that she had covered a course of eighty miles to windward, having beaten at least ten miles further than she had the slightest reason to go, in the hopes of finding the Vectis to pass. Commodore Douglas, who sailed in his yacht, being anxious not to break the sailing conditions if he could possibly prevent it. The Guinevere sailed in company with the Sappho when beating between Newhaven and Beachy Head, and once got through her lee. The American, however, soon regained her position, but the apparent oneness of the racing capabilities of the two vessels were such as to justify the hope that a match will be made in which they will take part, and we believe we are right in stating that Mr. Douglas is anxious to come to terms with Mr. Thelluson. We have also since heard that when off Brighton the yachts found the wind was more free, which would account to some extent for the steamer being so much astern of them.

Second Match.—Although it was evident that some disappointment was manifested at the termination of the first of three important races

between the Cambria and Sappho, on the Tuesday previous, in consequence, as was alleged, of the absence of the Vectis steamer at her appointed station—to the southward of Beachy Head; we are pleased to record that the result was amicably decided by Mr. Ashbury, who at once acknowledged that Mr. Douglas had fairly won the cup, on the merits of the case in a most unmistakeable manner, the Sappho having reached far beyond the eastern limit of the proposed course, by her bearings and distance from the Head ere she bore up; the Sappho being then at least five miles dead to windward of the Cambria. Although the steamer had not arrived at the appointed rendezvous, still he considered that all further contest was hopeless. The reason assigned for the absence of the steamer was, that the yachts by working up inshore, along the coast of Sussex must have obtained a slant of wind which enabled them to make their northing of easting while the steamer was pursuing her south-east course, Mr. Ashbury therefore ceded the prize to the Sappho.

Saturday 14th,—This day the second match was appointed to come off, and every preparation was made for the “coming event”—the course according to stipulations being “sixty miles dead to windward,” and that our nauticals understand “as nothing off,” consequently the course would be dead in the wind’s eye. It appeared that Mr. Ashbury having ceded so much of the first race, was determined to act in strict accordance with the Articles of agreement, believing that “a dead beat,” that is, with the wind dead in her teeth, would operate favourably for the Cambria—that probably, being her favourite point of sailing. Yesterday it blew a strong gale from S.W. to W.S.W., just the thing to try the metal of the yachts, but the match having been fixed for the morrow without any “ifs” the morrow was anxiously awaited. The morn of Saturday at length came: it was ushered in with fine weather, the wind somewhat more moderate than on “the unlucky day.”

Five a.m. was the hour appointed for the referee, umpires, and visitors to be on board the Vectis, but owing to the state of the tide and the dread of sticking in the “Corporation mud” the steamer was compelled to leave the harbour at 4h. 15m. a.m. and proceed to Cowes Roads, where she received on board the “Hard-a-weather.”

On hailing the Cambria all hands were below, appearing not to have turned out, nor was there any preparation made for the start. However in a few minutes the anchor was hove, the hawser attached to the Vectis, and Cambria was then taken in tow. The Gem preceding her with the Sappho: several vessels in company under double reefed sails. At 6h. they passed the Noman fort, and at 7h. were both at their

stations, when having cast off from the steamers, they set about spreading their canvas.

In this way the time was passed in negotiations and telegraphy from one to the other until 7h. 20m., when the preparatory gun was fired and the English ensign hoisted at the fore,—there being no American flag on board. The yacht *Dauntless* was in the neighbourhood under double reefed sails, from which circumstance it may be inferred there was no want of wind outside.

The *Cambria* since the previous match had been provided with a stouter bowsprit and a larger jib, but the latter it was found unnecessary to exhibit, owing to the fresh gale and cross chopping sea which prevailed, the wind being according to the Meteorological report at the ports of Plymouth, Penzance, and Portsmouth viz: barometer 29.88, temperature 54., wind W.S.W., extreme force 8, weather cloudy, sea 5.

We may thereupon conclude there was a true W.S.W. wind in the channel, although off the Nab the wind was W.S.W., "a little more Southerly air." A good deal of valuable time was wasted in "diplomacy": the umpires having given the Course "Round the Cherbourg Breakwater, western entrance." A course which under the circumstances was considered to afford sufficient beating in it; but no! strictly speaking it was within a couple of points of the course—which to Cherbourg was S.W. 66 miles, and the wind a trifle southerly of W.S.W.

The *Cambria* exhibited a signal flag in the rigging, and a board on which was written "not a dead beat". The *Vectis* with the umpires ran alongside and enquired, what was the matter? The reason was assigned "by the board", meaning that the course agreed upon by the umpires was not "dead to windward", and therefore the conditions would not be complied with if the vessels were started round the breakwater and back. And thus matters continued for some little while, but Mr. Ashbury would not give way. The *Sappho* after running some little distance bore up, and hailed the *Vectis*, who exhibited a board on which was chalked "no alteration": whereupon the *Cambria* exhibited "Dead beat or no race" The umpires replied by saying "we did the best we could when the wind was W.S.W.," but the English yacht was stubborn, and "Dead beat" was the answer to the many solicitations". Mr. Douglas no doubt thought he was being trifled with, after enduring so much patience that he "up helm" and proceeded to Cherbourg by himself.

The umpires on this occasion were Captain Warder, an experienced master in the R.Y.S., on the part of Mr. Douglas, and in the absence

of H. Bridson Esq. Mr. Dixon Kemp of the *Field*, on the part of Mr. Ashbury, the referee being as before Commodore Lee. Everything appeared to go on smoothly and well arranged. The American's umpire agreeing to every proposition suggested by his colleague rather than be thought captious. In this apparent state of harmony the preparatory gun was fired. Sappho was ready with her fore-sheet to windward, skipping about as if in boiling water, whereas the Cambria was yawing about, shaking up in the wind, &c., whereupon the question on board in every one's mouth was "What is she doing? Won't she show to it? At length 7h. 50m. the starting gun was fired and the Sappho proceeded alone on the course.

The Cambria bore up at 9h. a. m. from the starting place and proceeded to Cowes. The American hauled her sheets aft and made a short reach on the port tack, and then went about, heading to the southward. The steamer accompanied the yacht about 18 or 20 miles off, she then put about and returned home, leaving the Sappho "to pursue the even tenor of her way." This small trip outside had the effect of shaking some of the insides of the guests on board the Vectis, if we may judge by their pallid countenances and their moorings "all fours" on the sofas.

The following is a copy of the Pilot's log across channel, and it will be seen that there was plenty of beating work in the course. There was a lofty sea outside, but the Sappho presented the remarkable appearance of not wetting a single cloth of any of her canvas—and, said an old salt, "the harder it blowed the better she seemed to like it" and that really seemed to be the case.

At 5h. a.m. wind W.b.S. strong, steamer took us in tow from Cowes, and towed us to our station. Nab Light bearing North. Arrived at station at 7h. 30m. After a long time started against Cambria. Course given by committee boat "Round Cherbourg Breakwater by west-end entrance." Reached to the north-west tacked off from Bembridge Ledge buoy at 8h. 30m. Course S.b.W $\frac{1}{2}$ W, single-reefed mainsail, bonnet off foresail, standing jib and staysail. At 9h. a.m. took flying jib off boom, and reefed jib-boom. At 9h. 45m. Culver Cliff bore N.b.W. 9 miles; steered about 7 knots. At 4h. 8m. p.m. tacked, Cape Barfleur Lighthouse bearing S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ bE.; tide just made against us. Shook reef out of mainsail, rigged jib boom out, set flying-jib, put bonnet on foresail, swayed both topmasts up, and set both jib-headed topsails. Course N.W. speed six knots. At 5h. 15m. p.m. tacked in course S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S; speed six knots. About 6h. p.m. wind fell very light; strong tide against us, drifted to the eastward, with light westerly wind. At 9h. p.m. tide easing. worked to windward as most advantageous. Passed the west end of the breakwater at 11h. 45m., and the east end at midnight (just a quarter of an hour going round.) Wind S.W. light; set squaresail and square topsail; course N.E.b.N.; speed six knots.

Sunday, May 15th, the morning broke with light winds from S.W.b.S. cloudy. At 3h. 45m. a.m. Cape La Houge Light bore S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. 18 miles. At 5h. a.m. wind drawing a little more aft, gybed over. Course N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., speed seven knots, distance run 33 miles; at 7h. a.m. set the balloon main topsail and saw St. Catherine's Point, bearing N.N.E. flood tide, wind light, and weather fine. At 8h. 45m. St Catherine's Point bore N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., course N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., speed seven knots. At 10h. 20m. Nab Light-ship bore N. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., distance five miles. Gybed over, passed Nab Light on port hand at 11h. a.m., anchored in Cowes Roads at 12h. 15m. Wind westerly, fresh, weather cloudy.

The Sappho made seven tacks, and in one reach sailed from Bembridge Ledge to Cape Barfleur, about 60 miles. She went splendidly, and to quote the words of her pilot, "did not ship a gallon of water." The pilot who had charge of the course declares there is nothing like the vessel Captain Fish sailed. When the Sappho hove to in the Roads this morning she hoisted winning colours, and claims the cup; consequently, and very unfortunately, there is certain to be a dispute. Mr. Douglas states that three times the umpires gave the course as "Round Cherbourg Breakwater by west entrance," and finally the steamer exhibited a black board, on which was written, "The course same as before" Not until long after the second gun had fired did the American boat start, and the owner of the crack schooner adds "I would have gone anywhere I was told; it did not matter to me; and if I had a shadow of a doubt about the matter I would sail again for the cup, which I have fairly won."

The dispute has been arranged amicably, Mr. Ashbury having yielded to the dictum of his own umpire has delivered up the second cup.

The Third Match.—It having been decided that the triangular course should come off on Tuesday the 17th inst., the necessary preparations were made by the committee to carry the same into effect. Accordingly the Vectis was again hired, and a very large assemblage of the inhabitants, favoured by tickets assembled on board.

At 4h. 30m. a.m. the Vectis left the pontoon for Cowes Roads, the hour of the start having been fixed for 5 o'clock, the Gem steamer also accompanied the "expedition", and took the Cambria in tow. At 5h. 15m. the Vectis under charge of her captain, John Muston, proceeded to the Sappho and towed her to her station off the Nab. The weather was very fine, and a pleasant breeze prevailed from the old quarter, W.S.W., but it was accompanied with a fog so dense at times as to shut out even the land from view: but as the day advanced the fog cleared away. At 6h. 54m. a.m., both yachts were at their respective stations in a line with the Culver and the Nab, bearing E.N.E., and W.S.W. The yachts Guinevere and Gipsy were in company, reaching about. At 7h. 55m. the arrangements having been effected and the course well understood by the competitors to be triangular, viz: twenty

miles upon each side of an equilateral triangle viz: No. 1, W.S.W. No 2, S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and No. 3, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ E., the preparatory gun was fired, and the Gem steamed to her position No. 2, and anchored in the south-east quarter as the mark vessel the yachts were to round. The Vectis, after starting the yachts also proceeded to her appointed station, viz:—St. Catherine's Lighthouse to bear N.b.E., distant eight miles, being dead to windward.

At 8h. 7m. the starting gun was fired, Cambria having the weather station, both vessels filled their foresails, and reached in towards the Island, on the port tack; Cambria leading, and after standing in as far as practicable went about, and worked down the bay taking advantage of the ebb tide: the same manœuvre was performed by the Sappho.

At 8h. 40m. the Sappho tacked in White Cliff bay, and again at 8h. 50m., each vessel following the others movement, as a cat would a mouse. At 9h. 30m. the yachts were off the Culver, Sappho a reach to windward of her companion, and in this manner they stood close into Sandown Bay.

At 9h. 50m., the yachts were working down the bay abreast of Shanklin, Sappho about a mile to windward of the Cambria, weather very foggy, the Cambria working off Dunnose in short tacks, and when the fog lifted she was observed by those on board the steamer to have taken the weather berth. At 11h. the fog became so dense off Ventnor as to preclude the possibility of seeing the length of the steamer, which gently steamed on for her station, and at 11h. 20m. hove to close to the land: the foghorn from St. Catherine's warned us of our proximity. Towards noon the fog again lifted, and the land was descried.

At 11h. 50m. St. Catherine's lighthouse was visible from the deck, scarcely a mile distant: and shortly afterwards the fog breaking brought the yachts in view. Both of them in company with the Guinevere, were observed reaching off. Cambria here weathered the Sappho, and now appeared to have the lead, but upon again going about and crossing each other on the opposite tacks the Sappho was to windward, but it was close work. The sun was now in the zenith, and the heat began to be felt by all hands, the fog had lifted and the Island shore from Dunnose to St. Catherine's, in fact the whole undercliff was before us. The steamer then steered her course to the southward to gain the desired offing. At length the required distance having been denoted by the patent log, down went the anchor, 25 fathoms good holding ground. The ebb tide had now made to the westward, and was running pretty strong inshore. Sappho had now the weather reach, and was standing off to the southward, but it appeared doubtful whether she would fetch clear,

Cambria observing this again went about, and tacked towards the island, Sappho followed suit; after a short reach she again tacked and stood for the mark vessel, the tide horsing her well to the westward, but the Cambria stood on, and though a matter of precaution to avoid another tack she slightly overreached herself. They were now on their last reach, Sappho to windward and still the leading vessel. As each passed the stern of the mark vessel they were loudly cheered by those on board.

The following is the time each yacht passed the mark vessel :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Sappho	1	10	0	Cambria	1	14	0

showing a difference of *exactly four minutes*, between them which we have to observe, was confirmed by that taken by the Commodore—“exactly four minutes”. As this race was somewhat International our reporter was careful in noting the time, as in all probability a question might arise thereon. Glad at all times to note what may be termed official time, but a difference of 3m. 39s. between the two on rounding was handed to us by one of the umpires, viz:—Sappho 1h. 7m. 35s., Cambria 1h. 11m. 14s.

The yachts after bearing away displayed great alacrity in getting every stich of canvas they could spread—and it was evident, by what the Sappho displayed, that there was yet something to learn from Yankeeedom; and no chance of overtaking her. As soon as the yachts had rounded the mark vessel and completed the first side of the triangle, the steamers' anchor was weighed and the course was direct for the Nab, to time them on their return. A gentleman was on board the Gem, at the South-eastern mark to note the time there. On his return to the Vectis, he informed us that the Sappho rounded the mark vessel at 4h. 20m., and when the Cambria was close at hand she fell into a calm for an hour and a half, and did not round the mark vessel until one hour and forty minutes after the Sappho, which made it exactly 6 o'clock. Both vessels having completed that portion of the course, the Gem weighed anchor and made the best of her way back and arrived alongside of the steamer at 8h. 40m. p.m., such was all the information that we could learn of her whereabouts. The Vectis transferred her passengers to the Gem for Cowes, and afterwards fell in with the Sappho off the Nab Light vessel, and towed her to Cowes where she arrived at midnight.

During the afternoon the wind dropped considerable, and at times almost a calm, and a good look-out was kept for the yachts; at 7h. p.m. the Sappho was desoried under a crowd of canvas. Sent rocket after

rocket up to denote the mark vessel. At 7h. 30m. a curl of smoke from the steamer was observed, and subsequently proved to be the Gem. The Cambria (apparently) was observed to be in her wake. At 8h. 47m. the Sappho passed between the Vectis and the Nab, leaving the former on the port hand, and the race was then virtually concluded—Cambria being hours behind in consequence of her being caught in the calm.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

In spite of the disagreeable state of the weather and the gale which had raged in the St. George's Channel for some days, the opening cruise of this club for the season of 1870, came off on Saturday May 14th with very tolerable success: although from the roughness of the morning and the late rain retarding fitting out, the number of yachts flying the red burgee was not as great as usual, and the proposed trip to Wicklow Head was out of the question. The morning looked very squally and uncertain, blowing at times from S.W. in such heavy gusts that the Rear-Commodore, who in the absence of the senior flag-officers, acted as flag-officer of the day, hesitated about getting underway. However, a tremendous shower at 12 o'clock cleared the atmosphere, and as the storm-drum was lowered and the glass rising, at 2 o'clock the welcome signal, "Prepare to go to sea," was seen unrolling itself from the signal halyards of the Siren, 20 tons kindly granted by her owner to lead the line, which was obeyed by the following fleet:—Mirella, schooner, 60 tons, the Vice Chancellor of Ireland; Heroine, cutter 50 tons, S. H. Close, Esq.; Amberwitch, yawl, 51 tons, R. J. Alexander, Esq.; Murruih, cutter, 37 tons J. Johnston, Esq.; Alexandra, cutter, 15 tons, H. Dudgeon, Esq.; Wavecrest, cutter, 25 tons, J. McCurdy Esq; Ruby, schooner, 20 tons, S. Boxwell, Esq.; Bianca, schooner, 12 tons R. Welsh, Esq.; and Queen Mab cutter, 10 tons, G. Drury, Esq. Siren and Alexandra were under trysails, most of the others had three reefs in their mainsails, topmasts housed, small jibs, and reefed foresails. Soon after leaving the harbour a smart shower fell, with a stiff squall, which caused the Heroine who had started with only two reefs, to haul down another and reef her foresail, and the whole line lay-to off the South bar buoy with their heads to the southward, from whence signal 39, "Follow my motions in order," set them off on an easy reach towards Dalkey Island.

The weather rapidly clearing up, the wind moderated, and a bright sun and warm wind making matters extremely jolly on board each of the craft, though the numbers who had promised to come, and for whom luncheon had been prepared proved sadly less than had been expected. As the larger craft began to move to the point, the Commodore stimulated the movements of the laggards with "Make more sail", followed by Blue Peter over 167, which to those initiated in the mysteries of "Ackers"

means "Geographical table Bray Head," and all hauled up a point or two and began to do their best. Heroine leading ahead in fine style; Amberwitch, though with a dirty copper going well; and Mirella having a hard tussle, while Wave-crest out-did herself, and under the pilotage of her new and worthy owner stepped along in a way which augered well for her success throughout the season. As the day wore on the wind kept falling, Mirella set her foresail, and Amberwitch shook out her third reef and shifted her jib for a larger one chiefly to practise her amateurs in their work and harden their palms for more serious contests. The Siren under her trysail soon assumed her proper station as Rear-commodore, but being master of the situation, as soon as she found herself *a good last* threw up "Close Commodore and speak him" which brought all her flock running before a nice breeze back to Dalkey Sound, where, displaying their numbers in obedience to another command, they sailed back in order of stations along the shore and into the harbour, round which they passed in line, and afforded a very pretty sight to the spectators, though the crowded state of the roadstead, in which we distinguished the splendid yacht Sabrina, schooner, 267 tons, J. Naylor, Esq., R.Y.S., and Oimara, cutter, 162 tons, John Wylie, Esq., both storm-stayed on their passage to the southward, somewhat impeded their motions, and rendered care and good management necessary. After leaving the harbour 'Poolbeg' was shewn, but, as it was getting late, and the Commodore knows the advantage of coating canvas dry, he judiciously flew the dismiss, and all went away to their moorings in good time.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

MONDAY, 23rd May, 1870, the Select Committee of the House of Commons resumed their sitting on the Thames Navigation Bill; and, as *apropos* of that event, Old Father Thames, on the same day, gave a practical illustration of the annual gathering of his ocean birds on his tidal waters. His first exhibition was a sailing match for three prizes of the respective value of 100 sovs, 30 sovs., and 20 sovs., between first-class cutters belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and this match is invariably considered to be one of the most attractive features in the programme of the Metropolitan yachting season. Those three prizes were offered for competition conditionally—open to cutters of 35 tons and upwards belonging to members of the club. The second and third prizes were subject to there being four or five starters. The course, as originally proposed, was from Gravesend round the Mouse Light vessel and back; but owing to the very unfavourable and paltry state of the wind and the tide (for time and tide wait for no one, says the old adage) and the probability that if the whole course were pursued the yachts would not complete the distance within the reasonable period of

daylight, and consequently the original course was curtailed, and the steamer *Eagle*, belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company, which was chartered by the club to accompany the match, subsequently brought up just below the Nore Light vessel for the yachts to round as the eastern limit of the course.

The *Eagle* left London Bridge about 9 a.m., having on board the band of the 1st Life Guards, and a numerous party.

At 9h. 40m. the steamer reached Gravesend—rather an odd name to begin with—but there was the appointed rendezvous, and there we found the following yachts moored in a line off the pier. The weather was fine—wind light from E.S.E. and about half ebb tide, all which betokened a tedious race, at the same time making it a “dead beat” down the river. However, no time was lost in getting the craft under weigh.

The following were the entries and positions :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rlg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
809	<i>Julia</i> ...	cutter	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Hatcher.
1520	<i>Rose of Devon</i> ...	cutter	135	E. Johnson, Esq.	Harvey
230	<i>Christabel</i> ...	cutter	52	Rt. Hon. Earl Annesley	Aldous
1083	<i>Muriel</i> ...	cutter	40	Harry Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
1289	<i>Oimara</i> ..	cutter	159	John Wylie, Esq.	Steel
1853	<i>Vanguard</i> ...	cutter	60	Lieut.-Col. H. Verschoye	Ratsey
1890	<i>Vindex</i> ...	cutter	45	Andrew Duncan, Esq.	M. I. Wks.
523	<i>Fiona</i> ...	cutter	77	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife

Time allowance 20 seconds per ton under 100 tons, none beyond.

The *Fiona* was the only truant, and her non-appearance at her moorings, although under sail at the time of the start, and for some distance accompanied the match, caused some little comment among the spectators; it was whispered about that the time allowance was not satisfactory to the owner.

At 11h. 0m. the start was effected by signal gun under the direction of Commodore Lord Alfred Paget.

The yachts canted to starboard and made a short board under the Essex shore. Upon their going about the *Muriel* tacked and came out ahead of the fleet, followed by the *Vindex*, *Christabel*, and *Rose of Devon* in a cluster, the others somewhat astern, the smaller craft having decidedly the best of it in working through Gravesend Reach. On going through the Lower Hope the *Vindex* got a slant of wind from the south shore, and laying her reach on the starboard tack stood well

over to the northward, and came out to windward of the Vanguard, Vindex and Vanguard together, tack for tack, to Thames Haven, where the Vanguard came out to windward of the Vindex, both being well ahead of the fleet. At this feature of the race, the usual concomitant of a sailing match—a protest was thrown out. It appeared that as the Vanguard was standing in for the Kentish shore on the port tack, the Vindex was coming out on the starboard or opposite tack. The Vanguard attempted to cross her antagonist's bow, having to all appearance plenty of room, but the Vindex thought otherwise, and did not like the manoeuvre, and at once bore up (vessels on the starboard tack hold their own ; on the contrary, port gives way—*vide*, rules of the road.)

At 1h. p.m. the Vanguard was well ahead abreast the Chapman, the other yachts in the following order were : Vanguard, Vindex, and Oimara (which latter, by the bye, was the last under weigh), then followed Rose, Christabel, Muriel, and Julia. The wind now freshened a little, and assisted the Oimara to weather on the Vindex, and she took second place, the whole of them standing well under the Kentish coast to cheat the tide, which, however, was slackening fast.

At 1h. 45m., when off Southend Pier, the Vanguard was still leading, but the Oimara was uncomfortably close on her weather, and, being now able to make longer boards, crossed her opponents' bows to windward off Sheerness, coming out on the next tack well ahead. The young flood had now made, and it became apparent that the yachts would be unable to fetch the Mouse with any reasonable probability of terminating the match by daylight. Whereupon, after due deliberation, the noble commodore, Lord Alfred, ordered the steamer Eagle to bring to just below the Nore, and the yachts were thereupon signalled to round the Light Ship, the leading competitors being unprepared for such an unexpected change in the programme—the sailing instructions issued to the yachts being that they should round the steamer in the event of her being brought to before the Mouse—consequently, the Oimara and Vindex had overreached themselves considerably in the direction of the south coast, thereby extending their course, and losing ground on their reaches.

The following is the time and order in which they rounded :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	2	52	50	Rose of Devon	3	7	36
Vanguard	2	54	30	Vindex... ..	3	16	25

As each yacht rounded the Nore Light ship one after the other all set their ballooners and spinnakers, with the exception of the Christabel,

who shifted her working topsail for a ballooner, and the Julia displayed her square-sail and square topsail ; but the wind had dropped considerably on the flood, and what little wind there was happened to favour them on their homeward-bound voyage. Yet they drifted leisurely up—now and then catching a cat's-paw as they proceeded, alternately changing positions, the Vanguard, passed by the Oimara near the Upper Bligh Buoy, but this was only temporary, as the Oimara regained her position in the Hope, still leading, with the Vanguard scarcely a couple of lengths astern of her ; about half a mile came the Rose of Devon in her wake, followed by the Vindex, Christabel, Muriel, and Julia all together. When below the Chapman the Oimara took in her spinnaker, but set it again on finding the Vanguard crawling up to her. Off the Mucking the two leaders appeared to be on good terms with each other, and both ran into a calm. The Rose of Devon here brought up a breeze with her and passed them. Beyond this there was no change of importance until the Mark Buoy off Gravesend was rounded by them, which was in the following time and order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Rose of Devon...	6 21 15	Julia	6 32 30	Muriel	6 32 30
Vanguard	6 21 37	Christabel	6 32 45	Vindex	6 33 50
Oimara	6 23 33				

After the race had terminated the owner of the Vindex came on board the Eagle, and entered a protest against the Vanguard on the ground that she had improperly compelled the Vindex to go about when the latter was on the starboard tack. The evidence as to the facts being somewhat conflicting, it was arranged, after some discussion, to leave the case to the decision of the R.T.Y.C. sailing committee, which was as follows :—“ The committee having carefully considered the facts brought before them, are unanimously of opinion that the protest of the Vindex is valid, and that the Vanguard did compel the Vindex to bear up when on the starboard tack, whereby she violated the rules of the road, and therefore forfeits all claims to the prize pursuant to ‘ Article 20 ’ of the sailing regulations.

“ ALFRED PAGET, *Commodore*.

“ DE ROS, *Vice Commodore*.

“ H. TREHERNE.

“ A. O. WILKINSON.

“ H. W. BIRCH.”

By this decision the prizes are thus awarded :—Muriel, first prize, £100 ; Vindex, second prize, £30 ; Christabel, third prize, £20.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

Tuesday, May 24.—The match appointed for to-day was almost a duplicate of that of yesterday, occasioned by the fickle state of the elements, and the calm state of the atmosphere. Calms and catpaws were the chief ingredients, which rendered the match somewhat disheartening. In short, the Royal London's first match of the season came off this day, and was pursued under difficulties. The programme was almost a repetition of the card of yesterday, with the exception of the Oimara, but with the addition of the Fiona, which did not participate in the match of the Royal Thames, although she was entered for the race. There were many flying reports as to her absence; but the most valid one was that she was not at her station when the starting gun was fired. We have, on previous occasions, observed that river sailing is not always the most congenial for the large class yachts, particularly when there is anything like "a dead beat," with the wind in their teeth, or a drifting match, when oftentimes the sailing qualities of the yachts are sacrificed to the caprice of "air and water." The Royal London's programme was for a first class cutter match—course from Erith round the Nore Light vessel and back to Rosherville, for a first prize of the value of 100 guineas, and a second prize valued at 50 guineas. Time allowance being for yachts between 30 to 50 tons 30 seconds per ton, and 20 seconds per ton for yachts above that tonnage; and the following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
523	Fiona ..	cutter	77	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1520	Rose of Devon	cutter	135	E. Johnson, Esq.	Harvey
1083	Muriel ...	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lient.-Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
809	Julia	cutter	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Hatcher
1890	Vindex	cutter	77	A. Duncan, Esq.	M. I. Wk

At 11h. a.m. the preparatory gun was fired; the yachts were at their moorings riding to the half ebb; that is, with "heads up." The wind, what little there was, varied from the west to south west, and would be better described as being zephyr-like, with the usual accompaniments of light airs and catpaws, the vacuum being filled up with calms, giving to the aqueous elements a glasslike appearance; and though all this may be very well for excursionists and pionic parties, who, with "wonderfully fine weather," are enabled to enjoy themselves in earnest, and discuss the merits of the good things provided for the

inner man. But have they no feeling for the craniums of those who drift by "land and water," and expose themselves to *coup de soleils* and other *coups de grace*. But, anon ! there is disheartening work before us.

The steamer Albert Edward was chartered to accompany the yachts on their intended course ; the Commodore, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., and a large party of members and their friends were on board, and there was a band of music to enliven them, while all beyond was dull, tame, and insipid.

At 11h. 5m. a.m. the starting gun was fired :—

" The yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend,
Redoubling cords, the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide."

A few paltry airs from the south west, aided by the ebb tide, sent the yachts down the river at the walking pace of four or five knots an hour. The Vanguard was the first to feel the effect of her headsails, and every stitch of canvas practicable was set in drooping folds, and in this manner they drifted through the Reaches ; at noon the Rose of Devon hauled into the Northfleet Hope. The breeze now freshened a little, and the Rose was followed by the Muriel, and at about a couple of cables' length came the Fiona close under the northern bank, but about the same distance astern. At 1h. 10m. the breeze, which had dropped again, sprung up. Rose of Devon here led about halfway from Coal House Point to Mucking, with Muriel close in her wake, Fiona about half a mile behind, followed by Julia, Vanguard, and Vindex at a respectable distance between each other. The Muriel and Rose drifted abreast of each other, and passed Mucking at 1h. 32m., Julia with balloon jib, jib topsail, square sail and square topsail, Vanguard with balloon jib, jib topsail and spinnaker, Fiona under similar canvas, bringing with her a light breeze, which carried her to within half a mile of the leading vessels, Vindex about half a mile astern of her. At 2h. 10m. off the Chapman, Rose of Devon leading, followed by Muriel at a cables' length astern, Julia, Fiona and Vanguard in straggling order. At 2h. 40m. Rose, closely pressed by Muriel, drifting past a number of craft bound down the river. Off Yantlet a light air now sprang up from the eastward. At 2h. 45m. the Club vessel fired a couple of guns and then steamed ahead, and anchored abreast of South-end for the yachts to round her.

A perfect calm and a blazing sun prevailed, and the yachts drifted in

the doldrums, until they all came to a cluster, jammed by the tide. At length steamer was rounded by the whole of them in a lump, there being but thirty-five seconds between them from first to last, viz :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona.....	3 9 50	Vindex.....	3 9 57	Muriel	3 10 15
Rose of Devon	3 9 55	Vanguard	3 10 0	Julia.....	3 10 25

The yachts, all drifting up in as perfect a line as that from which they started, and although a pretty sight, it was anything but pleasant to the participators. At 3h. 45m. the vessels were turning up the river, Fiona with the lead of about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Rose of Devon, a cable's length to windward of the latter was Muriel, Julia and Vindex, about half a quarter of a mile astern. At 3h. 55m. there sprung up a moderate breeze from W. by N., which increased and hardened in at N.W. The Vindex and Vanguard now seemed bent on mischief, and shifted their balloon topsails for their working ones. The Fiona and Muriel made no change in their canvas: the former had her balloon foresail to windward. She fetched the Chapman in three boards, and was leading the Muriel by half a mile; the latter was turning up wonderfully well, and some little unimportant changes occurred in regard to their temporary positions. The Rose of Devon got to windward of the Muriel just before fetching Lower Hope Point, and in Sea Reach she weathered the Fiona; a long leg and a short one brought the three through the Lower Hope; the Vanguard, Julia and Vindex laid right through the Hope and Gravesend Reach, a spurt of wind favouring them a little.

The yachts ultimately rounded the winning buoy off Rosherville as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Rose of Devon	5 38 42	Muriel	5 45 10	Vindex	5 49 52
Fiona.....	5 39 27	Vanguard	5 48 2	Julia	5 50 10

The Muriel and Vindex winning the first and second prizes respectively by time.

THE NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

Wednesday, 25th May.—Whatever disappointment may have been felt in regard to the weather on the Monday and Tuesday previous, it could not be helped, therefore, if the cutter matches of the Royal Thames on Monday, and the Royal London on Tuesday, were failures in the matter of the elements, the match of the New Thames Yacht Club on Wednesday was in every respect a successful one from *Alpha*

to *Omega*, from *preface* to *finis*. A fresh wind from north-east prevailed in the first and middle parts, but as noon advanced and afternoon progressed the breeze hardened and fluctuated a point or two "round with the sun," but "but there was more easting in it," just sufficient and quite enough to make matters pleasant at a sailing match, sufficient also to cause occasionally a little extra strain on the throat gear. There was also a lop of a sea on outside, which "discumboblicated" some of the head gear of the small fry and caused a fall in the spar market, that is, pitching into it. But we are reminded of our time and space, which we shall attend to as soon as we get the steam up. According to the programme the first match of the season took place on Wednesday, the 25th of May, and the match was confined to yachts belonging to the club. The following were the entries:—First-class cutters: First prize of the value of £100; second prize, £30; course, from Gravesend round the West Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend. Time allowance, 30 seconds per ton up to 50 tons, and 15 seconds per ton above 50 tons.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
523	Fiona ...	cutter	79	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
809	Julia ...	cutter	113	George F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
1853	Vanguard ...	cutter	60	Lt.-Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
1083	Muriel...	cutter	40	Harry Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
1890	Vindex ...	cutter	45	Andrew Duncan, Esq.	M. I. W.

Second class cutters: first prize, £40; second, £20.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1807	Vampire ...	cutter	21	T. Outhbert, Esq.	Hatcher
458	Eúдора ...	cutter	21	T. E. Twycross, Esq.	Wanhill
1257	Oberon ...	cutter	20	L. G. Moore, Esq.	

The Albert Edward (s. s.) saloon steamer was chartered for the occasion, but unfortunately, soon after leaving Blackwall, she met with a mishap in her machinery, which retarded her arrival at Gravesend. The wind was fresh from the N.N.E., with every appearance, low and aloft, of its continuance for the next twenty-four hours. Everything being in readiness for the start, some little time elapsed from the absence of the club's steamer—yachts riding to the ebb. At 12h. 5m. the second-class yachts were started on their course; and a quarter of an hour afterwards the starting gun was fired for the first-class cutters, the interval affording an opportunity for the smaller craft to get clear of those who were ready to follow them.

The Vampire was the first to get her canvas set, and canted round,

although the Oberon got the lead to windward, which she maintained throughout the Lower Reach without making a single board, but which her two companions had to do. At 1h. 25m. they were off Hole Haven, the Oberon (still leading the Eudora and Vampire) had her jib-headed topsail set, but the others had the prudence to douse their topsails, having plenty to do with their three lower sails. At the upper part of Shell Haven the Vampire housed her topmast, and was apparently bent on mischief. There was now a strong steady wind from E.N.E. with a smart lop of a sea on, wind inclining more to the eastward, each struggling hard to get the weather guage, the Oberon appearing to make better weather of it, and, having the lead, led her sister yachts down the river to Southend. Here her throat halliard block gave way, and down came her mainssil. This mishap caused her some delay, but she was not alone in her misfortune, as the Eudora, after encountering a few head seas, came to grief, and parted company with her bowsprit,—“a dry stick which parted like a carrot.” The Vampire was thus left alone in her glory; she nevertheless carried on as if inclined to have a struggle with the larger yachts, treble her size, which, by the bye, did not join their company until nearly off the Sheppy. Having said thus much of the little ones we return to the match between the first-class yachts, which were started at 12h. 20m. The Fiona and Julia, in canting to starboard, had a friendly embrace, but there was no harm done, as they soon shook off their acquaintance. The Vindex had the northern or weathermost station, but the Vanguard and Muriel, which were very smart under canvas, slipped out from their inside berth, and within ten minutes from the start were a full cable's length in advance, followed by the Julia, Vindex, and Fiona. The yachts were all now fairly under weigh under their square-headed gaff topsails, and standing on the port tack along Gravesend Reach they fetched well down under the Kentish shore.

The wind now veered to E.N.E., which caused the yachts to break off, and, by taking advantage of the same, they went about, and stood across the river to the northward or Essex shore. They now went to work and made tack for tack with each other, and after about four boards they got into the Lower Hope, where the Vindex weathered both Julia and Muriel, but the Vanguard was a good quarter of a mile to windward. We would not like to be thought invidious, for comparisons are odious, but she appeared to be making her way through the water very smoothly and quiet, which was the admiration of every one who witnessed her progress. Muriel was rather sluggish in her movement; she appeared to be over ballasted with her prizes, and the wind seemed to be continually heading her. In the Lower Hope the power

of the Fiona in beating to windward was manifest. After weathering the Julia at the bottom of the Reach she sailed through the lee of the Vindex, and came out on the weather quarter of the Vanguard; but the latter, however, had a good lead of the Fiona. As the yachts turned into Sea Reach the wind freshened, and the Fiona was the first to douse her topsail and house her topmast. The Vanguard continued on for a while pressing herself bodily through it, her lee gunwale being almost buried in the sea.

A few minutes afterwards she took a lesson from the Fiona and made all snug aloft. The sea was now getting up, and the Vindex cautiously took a reef in the mainsail, but kept her gaff topsail standing. Off the Chapman she shifted her topsail for a jib-header, and the Muriel followed her example. Through Sea Reach the Vanguard and Fiona kept together, the former keeping the Fiona under her lee every time she went about.

The club steamer having been detained some time had to be towed by the Oread, and did not come up and fall in with the racers until 2h. 30m. p.m.

The position of the yachts in the match were now as follows, there being about three miles' distance between the first and last—the Vanguard and Muriel, the Fiona and Vanguard sticking to each other like the Siamese twins.

At 2h. 45m. Vanguard still leading about a cable's length to windward of the Fiona, and stood over for the Essex side; and when off Southend neither of them seemed to care going about till they had got out of the tide. Vindex and Julia kept well out in the stream, and when the other two vessels came about they had evidently gained on them.

The yachts in both races got intermingled; the Vampire was leading the Oberon by a mile and a half, and the Eudora was almost as much astern of her, all three with their topmasts housed.

On reaching the Nore, about 3h. 15m., the Vampire swayed up her topmast and set her jib-headed topsail, which manœuvre was followed by the Vanguard. The club steamer now fired a couple of guns and brought up about a mile and a half below the Nore Light Vessel, and the yachts in both matches rounded her as follows :—

FIRST MATCH.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vanguard	... 3 25 0	Vindex	... 3 29 35	Muriel	... 3 43 38
Fiona	... 3 27 15	Julia	... 3 33 25		

SECOND MATCH.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	... 3 30 0	Oberon	... 3 35 20	Eudora	... 3 46 5

Vanguard immediately set his spinnaker and big topsail, and "the art of setting canvas" was exemplified by the alacrity displayed on board, and the manner in which they carried on till all was blue. It was ease off for the goal, and in this manner they proceeded homeward bound, wind still blowing fresh from the north-east, with the young flood in their favour, they promised to make short work of it. The Vanguard at this period, barring mishaps, appeared safe to win. Running up under the north shore, the Fiona gained on her, and at one time it seemed as if they were going to hug each other. At 4h. 50m. they were off Thames Haven, and gybed over; they now shifted their spinnakers for balloon jibs, but on reaching Coal-house Point the only notable feature was that Julia overhauled the Vindex, passed her, and took the third place. The rest of the course through Gravesend Reach was sharp work, and they severally passed the winning buoy as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	... 5 33 35	Vindex	... 5 40 20	Oberon	... 6 0 0
Vanguard	... 5 33 40	Muriel	... 5 46 7	Eudora	... 6 6 25
Julia	... 5 35 40	Vampire	... 5 47 30		

The time allowance to each was :—

Julia allows Fiona $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ; Vanguard, $13\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; Vindex, $18\frac{1}{2}$ min.; Muriel, $20\frac{1}{2}$ min. Fiona allows Vanguard $4\frac{3}{4}$ min.; Vindex, $9\frac{3}{4}$ min.; Muriel, $12\frac{1}{2}$ min. Vanguard allows Vindex 5 min.; Muriel, $7\frac{1}{2}$ min. Vindex allows Muriel $2\frac{1}{2}$ min.

The Vanguard, of the first-class, taking first prize by time, and Vindex the second prize.

In the second class, Vampire and Oberon received the first and second prizes.

The prizes were thereupon presented by Commodore Lee to the respective winners in terse and appropriate language befitting the event, and the steamer returned to Blackwall.

Thus was brought to an end one of the best cutter matches ever sailed on the Thames, fully recompensing the *ennui* caused by calms and cat's-paws of the two days previous. In other words, the wind and weather were gloriously auspicious, and the eventful day terminated without a protest.

THE GIFT LIFE BOATS OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

WITH the present number of this Magazine we give a practical illustration accompanied by working drawings of a Life-boat Station. Indeed

so precise is our Life-boat Sheet that we do not hesitate to say that there would be no difficulty in any part of the world where experienced workmen are located to form a Life-boat Station by following its clear instructions.

Having this Life-boat Sheet before us we are inclined to make a few remarks on the Life-boats that have been presented to the National Life-boat Institution by different benevolent persons.

About fourteen years since a movement commenced of an altogether novel character in the Life-boat work, and which is without precedent in this or any other country. At that period a benevolent lady presented the National Life-boat Institution with the cost of a new life-boat to be stationed at a part of the coast where one was needed. Another life-boat soon followed from a gentleman.

A third was presented by a Yacht Club, and a fourth was given by a lady as a thank-offering after a providential preservation from drowning. Rapidly the generous spark was fanned into a flame, and new boats as fast as they were required on the various coasts of the United Kingdom were presented to the Society.

Some of these noble gifts assume the shape of Testimonials to departed relatives or friends: the first of which was given by two surviving sisters, in memory of a third to whom they had bid a last farewell, and which boat bears the affecting and affectionate name of "The Sister's Testimonial". Next came inland towns, some of the inhabitants of which feeling a desire that their own communities should be represented on the coast as performing their share of the national duty of affording protection to shipwrecked persons in the only manner in which they could do so, appealed to their fellow townsmen, and soon many of such inland places were represented by their own boats, our chief manufacturing towns and cities being conspicuous amongst the number.

Again various public bodies of men such as the Great Mutual Benefit Societies, the Civil Service, the Universities, the Yacht Clubs, Commercial Travellers, Sunday Schools, and the subscribers to Public Journals, the Society of Friends, &c., and lastly, standing by itself in kind the noble gift of £2,000 for the provision and endowment of a Life-boat Station, by a firm of Parsee Merchants, Messrs. Cama and Co. on retiring from business in London, as an acknowledgment or thank-offering for their success, and in testimony of their appreciation of the kind reception they had uniformly met with from the inhabitants of London.

In this manner it has come to pass that as a great and enduring monument of the benevolent feelings and voluntary duty, if we may use the term, of the people of this country, the grand fleet of splendid

and perfectly equipped Life-boats which belong to our Life-boat Institution now encircle our coasts. That fleet at the present time consists of no less than 220 boats, and of that large number 212 have been special gifts, or as in the case of a very few of them have been adopted by payment of their existing value.

Through the means of this splendid support and more than generous appreciation of the usefulness of the Institution, and of the labours of its managing body, the Committee who conduct its affairs are now in that proud position that they can look on the work they have set themselves to do as complete, so far as the procuring Life-boats at all or nearly all suitable and available positions on the coasts of the United Kingdom is concerned, and can feel that it will only or at least chiefly now devolve on them to maintain their existing life-boat Establishments in a state of completeness and efficiency. To enable them to do which however they will, still considering that the National Life-boat Institution is solely dependant on voluntary support, continually need the encouraging sympathy and interest, and the generous pecuniary aid of their fellow countrymen, who have so generously supported them during the past.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THIS Club commenced its racing season on Saturday, May 21st, with the matches of the 4th (not exceeding 15 tons), and 5th (not exceeding 7 tons) classes, but owing to the dreadful weather which prevailed for a fortnight throughout the Channel, and which effectually prevented yachts of small size from getting from port to port, the entries were not as good as usual ; and even of those entered neither the Naiad, 10 tons, a new boat from Liverpool, of which great things are expected, or the celebrated Queen, 15, from Cork, was able to put in an appearance, so Alexandra, in the larger class, had the apparently lazy task set her of sailing round the course alone, in accordance with the excellent and fair rule of the Club, which provides " That if any prize be offered out of the Club funds, any yacht duly entered may claim to sail over the course for said prize, subject, however, to the power of the committee to postpone the race should the weather be unfavourable, but without receiving new entries." From the state of the weather and the thickness of the day, which obscured the marks, she found " walking over," however, by no means so easy as it looked, and her crew had as hard a day's work and as thorough a drenching as ever they got in their lives,

and were some six hours going round a 23-mile course, having twice to double reef and twice to shake out her reefs to get round.

Course—Harbour to South Bar Buoy, N.N.E., two miles; South Bar Buoy to Rosbeg Bank Buoy, E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., two-three quarter miles; Rosbeg Buoy to North Burford Buoy, North Burford to South Burford, to Hauling Buoy within harbour; then round South Bar, Rosbeg, and South Burford Buoys and to harbour—23 miles.

For the fifth class, not exceeding 7 tons, the following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1365	Peri ...	cutter	5	J. E. Rogers, Esq.	Williamson
1085	Myrrha ...	schooner	5	A. Falkner, Esq.	Walsh
1807	Torment ...	cutter	5	J. Todhunter, Esq.	Williams

Course—Round South Bar, Rosbeg, and South Burford Buoys, and win in harbour—11 miles.

In sailing both these courses all buoys and marks included in them and the flag-ship to be left on the starboard hand.

Time—Allowances per club scale.

The morning looked on shore bright and fine, with a S.E. breeze, which in the harbour gave no indications of the rough work going on outside, and at 12 o'clock, when the Commodore, assisted by the Rear-commodore, in the steam-launch Firefly, took the high-mettled racers in charge, everything looked prosperous. Fortunately, however, the greasy look of the sky and the washed and weather-beaten appearance of some of the vessels which came into harbour made the small fry cautious, and two reefs and housed topmasts was the order of the day, except with the schooner, who, being really eight tons, though sailing under an allowance of three-fifths of her true rate kept her main topmast aloft for a reach out to the South Bar Buoy, with a small jib-headed sail set on it. The second gun was fired exactly at 12h. 30m. Myrrha jumped off with a strong lead, and made the pace very hot in the fresh breeze to the first mark (two miles), gaining on the Alexandra, which had started just before the smaller boats, and going dry and corkey as possible. The little Torment was next, but it was plainly too heavy for her, and when she met the heavy roll on the bar the Peri came up to her hand over fist, and, soon after hardening the sheets for a nearly close haul to the Rosbeg, she gave up and bore away for the harbour. The fog was now so thick that even Howth was obscured, and to find the red buoy was no easy task, while Alexandra, which had started with a whole mainsail, was clean smothered, tons of water rolling

right over her, and she was perforce compelled to heave to and double reef her mainsail and foresail, in doing which the two smaller boats passed her, sailing a splendid race in the heavy sea, the schooner fore-reaching fast on the Peri, but the cutter was gradually eating to windward. From the Rosbeg it was nearly a dead beat to the South Bar Buoy, and, as Alexandra had to go also round the North, they parted company, and with great difficulty she made out and got round the white-chequered buoy which marks the north end of the Burford Bank, the roll being tremendous, but the wind much lighter. Off the South Bar she again fell in with her little friends, fighting a splendid battle, and close together, so that it was a matter of great doubt which would get round the mark first, although it was certain the schooner would outrun the shorter craft on the way back. Alexandra crossed the schooner's bows, who tacked after her, heavy baling going on, and bore away under Peri's stern, not to hamper her, but she at once tacked on her weather, and all lay up well for the buoy, now distant about a quarter of a mile, with every prospect of rounding it in a heap. The wind fell off, however, and shifted two points, which favoured Peri, and she got round at 2h. 45m. 30s., followed by Myrrha at 2h. 48s., and immediately it was out reefs and up topsail in schooner for a dead run before the wind to harbour. Myrrha outran Peri, who had set a balloon jib; but when nearly home the wind chopped round, or rather the yachts got into a westerly vein, which had been blowing all day in-shore, and Peri was forced to take in her jib, and for some reason did not set another. They felt the loss of this in the harbour, where it was a dead beat in smooth water, and she rapidly overhauled the Myrrha; but, being sluggish in stays, could not quite catch her, and they rounded the flag ship (Amberwitch, yawl) amidst great excitement of the crews and vessels in harbour, almost together; time being—Myrrha, 3h. 13m. 11s.; Peri, 3h. 13m. 23s., thus leaving the former the winner by but twelve seconds, after a most beautiful and hard-sailed contest. A friendly protest was handed in by the owner of Peri, requesting to have Myrrha measured, to see if she really was not over five tons with her allowance, which, however, was decided by the committee on Monday, and she received the prize of £7, while the locket in the shape of a sailor's hat, in gold and blue enamel, for the steersman, went to Mr. Samuel Nugent, who had charge of the Myrrha. The crew of the Alexandra, wet and weary, and without the excitement of any further competitors, cast many wistful looks after their little friends, as they went snugly to their moorings, but they had another damp round before them, but there being no help for it, they gybed at three o'clock

round the Hauling buoy, and heaving to off the bar, hauled down their reef, shaken out for the run in again, and after a cold, wet, and dreary beat from the Rosbeg to the South Burford Buoy, gladly eased their sheets for a run back, which they accomplished at 6h. 15m., landing £12 for the owner and deserving a good dinner and something hot for themselves after the toils of the day.

The race for third-class yachts (not exceeding 25 tons) was sailed on the 24th May under very different circumstances of sea and sky from those which attended the first match on the 21st, as a more lovely day for the purpose could hardly have been imagined. A warm and bright atmosphere and a nice balmy breeze from the westward, which, as the day advanced, clawed a little to the north, but remained steady, at about a six knot force all the afternoon, thereby allowing the race to be fairly sailed out and decided on its merits, without the annoying calms and flakes of wind which so often characterise Dublin Bay. The prize was a cheque for £15, and also a locket representing a sailor's hat, with a band of blue enamel, and the letters P.A.Y.C., for the helmsman of the winner. Course—the usual one for this class—round South Rosbeg, and the two Burford buoys ; thence to the hauling buoy inside the harbour,—an arrangement which affords a good view to the spectators, round again as before, and win under the stem of the Heroine cutter, which did duty as flag ship. The match was under charge of the Commodore, as officer of the day, and he early laid down cork floats with numbered flags, to mark the stations where the competitors were to drop their anchors, an arrangement which prevents much fouling and confusion. The entries were in order from westward.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
30	Alexandra ...	cutter	15	H. Dudgeon, Esq.	M. I. Wk.
	Syren ...	cutter	19	T. P. Haynes, Esq.	
881	Kittawake ...	cutter	20	Capt. P. A. Iremonger	Owner.
1962	Wavecrest ...	cutter	25	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Fulton.

The only absentee was the Queen, who, with all her endeavours, found it impossible to get up from Kinsale in time to join either the races of 21st or 24th, to the great vexation of her owner, who had been knocking about at sea, or hove to in fogs since the previous Thursday morning, and only reached Kingstown in the afternoon of Tuesday. As soon as the gun fired Syren rushed to the front, under her whole mainsail and jib-headed gaff topsail, followed by the Kittiwake, with whole mainsail, but without a topsail : Alexandra, with her topsail housed and a reef in her mainsail ; Wavecrest, with whole sails and a

small square-headed topsail over it, last. It was a nice, easy reach with smooth water and a strong breeze to the South Bar Buoy, N.N.E., two miles, the young flood just making under their lees and shoving them up to windward. Kittiwake set her topsail on the way out, and all kept well together, except Alexandra, which fell astern, the other boats being too powerful for her. After rounding the buoy booms were gybed to port, and they ran nearly dead before the wind to Rosbeg, all setting either spinnakers or balloon foresails as square sails in the run, Syren increasing her lead and Wavecrest drawing past Kittiwake. There was little change round the North Burford, but when they reached the south buoy, S.W. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S., eight miles of the course, Wavecrest had established her lead and rounded 1h. 22m. 40s. ; Syren close to her, 1h. 23m. 10s. ; Kittiwake, 1h. 25m. ; Alexandra far astern. It was now a case of hardened sheets and a beat up to harbour, though by no means a dead muzzler, and with a fine strong flood tide to help them to windward. All stretched in for Dalkey, but Wavecrest judiciously made a short tack to establish her weather gauge, and lay down to her work in earnest. Kittiwake soon after tacked, thinking the breeze was stronger outside though with less tide, while Syren kept close in shore. When they met off the harbour all weathered in, but Kittiwake had reduced her distance and Wavecrest increased hers from Syren. They stayed round the buoy—Wavecrest, 2h. 8m. 10s. ; Syren, 2h. 11m. 40s. ; Kittiwake, 2h. 12m. ; and then, easing sheets, they were off again, but at the harbour's mouth it was plain they would not fetch as the wind had northered. Wavecrest tacked first, but Kittiwake judiciously waited on Syren, and, stretching a little further, caught her on the port tack close to the mark. The helmsman of the latter, much to his credit, instead of acting as is so much complained of in other ports, and boring down on his antagonist at the wing tack, at once accepted the situation, and shaking his vessel up in the wind, let the other lead him, which she did by a few feet, and smartly running up her balloon foresail and a jib as a square sail, headed her by one minute at Rosbeg. Syren here, however, set her huge spinnaker, though with a Dungarvan reef in the middle, and drew up on Kitty's weather, but caught a napper, as the latter putting her tiller hard down, luffed sharp across Syren's bows, who, in attempting to parry the blow, luffed also, and away went her spinnaker boom like a carrot, which obliged her to bear away under the other's lee. She soon, however, got out a jib as a substitute, and the wind drawing more aft, Kittiwake had to gybe, after doing which she also sent up her immense spinnaker on the starboard side, and both ran side by side to nearly the South Burford, where Kittiwake took in her

spinnaker a minute or so too soon, and thereby enabled her persevering antagonist to lead her a trifle round the buoy. All now hauled their sheet flat aft, and went off for home, which they could now fetch nicely. Wavecrest establishing a long lead, and Kittiwake falling to leeward, her new mainsail having stretched so much that it was all in a bag at the foot, and in trying to get it out on the boom she burst the out-haul of the traveller and made matters worse, having to luff right up in the wind to secure it, and meantime Syren went from her. The times at the flag-ship were :—Wavecrest, 3h. 48m. 45s. ; Syren, 4h. 3m. 45s. ; Kittiwake, 4h. 5m. 38s., and loud and hearty cheers greeted Mr. M'Curdy's first victory in his new purchase, as no yachtman in the port is more popular with high and low, or has more actively patronised the sport for many years than he has done, having owned at various times Peri, Odalique, Luna, Amberwitch, and now Wavecrest, which seems likely, from her performance in this race, to do as much for the white and blue cross as any craft which has yet carried it. The Syren sailed well, and, as predicted in the song, "showed her bran new tail" to many, while the Kittiwake is evidently much improved by the alterations made in the winter, but her new mainsail had never been properly stretched, and in trying to get it out on the boom, when on a wind in the second round, the out haul burst, and she had to be shaken right up in the wind, while a hand went out on the boom and hooked a tackle, which lost her several minutes.

THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT SELENE.*

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

BY ONE OF THE CREW.

KINGSTOWN Harbour in the summer is filled with yachts, in the winter it is crowded with coasters, and among a crowd of colliers and wind-bound craft the Selene lay snugly. Alongside was the schooner yacht Nyanza, sister ship to the Selene, and another of Steele's clippers. Other yachts were laying at their chains, weather-beaten and bare with the summer's work. The shore looked deserted, the streets were empty—the town lay grim and sodden in the rain. Those who were sick gladly walked the wet decks of the Selene, and pleasantness came over all the yacht. A glass of grog

* Continued from page 162.

brightened our faces, and Phil declared the forecastle to be "cheersome." The steward went ashore with many commissions and to post letters. Archie, the steward's henchman, took his place as captain of the "dingy," and received the forecastle orders. Archie was puzzled enough, and kept saying over his commissions till he reached the counter of Findlater's. He timed his "stroke" to his merchandise, and managed to forget nothing. It was Archie's first trust, and it made his character.

In Findlater's no sign of the summer was seen. The yachtsmen who sail their matches over again beside the counter were all away. The cause of the Selene's visit was soon surmised. "Bad weather is a blessing to Kingstown," said the steward. "It brings in the fine-weather birds," an Irishman suggested. "An' it's brought me back to bother you," said Archie, "and I dinna look a fine-weather bird."

The dingy escaped swamping in its passage from the shore, and landed the collected merchandise safely on board.

When the forecastle lamps were lighted Vallance was discovered in the gloom, handling what looked like a fiddle. The discovery was followed by a shout. Vallance was more anxious about the fiddle-strings than about the music, and he tightened them with a gentle hand. His fiddle was old, and the sailor "set up the riggin'," in fear that something would be carried away. When he had fairly started, the music rang through all the ship, wild and discordant enough to provoke inquiries after the sort of instrument that was played.

"My forefathers have played the pipes with the best in Skye," Vallance answered loftily. This speech settled the fiddler's pretensions, and Vallance was allowed to discourse "harmony" without inquiry. But his music soon drowned what wind was blowing.

The Chops of the Channel.—On the 1st October the wind had moderated and hauled round so far to the eastward that the Selene might lay down channel. The captain started for Dublin, to fetch round a tug and tow the yacht to a good offing. He went ashore with sundry commissions besides, and was anxious to have a bit of moulding regilt. An officious Irishman, with friendly intent, recommended him to try an apothecary if he could not have the work done elsewhere, for, says the guide, "he's a college-bred man."

The tug arrived, and a hawser was made fast to the schooner. With the head-sea pouring into the harbour, the yacht plunged heavily as she headed into the swell of the Channel.

Snug sail was set, and the staysail filling, the yacht forged past the lee-quarter of the tug with sufficient speed to cant the steamer and threaten her with a tow stern foremost. The tug speedily cleared the Selene, and the crew looked after the schooner, with a pleasant relief at quitting so dangerous a neighbour.

Under a double-reefed mainsail, the yacht lay down the Irish land, leaving the Wicklow Head and the misty hills behind.

With the darkness Irish coasters were met leaving snug anchorages and hastening in the lull to find another landfall. They were crazy craft swinging on the long swell, low in the sea, and such coffins as reckless men venture in. Channel "hookers" were working outward and inward—carrying the peaks of their mainsails—watery birds for such weather, and blown about by all the winds of heaven.

Frail barges Death might ride the tempest on, these boats passed us, the unwashed faces of their heedless crews turned up towards us with the listless gaze of ghostly men. And through the dark night they crept away from the land, trusting somehow that the break of day would bring out the loom of some friendly shore.

"Them lads have a sore time of it," said Phil. "I have read yarns o' learned men upon the sea—upon comin' round the Horn or the Cape, or it might be the Ness or Beachy, but I have never believed in them no more nor in a sea-fight in the pantomime. An' I guess one of them hands could put the danger afore you in five minutes, as a fancy sailor couldn't shape it no ways you could tell him. For my part, I only laughs at the seafarin' they puts in print. I wouldn't lose a galley story for a boatful o'book talk. It seems to me as if the printin' took the flavour out o' the words."

"That's no unlikely," interposed Barker; for you see when a minister speaks what he has to say I can mind it when I canna keep the Bible verses he has been readin'."

The sea was calming; the wind was singing more peacefully through the iron shrouds; the black heave of the Atlantic was brightened with ruddy touches: the sun lay behind blue peaks, and topsails and topgallant-sails barred the streaks of sunset. Within an hour or two the glimmer of Tuskar faded below the sea; the Selene was straining through the level swell—she was once more feeling the weight of her canvas, and bright faces were turned to the southward. The yacht was running her nine knots off the log.

Phil got his head through the scuttle with the first streak of day. "It was nothing but a fine day, he said, "with a big iron-clad alongside as black as a thunder squall. The iron-clad took the watch on deck, and her rig and build were talked about. Barker knew her to be a Frenchman, but the reason "concerned only himself."

A square-rigged merchantman was picked up a-head by 9 o'clock, and the Selene was dead in her wake, shortening the distance. The ship shook out her topgallant sails and set her royals over them, but the Selene was still taking her in. In an hour the ship's lower stin'sails were set, and still the yacht drew closer. By one o'clock the two vessels were square, and by two the ship was well upon the schooner's quarter. Before the dogwatch went on deck at four o'clock the trysail was unbent, and the mainsail set. The sea was smooth for the Selene, and she went away with a press of canvas on.

Crossing the Bay.—With the breeze came warm gusts from sunny seas—the mellow break of the south. The yacht was running across the Bay of

Biscay, into which the weary toss of the Atlantic was heaving a quickening pulse from the new world to the old. The verge of the summer was near. The wintry north was left on the grey horizon. The forecastle was filled with mirth. The fiddler of Dunvegan was again tightening up his tackle.

A wondrous mirage filled the west through which the sun flooded the sea with amber, and darkly through this splendour came a shadowy sight, gaunt and spectre-like, and full of evil. A large water-logged ship, battered and broken—a scare for voyagers—had been found after long searching, and was now towing towards Lands' End.

Two tugs were made fast to the barnacled hull, over which the drenching sea wickedly lashed. In her torn rigging flaunted the ragged signal her crew had flown for help. Storms had blanched her shattered bulwarks. Against her sides the sea rolled relentlessly; great tides of foam poured from her decks. She glided landward like a guilty thing. The crew looked wistfully after her, and sad thoughts darkened rough faces—sorrow for brave hearts in the deep, and for broken hearts at home.

Tears were wiped from the faces of men whose mothers had spent sleepless nights for their sakes. The carpenter knew no sailor would like to see a good ship on her beamends, nor forget a comrade might have been on board of her.

With light winds and warm weather came the south rain, the drizzle that never fairs, the smurr that softens the sea into the sky. Like a thin smoke it wrapt the yacht all day long, but through it she glided towards clearer skies. It was like a wet June day in the Clyde, when the hills come out of the clouds in ghostly patches.

The rain brought weariness, stories grew tiresome, old newspapers were pulled out and spelt over. Yachting news was hunted up and challenged. Ocean races and races inside the island provoked orations, and Barker was finally elected to decide upon all knotty points. He was made lawgiver for the forecastle, and no king carried his honours more meekly. The steward rebaked his bread and overhauled his savoury stores to sharpen appetites forward, Phil vowed, "and bring the pastrycook's window in sight."

It was Saturday night, and thoughts about home brought out hidden photographs. But it was not till the steward's call for grog came cheery that the dull weather below cleared away, and left the sound of laughter.

October 4th broke with the Selene's weather. She was running course with as much canvas as she needed. It was Sunday, and promised to be remembered. The sea was rising out of the west, misty. By 2 o'clock the mainsail was stowed and the trysail set, but not before topsails had been reefed over all the craft in sight. It freshened up fast, and laid the schooner into the chains, with such a race of foam along her quarter as gave the stormy petrels work to follow. And under our counter these birds of omen came waffing and flying, going faster as the wind blew harder, skimming the deep with lightning swiftness, and making pretence of catching crumbs, while

the tempest gathered. They rose and fell with the swing of the billows shaping the course in the squalls that tossed the spindrift across our rail. They revelled in the gusts that strained our guys, and went down the wind for the chance of heading us again.

"I a'ways take kindly to them birds," said Dougie, "for you see they niver follow a ship as founders at sea. When nothin' will ever be heard of a vessel they gives her a wide berth, as the rats do a sinkin' ship."

"That's true," Phil added; "I hae niver heered of them chickens following a crew as was niver heered tell of; but I got the biggest fright I had all my life from a flock o' green linnets lighting in our riggin' well outside o' Tuskar. It was stormy about Christmas-time and the birds had been blowin' off the land. The captain—he was a Londoner—so he rigs out a board for a trap, and we had a Christmas pie of them; but I thought they would hae choked in my throat, and we took the masts out o' the brig before we made Montevideo.

At 4 p.m. the wind eased a little, and before dark the Selene was running with her square sail set. With the progress of the night the wind lightened and before the daylight not a breath of air filled the canvas. A dead calm in a heavy roll is an irksome horror, and half a gale of wind would have been more welcome. The spars swayed and swung, the blocks creaked, the rigging strained, as the schooner tossed and tumbled with the heave of the sea. Up the long swell the Selene glided, and away into the sleepy hollow that glimmered for miles in the sun.

At 6 p.m. "Land" was sung out from the mast-head. The blue peaks about Finisterre were shaping themselves against the southern sky.

NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A MEETING of this Institution was held on the 8th of May at its house, John Street, Adelphi, London—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present—The Earl Percy, M.P.; Sir Edward Perrott, Bart.; the Right Hon. S. Cave, M.P.; Admiral Ryder; W. H. Harton, Esq.; Captain De St. Croix; John Griffith, Esq.; Colonel Fitzroy Clayton and Richard Lewis, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, awards amounting to £53 6s. were granted to the crews of different life-boats for services on the occasion of shipwrecks on our coast.

The Blackpool life-boat had gone out in a fresh gale and heavy sea to the sloop Sprightly, of Preston, which had stranded on the Crusader Bank, and was happily instrumental in rescuing the crew of two men from their perilous position.

The life-boat at Palling, Norfolk, was also launched last week in reply to signals of distress shown during a strong wind by the ketch Shoreham, of

Shoreham. The vessel, being taken in tow by another ketch, the life-boat accompanied them, and saw them safely into Yarmouth harbour. The *Valentia* (county Kerry) life-boat, during an easterly gale, was taken off to the Skelligs Rock with the view of bringing ashore thence four shipwrecked men, who had taken refuge with the light-keeper. Such was the violence of the sea, however, that it was found totally impracticable, after several trials to effect a landing on the rock, and the men had to await another opportunity of coming ashore. The Newbiggin lifeboat was also launched to the assistance of six fishing cobles which were in distress off that place during a strong wind from the E.N.E. The Berwick lifeboat was likewise happily the means of saving the crew of five men from the schooner *Margaret*, of Wigton, which went ashore at Spittal Point in a strong wind and a very heavy sea. Considerable risk was run by the lifeboat men in performing this service, and a double reward has been granted them by the society. The Barmouth and Arklow lifeboats had also gone off in the past month to distressed vessels, but their services were fortunately not ultimately needed. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts.

Altogether the Institution has contributed this year to the rescue of 347 lives from different shipwrecks, in addition to having saved four vessels from destruction. The Society has now a noble fleet of 220 lifeboats, and it contributes yearly to the saving of about 1,000 lives. Payments amounting to £2,100 were ordered to be made on various lifeboat establishments. Capt. Marquand, of the barque *Matchless*, of Guernsey, had collected the additional sum of £2 5s. in aid of the funds of the Institution. The late John Roberts, Esq., of Jermyn Street, had left it a legacy of £200, and the late Mrs. Mary Greaves, of New Brighton, one of 19 guineas. A new lifeboat had just been sent to Kingsgate, Kent, the South-Eastern Railway Company having granted the boat a free conveyance over their line.

The Boulogne Shipwreck Society had, through Colonel Sir James E. Alexander, ordered a lifeboat to be built on the Institution's plan by the Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse.

Reports were read from Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., the inspector, and Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the assistant-inspector of lifeboats to the Society, on their recent visit to the coast, and the proceedings then terminated.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—UNITED STATES.

THE taste for yachting has been for some years on the increase in this vicinity. There is probably no recreation which is more invigorating, and no pastime which calls forth in a greater degree the faculties of the mind and the energies of our physical nature. The time was, within the memory too of many of our citizens who are not yet gray-headed, when the owners of first

class yachts in Boston could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The yachts of Colonel Winchester, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Parsons never unfurled their sails for a run down the harbour without attracting the attention of all who happened to be in the bay. Within a very few years many wealthy gentlemen of this city have built for their pleasure and recreation some of the finest boats afloat, and the Boston Yacht Club have held several regattas, and made cruises which have become memorable in yachting annals. The taste for this exhilarating and manly sport appears of late to have received a new impulse, and the tone imparted to the science of sailing these elegant craft by the New York Yacht Club has awakened throughout the seaboard cities a spirit of emulation which promises to culminate in a fleet of yachts which will be creditable to the nation, that points with pride to the achievements of the yacht *America*, and the more recent victory of the *Henrietta*, and her gallant commander, James Gordon Bennett, Junior.

A few weeks since, a number of gentlemen, while accepting the hospitality of a well known citizen, adopted as a topic of conversation the approaching yachting season. The advantages of our bay, the interest felt in naval architecture, and the fact that many excellent yachts were owned in the Eastern States, were commented upon, and it was finally determined to organize a club. For this purpose a sub-committee was appointed to nominate officers and prepare a constitution and bye-laws. At an adjourned meeting the following named gentlemen were nominated and elected officers of the Association, which is organised under the name of the "Eastern Yacht Club." Commodore—Capt. John Heard. Vice-Commodore—Capt. Franklin Burgess. Secretary—John Jeffries, Junior. Treasurer—Joseph P. Gardner. Measurer—George Z. Silsbee. Regatta Committee—Robert B. Forbes, David Sears, Junior., S. Endicot Peabody, W. G. Salstonstall, William C. Otis.

At subsequent meetings of the Club, which already embraces a large number of our influential citizens, the general administration of affairs and the details incidental to such an organisation were perfected.

The signal of the club is a pointed burgee, diagonally striped with blue and red, with a five-pointed white star in the centre of the red stripe. The signals adopted are those known as Rogers's Code of Signals for the use of all Nations. The sailing regulations are the same as those of the New York Yacht Club, with some modifications. The seal represents a yacht under full sail, and the motto is *Auræ Vela Voganta*. The honorary members include the Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, Collector of the Port of Boston, United States District Judge and Circuit Judge, the Admiral of the Station, and the Commandant of the Navy Yard at Charlestown.

It is proposed to hold two regattas, at the opening and at the close of the season. The Regatta Committee, while thoroughly versed in their duties are not owners of yachts which will compete in any regatta, and though yachts under twelve tons will be allowed to join in the proposed cruise to the East, and to Newport and New York, no craft of less than twelve tons

will be permitted to take part in the regattas, which will be open only to yachts owned by members.

The uniform of the officers and members of the Club will be simple and neat. The distinctive badges of the officers will be plain. The full dress will be a frock coat of navy blue cloth, and the undress a sack coat of the same material or fine blue flannel. The gilt buttons are of three sizes, with a foul anchor in the centre, three stars above and the initials "E. Y. C." below. The Club starts under auspices which promise success, and the character and social position of the members are ample guaranty that the administration of affairs will redound to the credit of the city in which it originated.—*Boston Journal*.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Yacht Squadron.—The annual general meeting of this distinguished Club, the parent of all similar institutions, was held on the 14th May at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, London, at which the noble Commodore, the Earl of Wilton, presided. There were no less than seventy-four members present—a larger meeting than was ever known.

The following candidates were ballotted for, and declared duly elected members of the Royal Yacht Squadron :—

Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Caprice cutter, 56 tons; Hon. Henry Flower, Rainbow schooner 80 tons; Lord Rich. Grosvenor, Petrel schooner, 110 tons; Viscount Curzon, M.P., Lynz, s-st., 55 tons.

After the usual routine of business relating to the Club had been transacted, an unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to his lordship for his obliging conduct in the chair, the meeting separated, and several members have since visited Cowes. We are pleased to observe that the yachting movements of the past month indicate a prolonged season. Several large yachts have appeared at the rendezvous. No doubt the matches between the Cambria and the Sappho have caused some of our phantom ships to make an earlier appearance in the Solent than is generally the case. Among the list of early cruisers we may name the Bacchante, Helen, Guinevere, Daphne, Diadem, Flying Cloud, Morgiana, Gelert, Dream, Albertine, Chenota, Ceres, Mirage, Cambria, Nettle, &c; also the French steam yacht Faust, of the Societe des Regattes, and a cutter belonging to Monsieur Mandrot, and, lastly, though not the least attractive, are the America, Sappho and Dauntless—several broad pennants among them.

The general meeting in May of the Royal Yacht Squadron has generally indicated the opening of the season at Cowes, but 1870 appears to have been in advance. Having been favoured with a corrected list of the Royal Yacht Squadron up to the present day, a summary of its actual strength may not be considered devoid of interest.

The patrons of the Royal Yacht Squadron are Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, His Royal Highness Prince Louis de Bourbon, and Comte de Aquila.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is the only club privileged by Government to display the naval flag—the ensign of St. George. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales heads the list of members as No. 1 in the private number of the Squadron, and his royal brother, Captain His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh as No. 2.

The Squadron comprises 222 members, and among the aristocracy we observe the Dukes of Buccleuch, Leeds, Marlborough, Rutland and St. Albans, exclusive of those of royal blood. Earls Annesley, Bantry, Dalkeith, Durham, Ducie, Fitzwilliam, Hardwicke, Harrington, Howe, Lichfield, Mountcharles, Normanton, Pembroke, Scarborough, Selkirk, Somers, Strafford, Vane, and Commodore the Earl of Wilton. Marquises Bath, Bute, Conyngham, Donegal, Drogheda, Exeter and Ormonde. Viscounts Bangor, Bury, Castlerosse, Hill and Lismore. Counts Edmund Batthyany (Austrian), and Count Felix de Monceau (Belgian) Barons and Lords Aberdour, Ashburton, Buckhurst, H. Cholmondeley Dufferin, Otho Fitzgerald, Henry Gordon Lennox, Londesborough, Ormathwaite, Rendlesham, Southampton, Suffield, Vivian, and Westbury. Baronets.—Sir John Bayley, C. H. Coote, W. Stirling Maxwell, Alexander Bannerman, Joseph Copley, Henry Oglander, Henry Beecher, Henry H. Edwardes, Lawrence Polk, R. Gore Booth, Sir T. Edwards Moss, S. Morton Peto, J. M. Burgoyne, R. Graham, Percy F. Shelley, H. Lytton Bulwer, Ivor Berthie Guest, A. C. Stirling, R. J. Buxton, Edward Sullivan, M. R. S. Stuart, W. P. Carew, E. Hulse, George Stuckly, Bruce Chichester, Richard King, J. S. Trelawny, A. Cockburn, Norman Lockhart, and Thos. Whichcote.

The remaining members consist of officers in the Army and Navy, members of Parliament, and the landed gentry.

There are also 247 honorary members, comprising 33 distinguished visitors and foreign consuls, officials, &c., 43 Admirals, 41 Vice-Admirals, 41 Rear-Admirals, and 89 Captains and Commanders, R.N.

The Squadron's fleet of yachts enumerate 1 brigantine, 57 schooners, 22 steamers, 29 cutters, and 15 yawls, making a total of 124 yachts, tonnage 16,785, tons.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., having presented to the Squadron a cup to be sailed for by yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, and for American yachts, the sailing committee, at a special meeting, held at the Castle on the 23rd May, have appointed 22nd June for the match to come off.

Course—From Cowes Roads to the westward, round the Shambles (off Portland), and back to Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, by the east entrance to the island. Time allowance yawls to add half their tonnage. Schooner 10secs. per ton. To start a 5 a.m. The Sappho and Dauntless will enter.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The ballot meeting for the month was held on the 4th of May at the Royal Thames Yacht Club House, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, a large party of members and friends having previously assembled at the house dinner. Amongst the several new members elected are the following yacht owners:—J. Wylie, Esq., of the celebrated cutter *Oimara*, 165 tons; E. Johnson, Esq., *Rose of Devon*, cutter, 148 tons; the Marquis of Ailsa, *Foxhound*, cutter, 35 tons; and Col. Baker (10th Hussars), *Sibyl*, 21 tons. Several gentlemen are proposed for the next ballot. The schooners *Egidia*, 137 tons, J. M. Courtauld, Esq., and the *Gleam*, 140 tons, Sir David Baird, Bart., returned from the Mediterranean during the past week, the former vessel arriving at Brightlingsea, and the *Gleam* at Gosport to refit. The schooners *Pleiad*, 205 tons, J. D. Gibb, Esq.; *Coquette*, 50 tons, W. A. Barr, Esq.; *Le Reve*, 40 tons, W. H. Mogford, Esq.; the screw steam schooner *L'Espiegle*, 312 tons, flying the broad pendant of Vice-Commodore T. Broadwood, Esq. (R.L.Y.C.), are in the river, and several of the "flyers" are daily arriving.

Entries for the Schooner match, June 8th, are *Gloriana*, 133 tons; *Cambria*, 188 tons; *Egeria*, 152 tons; *Gwendolin*, 183 tons; *Pleaid* 189 tons.

Channel match from the Nore to Dover, Saturday, June 11th.—*Oimara*, 159 tons; *Christabel*, 52 tons; *Cambria*, 188 tons; *Gloriana*, 133 tons; *Rose of Devon*, 139 tons; *Egeria*, 152 tons; *Julia*, 113 tons; *Flying Cloud*, 75 tons; *Fiona*, 77 tons; *Gwendolin*, 183 tons; *Pleiad*, 189 tons; *Hirondelle*, 70 tons; *Astarte*, 73 tons; *Muriel*, 40 tons; *Vindex*, 45 tons.

Channel Match, from Dover to Boulogne and back, Monday, June 13th, *Cambria*, 188 tons; *Muriel*, 40 tons; *Gwendolin*, 183 tons; *Gloriana*, 133 tons; *Flying Cloud*, 75 tons; *Christabel*, 52 tons; *Oimara*, 159 tons; *Rose of Devon*, 139 tons; *Egeria*, 152 tons; *Astarte*, 73 tons; *Julia*, 113 tons; *Pleaid*, 187 tons; *Hirondelle*, 70 tons; *Fiona*, 77 tons.

Torbay Royal Regatta.—Fixed to take place on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th days of August, and a Channel race for a prize of £100., to be run for from a point or mark boat in the Solent, to a mark boat off the new harbour at Torquay, will immediately precede it. The yachts taking part in the Channel race will probably leave the Island on Wednesday morning, the 17th of August.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club.—The annual general meeting of this club was held on May 3rd at the club-house, Kingstown, when the report of the committee for the past year and statement of accounts were submitted. These documents, which were accepted with acclamation, show the affairs to be in a most prosperous condition, and the accession of members largely on the increase, upwards of fifty having been admitted since April 5, the first day of the season for ballot. The following gentlemen were elected as the committee for the year 1870, in addition to the flag officers, viz.:—Commodore the Marquis of Drogheda; Vice-Commodore, the Marquis Conyngham; Rear-Commodore Will Sandford, Esq.; E. Hornsby, Esq.; Captain J. W. Vaughan, C.B.; J. W. Cannon, Esq.; R. Bayly, Esq.; G. B. Thompson, Esq.; J. R. Stewart, Esq.; Major-General Moore, J. Mulholland, Esq.; W.

Roche, Esq.; Capt. T. W. Goff; E. R. D. La Touche, Esq.; Lieut.-Col. A. K. Gore; H. Robinson, Esq.; H. Callwell, Esq.; and Lowry V. Balfour, Esq.

Royal Albert Yacht Club.—The regatta of this Club has been fixed for the third week in August, and will contain the following matches:—Schooner Race, for a cup presented by Count. E. Batthyany; Ocean Race, for a cup of the value of 100 guineas, presented by two members of the club; a cup, presented by the Vice-Commodore, for small cutters; the Albert Cup, for cutters; and a Corinthian Match. In addition to these matches there will probably be another schooner match. The following yachts have lately been added to this club:—Brenda, cutter, 17 tons; Clytes, schooner, 64 tons; Cecil, schooner, 91 tons; Oasis, schooner, 30 tons; Plover, yawl, 70 tons; Star, twin screw, 30 tons; and Vectis, cutter, 20 tons.

Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—The annual monthly meeting of this club was held on May 2nd, at Gilbert's Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin. After the chair had been taken by George B. Thompson, Esq., the newly-elected Commodore, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and a ballot was held at which four new members were admitted, making the number on the list 196, and leaving only four vacancies to be filled up to complete the complement of 200 members, to which the club is now limited. Resolutions were then passed giving the committee power, as on former occasions, to ballot for and elect members between this and the next general meeting in cases in which they thought it for the interests of the club to exercise that power, also directing that the names of candidates to be balloted for at future general meetings should be sent to the different members seven days before the day of ballot. Several very pretty designs of trinkets as prizes for the helmsmen of the winning yachts during the season were submitted to the meeting and highly approved of.

Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—The annual dinner of this club was held at the Town Hall, Great Yarmouth, on May 18th. The Commodore of the club (J. Tomlinson, Esq.) presided, the vice chair being filled by the Vice-Commodore (J. B. Morgan, Esq.) Various complimentary toasts were proposed and responded to, and it was announced that the club was in a satisfactory state, the number of members having of late considerably increased. It was also announced that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is a patron of the club. The opening cruise took place from Yarmouth on Thursday morning. The weather was favourable, there being a fine spanking breeze from the S.W. There was a good muster of yachts, including the Vindex, 9 tons, J. Tomlinson, Esq.; Water Lily, 15, — Green, Esq.; Red Rover, 14, S. Nightingale; Otter, 25, I. Preston, jun., Esq.; Wanderer, 17, J. J. Colman, Esq.; Ariel, 13, T. M. Read, Esq.; Marguerite, 10, H. K. Tompson, Esq.; Belvidere, 9, H. Teasdel, Esq.; Iris, 9, — Veale, Esq.; Enchantress, 10, — Barber, Esq.; Glance, — Foster Esq., &c. The yachts took up their stations on the eastern and western sides of the river, just above the bridge. Shortly after eleven the signal was given, and the little fleet started on their cruise up the Yare, the Commodore's yacht (the Vindex) leading the way.

Royal Halifax Yacht Club, Nova Scotia.—The annual meeting of the Club was held on the 29th of April, when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Commodore, John T. Wylde, Esq.; Vice-com. W. Myers Gray, Esq.; Captain, A. Allison, Esq.; Secretary, and Treasurer Richard Gorham, Esq.; Auditors, J. W. K. Johnston, Esq., F. W. Bullock, Esq.; Sailing Committee, A. Pilsbury, Esq., W. H. Hart, Esq., R. Lawson, Esq., P. H. LeNoir, Esq.; J. D. Nash, Esq.; Measurers—A. Pilsbury, Esq., J. Starr, Esq.; Stewards, A. Pilsbury, Esq., J. D. Nash, Esq., M. McIlreith, Esq. The spirit manifested at the meeting showed a renewed interest in the club, and would indicate a very successful future:

Dart Yacht Club.—The annual meeting of this club was held on April 28th, at the Kingswear Hotel, Dartmouth, Commodore H. Studdy, Esq., presiding. The report of the committee was read by Mr. Smith, the hon. secretary, who observed that there was a steady increase of members and of tonnage carrying the flag of the club. The number of members was now 105, of whom 50 were yacht owners, and the yachts themselves 52 in number of all classes and sizes, amounting to a considerable tonnage. The success of the matches last year had induced the committee to propose another on the 21st of June next, a day which would accommodate yachts then on their way from Cowes to Cork. There will also be the usual sailing matches on the second day of the Dartmouth Regatta, which the committee believe would be held on the 23rd and 24th of August next. The retiring members of the committee, Messrs. Newman, Smart, and Captain Birch, were re-elected.

CHESHIRE YACHT CLUB.

THE first sailing match this season of the Cheshire Yacht Club took place at New Brighton on Saturday last. The steamer Wasp accompanied the yachts, having on board Commodore Hannay and a number of ladies and gentlemen. The course was from New Brighton, down the Crosby Channel, leaving the black buoys on the starboard and the red buoys on the port hand, round the Formby lightship, passing her on the port hand, returning up the Crosby Channel, leaving the red buoys on the starboard, and the black buoys on the port hand, passing between New Brighton and the flagship, leaving the latter on the port hand. The competing yachts were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1239	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	Dickinson
940	Magic	cutter	9	J. Bouch, Esq.	Dickinson
723	Hermit	cutter	9	A. Sparrow, Esq.	—
163	Brenda	cutter	8	J. Leitch, Esq.	Morrison
64	Annie	cutter	7	F. Wall, Esq.	Graves
543	Florida	cutter	5	R. Bulley, Esq.	Bishop

Five minutes after the blue peter was hoisted at 3h. 4m., the signal gun was fired, and all the yachts canted well. The match being a time race one minute per ton was allowed. Shortly after starting the Florida was disqualified for crossing the bows of the Naiad, whereby her bowsprit was split. The time of passing the Crosby lightship was :—Magic, 3h. 41m.; Naiad, 3h. 41m. 20s.; Annie, 3h. 43m.; Brenda, 3h. 43m. 20s.; Hermit, 3h. 45m.

Magic led the van round the Formby lightship, with Annie second, and Naiad fourth. On turning for the race home, Naiad, holding a little better wind than the other boats, tacked successfully, gradually forged ahead, and ultimately won a capital race. The time and order of passing the flagship at New Brighton were as follows :—Naiad, 6h. 6m. 25s.; Magic, 6h. 12m. 10s.; Brenda, 6h. 12m. 37s; Hermit, 6h. 13m. 20s.; Annie, 6h. 15m. 37s.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THIS club sailed its first match on Wednesday, May 11th, the course being from Erith to the Nore and back. A flying start was effected under the direction of Cecil Long, Esq., the Commodore of the club, in the following order :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.		Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Time.		
						h.	m.	s.
	Butterfly	...	cutter	4	H. Green, jun, Esq.	12	1	30
	Leisure Hour	...	cutter	7	A. Turner, Esq.	12	1	45
749	Ildegonda	...	cutter	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	12	1	50
1849	Vampire	...	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	12	2	20
920	Lulu	...	cutter	6	J. W. Banks, Esq.	12	2	30
1384	Phantom	...	cutter	12	G. Bishop, Esq.	12	2	40

Time allowance 2 min. per ton up to 10 tons, 1½ min. up to 15 tons, and 1 min. to 25 tons. The wind was E.S.E., a nice wholesail breeze. The Vampire led through Long Beach, the Ildegonda—a beautiful new cutter by Hatcher—having unluckily carried away her bobstay shortly after the start. The anticipation that it would be a dead beat down was soon dispelled, after three or four boards, by the wind drawing more to the southward; and from Northfleet they laid down right to the Nore. The Ildegonda, after partially succeeding in securing her bobstay, again carried it away in Northfleet Hope, and was crippled until she began to run in the Lower Hope, when she made all right, and began to gain on the Vampire, which had at one time been a mile and a half ahead. They rounded the Nore light as follows, just before low water :—

Vampire, 2h. 56m. : Idlegonda, 2h. 58m. 40s.; Phantom, 3h. 10m. 35s.; Leisure Hour, 3h. 40m.

They ran up the south side over the last of the ebb, hugging the sands all the way into the Lower Hope, where they had to make several boards, and the Vampire and Ildegonda were so close that they had to give way to each other on opposite tacks. The Vampire led into Gravesend Reach by about a minute, when just above the Ovens buoy the Ildegonda's bowsprit went close at the stem. She rigged the stump as well as she could and continued her course, the race finishing thus:—Vampire, 6h. 4m.. Ildegonda, 6h. 6m. 45s.

The Ildegonda consequently won the first prize by time, and the Vampire the second. The latter was the gift of H. Dodd, Esq.—*Bell's Life*.

MATCH BETWEEN KITTIWAKE AND SYREN.

THE owners of these fast little cutters, not being satisfied with the result of their performances in match of the P.A.Y.C., determined to try conclusions again in a race, for £10. a side, on May 26th over the same course, without any restriction as to paid hands or otherwise. The start was effected at 11h. 5m. by gun-fire from the Royal Irish Yacht Club, when both got well away under topsails and balloon foresails, with the wind at S.S.E., for an easy reach to the South Bar buoy, which Syren rounded a minute in advance, and both hauled the wind for their next mark, which, after a couple of boards, Kittiwake passed two minutes and a half in advance of Syren, and still continued gaining on her in the beat to windward to round the N. and S. Burford buoys; however, in the run back under spinnakers to the harbour Syren picked up all her leeway and ran by Kittiwake, and having taken in her spinnaker handy just off the East Pier she passed her rival to windward, taking the Hauling Buoy from her, and the first round concluded thus:—Syren, 2h. 14m. 5s. Kittiwake, 2h. 14m. 20s. Syren again sailed in front to the South Bar buoy for the second time; and hauled round it half a minute ahead; but in the turn to windward Kittiwake's superior weatherly properties were again displayed, and at the South Burford buoy she obtained a clear lead of 4min. over her time allowance to the Syren. Both set spinnakers again for the run home, something under four miles, and Kittiwake a balloon topsail. Being a stranger in these waters, it was quite evident her crew were at fault, as to their ideas of the run of the tides, for they sailed her right up the bay through the slack water, while Syren stood into the land to court the strong flood tide that was making along the shore, and obtained the full benefit of it, resulting in a victory of 10min. 19sec. over her opponent, after her time allowance of 44sec. The time of passing the flagship was:—Syren, 5h. 20m., Kittiwake, 5h. 29m. 35s. The former gained upwards of 14min. on the short run of less than four miles from the last mark to the flagship. The winner was sailed by one of the flag officers of the P. A. Y. C. and some of its members, with her ordinary crew.—*Bell's Life*.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE second match of the season, for schooners and yawls belonging only to members of the Club, for a prize value 100 guineas, in plate, will be sailed on Thursday, the 9th of June, 1870. Time for tonnage, 2 seconds per ton up to 100 tons, 10 seconds per ton above ; no time allowance above 200 tons ; yawls to have one-fifth of their tonnage added. The yachts to start from Rosherville, round the Mouse Light, and back. The Channel Match, Wednesday, the 15th of June, for the Vice-Commodore's prizes; 1st prize, £120 ; 2nd prize, £80. Course—From Dover to Cowes, for yachts of any rig ; yawls to sail as schooners, with one-fifth of their tonnage added. The rig of the first yacht in will determine to which class the 1st. prize will be awarded. The 2nd prize will go to the winning yacht of the other rig. Time allowance—Schooners 30 seconds per ton up to 100 tons ; 15 seconds per 100 tons up to 200 tons ; schooners 5 seconds per ton up to above 200 tons. Cutters—1 minute per ton up to 50 tons ; cutters 40 seconds per ton up to 50 to 100 tons ; cutters 20 seconds per ton up to above 100 tons. This match is open to yachts belonging to American yacht clubs, and the Yacht Club de France. The elegant and commodious saloon steamboat, Albert Edward, has been engaged to accompany the match, and tickets, 5s. each, may be obtained by members for their friends from the stewards at the Club house. The steamboat will leave Blackwall Pier at 9h. 45m. punctually, calling at Erith Pier.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

May 30—Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta

June 3—Prince Alfred Yacht Club double-handed Match

4—New Thames Yacht Club Thames to Harwich

4—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match from Kingstown to Holyhead

6—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match from Holyhead to Kingstown

7—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Schooner and Yawl Match

8—Royal Thames Yacht Club First and Second Class Schooner and Yawl Match

June 9—Royal London Yacht Club Schooner Match

10—New Thames Yacht Club for Schooners and Yawls

11—Royal Thames Yacht Club Channel Match, Nore to Dover

11—Royal Mersey Yacht Club Opening Cruise

11—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match

11—New Thames Yacht Club Third Class Cutter Match

11—New Brighton Sailing Club Match

13—Royal Thames Yacht Club Channel Match, Dover to Boulogne and back

15—Royal London Yacht Club Match, Dover to Cowes, for V. C. Broadwood's prizes

June 20—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Corinthian Match

21—Cheshire Yacht Club Match

21—Dart Yacht Club Match

23—Sailing Barge Match Thames

23, 24—Royal Mersey Yacht Club Sailing Matches

25—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match

30—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta

July 1—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta

4—Cambria and Dauntless Match, Old Head of Kinsale to Sandy Hook, New York

5—Kinsale Harbour Regatta

7—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Wroxham

9—Royal London Yacht Club Third-class Cutters and Handicap Match

9—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match for Champion Prize of £100, £35 added

11—Royal Yorkshire Club Channel Match for Commodore Ashbury's Cup

12, 13, 14—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta

14, 15—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta at Hull

15—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Single-handed Match

16—New Brighton Sailing Club Match

17—Havre Yacht Club Match for French Yachts

18—Havre Yacht Club Match open to all Nations

18—Royal Ulster Yacht Club Regatta, Belfast Lough

19—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match from Bangor (Belfast) to Lamlash

19—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta

19, 20—Royal Western Yacht Club of England and Plymouth Regatta

21—Temple Yacht Club

21—Clyde Yacht Club Regatta

21—Havre Yacht Club Channel Match from Havre to Cherbourg and back

22, 23, Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta

23—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match, Gravesend to Ramsgate

26—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match

30—Cheshire Yacht Club Match

Aug. 1 to 6—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta week at Cowes

2—Royal Western (of Ireland) Yacht Club Regatta

3—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta at Carnarvon

4—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Oulton

8 to 13—Royal Victoria Yacht Club week at Ryde

13—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Handicap Match

19, 20—Torbay Regatta

20—New Brighton Sailing Club Match

24, 25—Dartmouth Regatta

27—Cheshire Yacht Club Corinthian Match

27—Clyde Yacht Club Corinthian Match

Sept. 10—New Brighton Sailing Club Closing cruise

The "Cruise of the Kate," published by Messrs. Longman, received, and shall be reviewed in our next.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY 1st, 1870.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

SATURDAY, MAY 28th, 1870:—The Channel match to Harwich. Why the above cognomen should be styled a Channel match, is more than the reporter can define? unless it has some affinity or bearing to the neighbouring channels, such as the King's, Queen's, and Prince's Channels, so much resorted to and passed, or from the many "deeps," between the mud and sand banks which guard the stately river. That question however is deferred for the present. The match we are about to record bears the title of the "Channel Match," and the course thereon is not only depicted on the North Sea chart, but printed on the programme, as:—"After leaving the river you are to take the usual ship's track through the West and East Swin, passing the light-house and buoys of the Gunfleet, the west Rocks Buoy, and the buoy of the Rough and Cork light vessel, all on the port hand; thence into Harwich Harbour, passing between the Beach-end (Bell) and Cliff-foot buoys, to finish between the pier and a boat with red flag, distance 46 miles.

It appeared that the first Ocean Match, was sailed under the auspices of the R.H.Y.C. for a prize of £50; and another of £20 presented to the club by Jas. Ashbury, Esq., on his recent election to the post of Commodore of the "North Sea blue." Time allowance a quarter-of-a-minute per ton; yachts to sail with their usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the committee, to carry their usual boats, anchors, and cables, a pilot allowed, but no extra hands, no restriction as to canvas, and not more than six friends allowed on board. Cutters

may set mainsails; schooners, mainsail and foresails, but nothing else to be set until after the start.

The start was fixed to take place at 8h. a.m., and some little surprise was manifested that the Cambria did not take up her position long before that time, 'ere the flood tide made up so hotly, as it was, none of the yachts could get to their stations when the commodore's yacht brought up off the pier. A very indifferent start was effected when the signal gun was fired.

At 6h. a.m., there was a moderate breeze from the eastward, but at 8h. a.m., it had died away, at 9h. 15m. the starting gun was fired, and the following is the list of those which passed muster.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
523	Fiona	cutter	73	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir. Wks
1734	Surge	cutter	52	H. Bessemer, Esq.	Fife
809	Julia	cutter	109	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
650	Gloriana	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
60	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons

The yachts having now hoisted their head sails hove up their anchors. The Gloriana got up her topsails and in standing in for the Essex shore got on the Spit and remained there for three-quarters of an hour. There was a light topsail breeze blowing from E.b.S., Julia was the first to show off with the lead when they came about on the port tack, all had their topsails set; Flying Cloud was second, Surge third, followed by Vindex with Fiona on her lee quarter, Surge looking well up and well handled when off the pier, and in order to have the advantage of the slack tide she reached away for the Nore. At 10h. 10m. the Fiona and Julia went about and also stood over to the Nore to shun the tide; at 10h. 30m., the Nore light was brought abeam the Vanguard, who reached up under the lee of the Julia, and hauled out shortly afterwards on her weather and became the leading yacht. About this time the Gloriana was descried under Southend standing to the southward. The breeze had now freshened from the same quarter, E.b.S., which promised a thorough beating match. Just below the Nore the Fiona and Julia parted company with the Vanguard and Vindex, and stood to the southward. During the past quarter of an hour the Vindex had been closing upon the leaders, and the Vanguard did not like to shake her off; and accordingly stuck to Vindex like a leech; they now worked

the same water for the Mouse light-ship, which the Fiona breasted about 12h. 20m. The flood tide had now expended itself, and the ebb was making up fast, under their lee; at 1h. 25m. they fetched the Maplin Light, wind freshened up considerably with a good deal of sea on. Vindex and Vanguard shifted their topsails for jib headers, whilst the Fiona kept her big topsail on, standing up as stiff as a pump-bolt.

After weathering the Maplin they fetched the Swin Middle Light in one board of about four miles, as the course northered a couple of points. They then hauled round to E.b.S., from the Swin Middle to the Gunfleet. The three leaders tacked again to starboard in the direction of the Sunk Light, and the Swin Middle was passed as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona	2	0	0	Vindex	2	20	0	Flying Cloud ...	2	30	0
Julia	2	8	30	Surge	2	23	0	Anita	2	30	0
Vanguard	2	14	15								

At 2h. 50m. Fiona fetched the Gunfleet Light about ten minutes ahead of Vanguard, the Julia about two minutes in her wake, followed by the Surge about four or five miles to leeward of the Julia; then came the Flying Cloud, Anita, and Gloriana who had been retarded in her movement by the misfortune of having surveyed the Spit before stated. The breeze continued fresh and the water lumpy, and enough of it to fairly try the vessels. The yachts after made a couple of boards from the Gunfleet Light to the West Rock buoy, which the three leading yachts passed on their weather as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona	4	21	30	Vanguard	4	30	0	Julia	4	32	0

Up to this time the yachts had had “a dead beat” of about 40 miles, and as their course was now north-west, it was ease off sheets, and up spinnakers. Julia however was content to run the next six miles with her balloon jib; but the Vanguard tried all she could to endeavour and save her time, but it was of no use, barring accidents it was the Fiona’s prize, she gaining on her opponent very fast between the Rough Buoy and the Cork Light, leading by about ten minutes. They reached the goal as under:—Fiona 5h. 57m. 48s., Vanguard 6h. 9m. 8s., Flying Cloud 7h. 2m. 25s. The Surge was also timed as the third vessel in, but it was subsequently ascertained she had not legally nor morally gone over the course by miles, and such was the case also with the Anita. Gloriana struck her racing flag, which was not done by the others we have mentioned. The prizes were awarded:—the Commodore’s Cup to Fiona, and the 20 sovereigns to the Flying Cloud. Gloriana arrived about 7h. 30m. and besides getting aground shortly after the start, she carried away her topsail yard.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

WEDNESDAY 8th of June, 1870.—This was the day appointed for the sailing match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club—technically called the schooners' day—there being two classes, first and second. First class schooners 1st. prize, £100; 2nd. £30; 3rd. £20; 2nd. class a prize of £50.

Course :—From Gravesend round the Mouse Lightship and back, (a similar course having been selected for the Royal London's prize of the morrow,) consequently the remarks which accrue to the one, might naturally be expected to occur in the other—but “a breath of wind” might so interfere as to render the matches of an opposite character, and consequently what might prove to be interesting in the one, might be devoid of all interest in the other; of course, these observations have reference to the weather. On the present occasion we commence our task under very favourable auspices of the elements, and well might the oriental exclaim—“Oh this fickle climate.”

As usual there was very little wind, and that little was so paltry and uncertain that even Sol himself seemed disposed to eat that little up. After all, let us commence by saying that it was all that the excursionist could wish—“gloriously fine,” as exemplified in the numbers of both sexes which “voyaged” down the Thames, in the fast and favourite steam-ship “Eagle,” on the 8th of June last past; and besides the million on Father Thames, there was present His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in his steam yacht Alexandra, and her illustrious freight comprised the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg, Prince Teck, and Lord Alfred Paget, the noble Commodore of the club, and there were other yachts, the Vanguard, Col. Verschoyle, the screw steamer yacht L'Espiegle, Thomas Broadwood, Esq., the Cornelia, Earl Vane, and a host of highflyers large and small. Well, if there was any disappointment in regard to the match, for in these cases the race is not always to the swift, it was amply made up by the spectacle afloat. A finer lot of schooners could not possibly have been brought together, and a couple of them—the Gwendolin and the Pleiad, both built by Mr. Nicholson, of Gosport, made their first untried appearance for the season, so far as match sailing is concerned—nevertheless, Pleiad was built ten years gone, and what alteration she has since received has been confined to her spars and sails department last spring; since which she has been boxing about the Solent, and did well with the Sappho, and stuck to her even when on shore. The Gwendolin which was built by Nicholson has hardly had a trial of speed and scarcely time to get her trim—she is of the Aline class, the other yachts are so well known to fame as to need

no further comment. We now return to the standing orders ; and the following yachts were found at their appointed stations, in a line off Rosherville pier.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
FIRST CLASS.					
182	Cambria	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
392	Egeria.....	cutter	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
650	Gloriana	schooner	148	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
SECOND CLASS.					
546	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
86	Astarte	yawl	75	D. H. Macfarlane, Esq.	Day & Co.

The Gwendolin had the weather station and the others to leeward of her in the order named. The wind was light from the northward and eastward, and the tide about half ebb.

After the preparations had been duly made the starting gun was fired at 11h. 5m. a.m., and the yachts canted to the northward, the Flying Cloud showing the way. After making a short board on the starboard tack she put about and laid down Gravesend Reach on the port tack, followed by the Gloriana, Egeria, Cambria, Gwendolin, and Pleiad, each with their huge topsails and ballooners set. When half way through the Reach the Pleiad went about in order to fetch into the Lower Hope, whereas all the rest fetched clear into that reach. It was evident that the Pleiad lost ground by that extra board, and was thrown out of her position, however, she soon afterwards made up for it. The wind here headed the yachts and it was now "a dead beat." The Egeria drew on the Gloriana and passed her to windward before getting into Sea Reach; on entering which Cambria set her main-topmast stay-sail, and jib-topsail ; the Gwendolin set her jib-topsail. They had now worked through the Hope and got into Sea Reach, through which they laid their course half a point or so free, and they severally took advantage of the same by setting all the canvas they could get to bear with safety, and they now laid along the north or Essex shore in the following order :—Flying Cloud, Egeria, Gloriana, Cambria, Pleiad, and Gwendolin. However, the wind had now drawn to the E.N.E., and the Egeria and the Gloriana broke off—such was also the case with the Flying Cloud, which was about half-a-mile in advance of the fleet. Cambria was now seen bringing up with her a fine breeze, which only gave her a lift for a few minutes, and then she dropped gently

into Paddy's hurricane—a calm, “with the wind up and down.” The wind had passed her and reached the others, bringing them up to the muster, one by one, and then dropped them into the doldrums. It was now any one's racing owing to the unsettled state of the puffs and cats'-paws, backed by the fickle minded *Æolus*, who had bottled them up and would not release them. However, they contrived by hook and by crook to pass the Chapman in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flying Cloud...	12	30	0	Gloriana.....	12	38	0	Pleiad	12	51	0
Egeria	12	35	0	Cambria.....	12	45	0	Gwendolin	12	58	0

They were now on the port tack lying down the river with a gradually decreasing wind, which had now drawn round by the sun and deposited in the quarters of *Eurus* the goddess of the S.E., but 'ere they reached Southend the wind became gradually small and beautifully less, still on the south coast the breeze continued, but on the north shore it was almost calm, whereupon as if to lessen the difficulties two guns were fired from the steamer to make known to the yachts that the course would be shortened. The ebb tide had now run out, and the flood tide making, the steamer brought up at 2h. p.m. about a mile above the Nore, and the following is the time in which the yachts rounded her :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flying Cloud	2	10	0	Egeria	2	15	5	Pleiad	2	43	0
Gloriana.....	2	15	0	Cambria	2	33	50	Gwendolin	2	49	0

Gloriana in company with the Pleiad having stood along the north shore, the former in standing across cut out the Egeria and Cambria—squaresails and running canvas was set, and Gloriana squared away and felt the good effects of the south-easterly breeze and soon altered her position, and passed the Flying Cloud at the end of the Reach. No further interest occurred, and the mark-boat was reached as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gloriana	4	56	22	Flying Cloud ...	5	1	50	Pleiad	5	16	35
Egeria	5	0	14	Cambria	5	4	45				

Thus the Gloriana became the winner of the 1st. prize, Egeria 2nd., and Cambria 3rd. in the first class—and the Flying Cloud having since her departure from Gravesend been left to herself became the whole and sole winner of the second class prize, and without a protest.

Saturday, 11th June, 1870.—The Nore to Dover.—There can be little doubt as to the proper mode of testing the sea-going qualities of vessels, which is to cast them adrift on the blue water, and let them take care of themselves. Such it would appear occurred on the day and date above written, in reference to the R.T.Y.C. match from the Nore to Dover—passing outside the Goodwin. The course of itself is

sufficiently known to the master mariner as not to need our entering into the minutia of passing this buoy or that, leaving one on the port hand, and t'other on t'others, but of late years, through the instrumentality of yacht racing every landsman has become, or at least he thinks so, a nautical describer, and it is therefore that the course has to be marked out like the lamps in Oxford Street. As certain regulations were to be observed on the present occasion, we may as well enumerate them, "vessels to carry their boats, anchors, &c."—in other language—to be in sea-going trim. To start from the Nore, to leave the West buoy of the Oaze on the port-hand, the East Shivering on the starboard hand, pass outside the Goodwin's and leave the North and South Sand Heads' Lightships on the starboard hand, thence make the best of their way to Dover. One pilot to be allowed on board, but no extra hands. This course was undertaken as above, against a strong breeze, which after rounding the North Foreland, once the dread of mariners, was the means of getting up an ugly head sea, which the yachts had to encounter upon working down the Goodwin. The prizes being £100 for the first vessel within time of her rig, and £50 for the first vessel of any other rig—cutters to allow yawls a fourth of their tonnage. Time race, 15s. per ton, and the following tabular account shows a goodly list of competitors among the sea-going craft which started from the Nore on the occasion.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
892	Egeria	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
182	Cambria	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
1406	Pleiad	schooner	181	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Ratsey
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing.	Nicholson
86	Astarte	yawl	75	D. H. Macfarlane, Esq.	Day & Co.
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
734	Hirondelle	cutter	60	Lord H. C. Lennox	Wanhill
1289	Oimara	cutter	165	J. Wylie, Esq.	Steel
1520	Rose of Devon ..	cutter	148	E. Johnson, Esq.	Harvey
809	Julia	cutter	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey

The Muriel, Christabel, Vindex, Gloriana, and Flying Cloud, although entered did not start. It must however be stated that Vindex and Flying Cloud were at their stations, but by some mishap the Cambria broke her sheer and made a closer acquaintance of the Vindex by carrying away her preventer backstay, without which she was rendered virtually *hors de combat*. The Cloud weighed her anchor, hoisted her jib and main-trysail, and bore away before the starting gun was fired.

The start was effected at 9h. 15m. by gunfire from the Commodore's

steam yacht *Alexandra*. Wind W.b.N. blowing fresh, so as to make it pleasant for a single reef in canvas under ordinary circumstances. *Egeria* verified the assertion by a practical demonstration of one reef down in the mainsail, *Cambria* bent on mischief displayed her large main-gaff-topsail and the schooners set their ballooner and squaresails. Among the mishaps the *Fiona's* spinnaker ran away with the crew, strained her bobstay, unrove the halyards, but she hoisted a small jib instead. The *Gwendolin* also entered the chapter of accidents by carrying away her fore-topmast again.

At length they were fairly underway, and a splendid exhibition of varied cut canvas was manifested in the bright morning sun, as they glided onward with the W.N.W. breeze in something like the following order, *Egeria* passed *Cambria* to windward and took the lead, followed by the *Cowes* favourite ; then came *Pleiad*, *Oimara*, *Rose of Devon*, *Gwendolin*, and *Fiona* ; *Cambria* however, after clearing her anchor made ample amends by soon overhauling the *Egeria* and ran by her before reaching the West Oaze Buoy, which she passed with a lead of about a quarter-of-a-mile on the *Egeria* ; and the latter keeping the *Pleiad* about the same distance in *her* wake, the two big cutters *Oimara* and *Rose of Devon* followed, one on each quarter. The two leading schooners *Cambria* and *Egeria*, set their main-topmast staysails and kept away for the East Shivering, and then hauled up for the *Alexandra* and *Prince's Channels*, which they reached about 11h. a.m. On passing His Royal Highness's Lightship the *Cambria* was leading by about half-a-mile, and stood for the Tongue. Wind W.S.W., down squaresails and prepared to round—thence hauled up for the N.E. Spit buoy, after passing which the yachts shaped their course for the North Sand Lightship—wind abeam. *Cambria* here took in her main-topsail, and immediately afterwards split her jib which blew out of the bolt ropes; the “ribbons” were soon got inboard and a smaller jib promptly replaced the lost sail, but she was not alone in that misfortune, for a little “discumboblication” occurred on board the *Egeria*, and it was seen that her jib tack gave way, and “luff it was,” 'ere she could get the sail in. As a matter of course these slight detentions gave their followers an advantage.

The leading yachts having entered the *Prince's Channel* as we have stated, about 11 a.m., stood for the Tongue which they passed as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
<i>Cambria</i>	11 16 0		<i>Egeria</i>	11 18 50		<i>Pleiad</i>	11 21 0

After leaving the Spit Buoy on the starboard hand they hauled up

for the North Sand Head ; at noon the tide was setting against the wind which caused a disagreeable lop as they came into open water. The following is the time given by Old Chronos as the yachts passed the North Sand Light-vessel.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cambria	12	50	0	Egeria	12	55	0

Pleiad and Oimara about five minutes afterwards, followed by the Rose of Devon and Julia.

The yachts now felt the effects of the open sea as also the rebound ; Julia, Rose of Devon, and Oimara suffered also in their head gear. The breeze still increasing to half-a-gale they shortened sail and prepared accordingly, each feeling their way cautiously. Cambria had dowsed her fore-topsail and Egeria housed her fore-topmast, Pleiad was observed to bear up ; but we subsequently learnt that two of her crew were washed overboard, one of whom only was saved, the other poor fellow was lost in the heavy sea which was running. The death flag was hoisted half-mast, and the Pleiad gave up further contest. After hovering about some little time over the spot where the accident occurred she bore up.

From thence, after rounding the lightship the yachts beat to the southward along the back of the Goodwin, and there occurred some little error in judgment ; the Cambria after passing the Sand Head kept her reach till 2h. p.m., fetching the buoy above the Swatchway, Julia about a cable's length on her weather bow. It was blowing hard and there was a good deal of sea on—Egeria prudently took in a couple of reefs in her foresail ; and it was while Pleiad was following her example that she shipped a sea, and the lamentable accident to one of her crew occurred. Cambria stood in from the southward under Julia's lee quarter and when the helm was "a lee" she missed stays, and before she could get round she was struck by a sea, and had to fill again on the port tack. After keeping the reach for about ten minutes she effectually got round on the other tack but passed about half-a-mile under the Egeria's stern, which yacht was standing in on the opposite tack. The Cambria was not doing so well as might have been expected, she was staggering under too much after canvas, and was making bad weather of it. A reef in her mainsail would have been acceptable, but we have since ascertained that there was something adrift with the peak halyard blocks, which prevented her getting well reefed ; to balance which and counteract her weather helm her crew could not shorten sail forward.

Cambria crossed Egeria again as before, but on the other tack. The latter went about and followed under the Cambria's lee quarter ; Egeria stood on farther than the Cambria and made a similar mishap, and she

also missed stays, she however weathered the South Sand Lightship by a quarter-of-a-mile, and then stood in, Cambria just passing to windward of it, Oimara a good mile-and-a-half, and the Rose of Devon about three quarters-of-a-mile ahead of the Egeria. There was a short jumping sea off the South Foreland, which occasionally smothered the cutters, and in standing in for the second time Oimara, in pitching heavily, carried away her bowsprit short off, and directly after Rose of Devon did the same. The match was now very exciting; Cambria in standing out from the Foreland again passed under the stern of the Egeria and was fast overhauling her, and on the next tack crossed her to windward; on her next board she weathered the two large cutters. Egeria when standing off gave a heavy plunge, burying her bowsprit and bows slap under. Upon recovering herself, it was found that she had sprung her bowsprit about a foot outboard, and was unable to reach the mark-boat without another tack off and on. The Cambria, however, had weathered the whole fleet and judged her distance to quarter less nothing. The following is the time in which they arrived at the goal:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Cambria	4	8	31	Julia	4	18	3	Gwendolin	4	22	30
Oimara	4	9	21	Rose of Devon ...	4	18	37	Fiona	4	41	17
Egeria.....	4	15	2								

Besides the mishaps already noted we find that Fiona and Hirondelle carried away their bowsprits off the North Foreland, and the others all more or less experienced some disaster to their muslin.

The Egeria won the first prize by time, and the Julia took the second prize.

Monday, 13th June, 1870.—Race across the Channel from Dover to Boulogne and back.

“Who can forget the crossing over
From Calais to the Strait of Dover?
Prostrate upon the Cabin floor
The wanderer lies with stomach sore,
And utters many groans pathetic
While undergoing his emetic.
His mind is full of fancies drear—
Shipwreck, he sees, death hov’ring near.”

“Avast Jack!” cries our typo friend, “don’t be too sentimental, stick to your duty, remembering that when duty calls you must obey.”—Well, after the mishaps of Saturday, as detailed in our previous report of the match from the Nore to Dover, we may be pardoned if we indulge in a reverie of thought of what transpired before we were “half seas over,” considering that we have another interesting event before us, in which the Oimara, Rose of Devon, Muriel, Fiona, Gloriana, and Pleiad were

by the misfortunes which happened to them on that excursion precluded from taking part in the present contest across the Channel, to the semi-English port of Boulogne and back. After apologising for their absence, occasioned by sea sickness, we have to notify that of the number of expectants the following could only pass muster, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
182	Cambria	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
392	Egeria	schooner	205	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
547	Flying Cloud	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
86	Astarte	yawl	75	D. H. Macfarlane, Esq.	Day & Co.
734	Hirondelle	cutter	60	Lord H. C. Lennox	Wanhill
809	Julia	cutter	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey

According to the programme duly revised and corrected, the yachts were to start underway from off Dover to Boulogne and back, for a first prize valued at £70, and a second prize of £15. The instructions were to be strictly adhered to, viz :—not to pass the line between a flag-boat moored in the Roads and a flag-staff on the pier, in a line with the coast-guard flag-staff on the top of Shakespeare's Cliff; any yachts to the southward of the line when the signal was given to turn and start again clear of the northward or be disqualified. It appeared that the rule applied to the Astarte yawl, which could not get inside the line which lay away to sea on the starboard tack, without coming between the flag-boat and signal on the cliff; and consequently had to return before getting away.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 30m. a.m., Egeria being well to windward with the Julia under her lee—wind moderate from S.W.b.S. Cambria dead to leeward when the gun was fired, and the Gwendolin which was at least three miles to leeward was drifting with the tide towards the Foreland, but stood in for Dover Roads until at length she effected a start after the others. After the whole were fairly on their course, the following were their positions :—Egeria still leading, Julia next, then Flying Cloud and Cambria, Hirondelle bringing up the rear. There was now a fair breeze blowing from W.S.W., and the course to Cape Griznez about half a point to the westward of south.

At 11h. 45m. the Cambria came up on the weather quarter of the Cloud, and in two or three minutes afterwards she passed her; and then gradually drew upon the Julia and Egeria. At 11h. 50m. the Hirondelle was stealing quietly upon the Cambria and fast drawing upon the Julia—Egeria was a full mile ahead of the Cambria, but as noon

approached the breach was lessened, as the Egeria carried away her fore-topsail-yard, which however had slackened her pace. The yachts were all on the starboard tack, having about three hours tide to run to the eastward.

At 12h. 30m. Hironnelle had run the Flying Cloud, and the Gwendolin got into her wake, but at about a-mile-and-a-half astern of her. The Astarte was nowhere—owing no doubt to the antecedents, we therefore shook off her acquaintance as she was well down to leeward; we were told on board that she would not on any account be entitled to any prize. At 12h. 45m. Cambria breasted Julia; the Egeria still leading about three-quarters-of-a-mile, Flying Cloud about a mile-and-a-half to windward.

At 1h. p.m. Cape Griznez was sighted, bearing a couple of points on the weather bow, the yachts maintaining their respective positions till 1h. 50m., when Egeria went about on the port tack about a-mile from the rocks off Blancnez, to the northward of the Cape. Five minutes afterwards the Cambria followed suit; at 2h. p.m. Julia the same, Hironnelle at 2h. 9m., but Flying Cloud not fetching so high as her companions did not alter her tack until 2h. 18m. and thence worked to windward along the French coast towards the mark-boat. The Egeria and Cambria struggled together for the pride of place, watching each others movements as a cat would a mouse, every time one went about the other made the same manœuvre. This mode of hugging together enabled the Julia to slip in, and with the Hironnelle weathered the Egeria; after another tack or two she crossed the bows of the Cambria, Julia had then gained the lead followed by Hironnelle, and the following is the time in which the respective yachts rounded the mark-boat off Boulogne, and afterwards gybed and made for home.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Julia	4	33	5	Egeria	4	37	18	Gwendolin	4	45	0
Hironnelle	4	35	20	Cambria	4	37	53	Flying Cloud...	4	48	10

The yachts having gybed round the mark-boat, set all the canvas that was prudent; jib-topsails, main-topmast staysails, ballooners, squaresails, and square-topsails were at hand for their run back to Dover. The wind had dropped, and became very light from S.S.W., pretty much the same on the Coast of France in the evening as had been recently experienced on the Thames. This occasioned a slight alteration in positions, Cambria at about 5h. 17m. overhauled and passed Egeria and then weathered Hironnelle—Course, N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. At 5h. 19m. Egeria drew ahead again, but at 5h. 50m. was about half-a-mile under the lee of the Cambria in the vicinity of the Varne; eventually they severally

reached the goal after encountering a few calms and cat's-paws, which placed Cambria once in a doubtful position. The following is the *finis*.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	7 59 40	Flying Cloud !...	8 55 30	Julia	9 7 30
Egeria	8 21 45	Hirondelle	9 5 0	Gwendolin	9 14 0

Cambria winner of the first prize, Hirondelle the second.

There was an immense concourse of spectators on the pier to witness the return of the yachts.

The prizes for the match of Saturday, with those of to-day, were subsequently presented to the respective winners on the 14th, the anniversary of the battle of Naseby, in which the unfortunate monarch Charles the First got defeated, but whether that had any connection with these matches deponent knoweth not.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THURSDAY, 9th June, 1870. This was the day, appointed for the match to come off as between schooners and yawls belonging to the Royal London, for a prize of the value of 100 guineas. Course :—from Rosherville round the Mouse Lightship and back, allowance computed for difference of tonnage, being 20s. per ton for yachts under 100 tons, 10s. between that and 200, and nothing allowed beyond. Yawls to have one fifth of their tonnage entailed upon them in order to place them on equality with schooners. The entries comprised the following schooners.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
392	Egeria	schooner	101	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
182	Cambria	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
550	Gloriana	schooner	148	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
547	Flying Cloud	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman

The yawl class being represented by the Druid, belonging to T. Groves, Jun., Esq., 72 tons, and, according to Cocker she was raised to the dignity of 86·40 tons, she was the only yawl in the race, and as her career was of short duration we may be excused if we dismiss her from further notice after she came to grief.

The arrangements and preliminaries were under the directions of the

Commodore of the club, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., which having been got through, the preparatory signal was given to weigh—wind light, summer breeze ranging from the northward and westward to W.N.W., westerly inclined.

At 11h. 37m. the starting gun was fired, and the crews of the respective yachts vied with each other in getting their canvas set, and which was done with their well known alacrity. The whole of the yachts canted to starboard. The Flying Cloud was the first to move ahead with the Egeria under her lee quarter, but this was only momentary—Gloriana taking the lead through the Reach ; Flying Cloud second, Egeria third, Cambria fourth, Druid fifth, and Gwendolin last, but not the least. Verging on noon the yachts dowsed their squaresails, and had a pull of the sheets which brightened them up a bit, Gloriana tearing away under her ballooners. At noon up came the Gwendolin with a rattling breeze, looking a perfect picture under canvas, and began to overhaul the Druid, which came to extreme grief, for she carried away her top-mast, and the gaff-topsail yard in its fall, broke the main gaff, and so all the light sails went over the side, and gave her crew a nice job to clear away, Gwendolin passing her to windward without manifesting any sympathy for her misfortune; Cambria however, came up fast to witness a similar misfortune to the Gwendolin. It was only five minutes on the p.m. when her fore-topmast went over the side, Cambria still carrying on her jib-topsail, and the Egeria ploughing away with her lee channels under stirring up the suds : but she passed through the lee of Gloriana, followed closely by Cambria, who now judiciously eased herself of her jib-topsail for a few minutes, when it was again hoisted. At 12h. 12m. p.m. the yachts passed the Mucking in something like regular order, Egeria, Gloriana, Cambria, and Flying Cloud about a couple of cables' length from the first to the last. Gwendolin being about a quarter-of-a-mile in the wake of the Cloud, and the crippled Druid a long way astern of her.

At 12h. 16m. the Egeria continued to increase her lead and with her main-topmast staysail set passed Thames Haven, Cambria fast overhauling the Gloriana, and hauling down her fore-staysail as she came up under the lee as if about to take the second place, but the breeze dropped considerably, and the Cambria and Gloriana now breasted each other. Egeria at 12h. 22m. was leading the fleet by a good quarter-of-a-mile, Cambria and Gloriana (by-the-bye, both the yachts were built by Ratsey) and were still beam and beam, hugging each other like the Siamese twins, which reminded us of "Jim and I" in the Zodiac. About this time, taking another squint at the yachts, we

observed the Cloud pass through the lee of the Cambria. At 12h. 25m. the Cambria set her main-topmast staysail, Gwendolin still employed getting in the wreck of her topsail and gear ; but she was at least half-a-mile astern of the Cambria. At 12h. 29m. Gloriana set a square-topsail and again walked away from the Cambria in gallant style, favoured as she was by the freshening breeze, at the moment which enabled each yacht in succession to take advantage of the same as it reached them. In a couple of minutes afterwards Cambria displayed her square fore-topsail, which was also followed by Egeria.

At 12h. 38m. the yachts passed the Chapman in the following order :—Egeria and Gloriana about a cable's length apart, Cambria about the same astern, but to leeward, the Cloud hanging on to her weather quarter. About a mile astern there was to be seen the Gwendolin with her squaresail, also the unfortunate Druid, whom we had overlooked was about four or five miles in the rear of the lot. All hands appeared to be well employed, hoisting, lowering, shifting, and setting their muslin with about as much display as in the Grecian bend.

At 1h. p.m. they were off Southend, and Egeria, still the advanced guard, passed the pier followed by Gloriana, Cambria, and Flying Cloud within the compass of half-a-mile, at equal distance from one to the other. At a similar gap came the Gwendolin astern of the Flying Cloud. Cambria and Flying Cloud seemed to overhaul Gloriana, Egeria still maintaining her position. The wind had now dropped considerably, and the yachts were left to the mercy of the tide, with which they drifted past Shoeburyness. The wind, however, soon freshened, and at 1h. 20m. Gloriana, Cambria and Flying Cloud were abreast of each other—but the Egeria which was leading them by about a good quarter-of-a-mile, appeared to be walking away with a splendid breeze which had overtaken her from N.N.W. At 1h. 30m. the Cloud handed her fore-topsail and was now in close proximity to the Cambria's quarter, Gwendolin only about half-a-mile astern of her. At 1h. 32m. the Cloud again set her square-topsail but took it in a few minutes afterwards, and ran up on the Cambria's weather; Cambria now hauled by the wind and came up to her aged sister, although only in her teens. There was now a pleasant breeze freshening from the same quarter with every appearance of its continuing, and the yachts made the most of it, tearing away for the Mouse, the briny well washing the lee channels—and presenting a beautiful sight.

At 1h. 40m. the Cambria held her luff to weather the Gloriana which she accomplished at 1h. 47m., notwithstanding her square topsail was aback several times, and her sails had got the "shakes." The leading yachts now prepared to round the Mouse, and on approaching the light-

ship the *Egeria* took in her jib-topsail—but did not shift jibs until she was almost in the act of rounding, which seemed to be a departure from the usual course. Eventually the lightship was rounded as under, as will be seen within about half a dozen minutes from first to last, viz:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Egeria	2	6	0	Gloriana	2	9	45	Gwendolin	2	12	50
Cambria	2	9	15	Flying Cloud ...	2	12	0				

The eastern limit of the course having been accomplished by the yachts rounding the Mouse, they stood close-hauled on the starboard tack, on their return to the river, through Sea Reach carrying with them a splendid breeze "gunnels under." At 3 p.m. the *Egeria* was off Shoeburyness about a quarter-of-a-mile in advance of the *Cambria*, and the latter half-a-mile ahead of the *Gloriana*, *Gwendolin* being about half that distance in her wake, and lastly *Flying Cloud* some distance off on the weather quarter of the *Gwendolin*. There was a moderate breeze with which they continued their course with scarcely anything afterwards worthy of note, beyond *Egeria*'s passing the Chapman at 3h. 45m., with the same respectable advance of her competitors. *Gloriana* at 3h. 46m. tacked to the northward, and about five minutes afterwards again went about. *Cambria* followed the same manoeuvre at 3h. 48m., and at 3h. 57m. she passed the Chapman. *Egeria* tacked at 4h. 7m. and again at 4h. 10m., and after a board or two they eased off through the Hope, making two or three tacks in Gravesend Reach they eventually reached the mark-boat off Rosherville which was passed as follows:—

FOLLOWS:											
h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.			
Egeria	4	56	43	Gloriana	5	12	55	Flying Cloud ...	5	14	43
Cambria	5	1	30	Gwendolin	5	13	17	Druid (nowhere)			

By which it will appear that *Egeria* having saved her time and won the handsome silver salver, which was duly presented to her owner, J. Mulholland, Esq., by the Commodore.

Thus closed one of the most exciting and prettiest matches of the season, the club being more fortunate than the Royal Thames in their schooner match. A fine breeze from the northward varying occasionally to the westward prevailed more or less throughout the day, the weather being also delightful and owing to the breeze the hot sun was bearable. The steamer "*Albert Edward*" accompanied the match, and there was a very large number of members and their friends aboard—among whom we noticed the flag-officers of the Club:—Commodore A. Arcedeckne, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, T. Broadwood, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, G. W. Charlwood, Esq.

Wednesday, June 15th, 1870.—This day was appointed by the club for the sailing for the prizes presented by Vice-commodore Broadwood, which consisted of two cups of £120 and £80 respectively. The first vessel in within time of her rig to take the first, and the second vessel of another rig within her time to receive the second. The following is a list of the yachts which took a passive part in the, what may be termed a drifting match:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
674	Guinevere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
392	Egeria	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
182	Cambria.....	schooner	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
809	Julia	cutter	109	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
523	Fiona	cutter	73	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
954	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill, Ir Wks

The Oimara and Rose of Devon, although entered did not participate in what might have been a very pleasureable race, as neither of them could get a new bowsprit in time. The course was from Dover, down channel to Cowes, passing to the southward of the Owers light-ship, thence entering the East channel of the Wight, to pass between the mark boat moored off the R.Y.S. castle.

This course for a channel match was as well delineated as could possibly be, but as satisfactory accomplishment depended, as all matches do, upon the elements. In this instance an almost perfect calm prevailed from the commencement to the finish, and consequently excited very little interest to those who made themselves partakers of *la sport*, on this occasion.

In a word, it was tropical weather, light airs, calms, and cat's paws, thick haze and glaring sunshine, hot days and cool nights. As to a cause for the fickle elements of the past three months our meteorologists and scientific bodies appear to be in a state of uncertainty, a wag suggests to us, that the present and past state of the atmosphere may possibly be attributed to the alteration which the face of our earth has recently undergone, by cutting the Suez canal, and separating Africa from Asia, thereby releasing pent up monsoons from their sandy boundaries. But, how about the cool nights? that may easily be accounted for by our neighbours tunnelling through the Alps. However as it is no part of our duty to define the cause of these variations and climatical

peculiarities we commend the suggestions to those whom it may concern and quietly set ourselves down and note in the sea log what did transpire during the thirty-six hours employed in this so called channel race.

At 1h. p.m., the yachts were signalled to start; a light air of wind prevailed from the S.W., with an east-going tide, which were not very favourable auspices for their progress, nevertheless they all let go their sheets and passed out from under the Admiralty pier, then filled away on the starboard tack and fell into the charge of the tide which set them bodily to leeward, Vindex attempted to stay under the pier in order to escape the tide, but was unsuccessful, and was necessitated to stand off, and keep company with her *consœurs*. After standing off for about a mile, they stood in again, and fetched to leeward of the spot they started from, Julia dropped anchor, but Fiona and Vindex went in search of a breeze, whistling to San Antonio to hearken to them: which Spanish Jack says, he did, and they did obtain an air which enabled them to hold their own, and stem the lee-going tide. Guinevere, Gwendolin, and Flying Cloud made a long board on the starboard tack. Cambria, Egeria, and Marina, after making a tack or two, worked out of the bay, and, finding a little more wind outside, were enabled to weather the pier and work in shore. Julia weighed her kedge, and followed suite. Gwendolin and Cloud meanwhile went about, and stood in after them. The wind had now increased to a fair topsail breeze, and an interesting match commenced between the two rivals—Cambria and Egeria, the latter being close under the lee of the former, and stood out with the Julia and Marina to leeward of the Egeria. The two schooners watched each other's movements, going about, tack for tack—Julia weathering on both. After tedious work of about three hours and a-half, they found themselves off Folkestone; and, after making a longer board along the land, they fetched off Sandgate, where the Cambria was observed to be half-a-mile to windward of the Egeria, which she fore-reached. At this period the Guinevere was standing in from the southward, and met the two schooners which had so well kept company together. She went about under the Cambria's lee, and came out to windward of the Egeria. There was now a nice whole-sail breeze; and it appeared that when they shifted their balloons for other topsails they did better than keeping the after-leech continually on the shivers. The yachts continued to work down Channel towards Dungeness—Fiona leading, nearly three miles dead to windward of the Guinevere, and between them were the Vindex and the Julia, Gwendolin nearly hull down, and almost becalmed. It was now 4h. p.m.; the tide had eased, and in another hour the yachts carried with them a strong ebb,

and were making some visible progress. At 6h. p.m. the Cambria tacked three miles to windward of the Ness, and was about a quarter of a mile under the lee of the Guinevere, and above half-a-mile on the Egeria's weather. The breeze had, during the evening, become variable and light, flying about from west to south-west, of which advantage was taken in working down to the head, and their positions were frequently changed.

At 8h. p.m. the breeze dropped considerably, and at 9h. p.m. it fell calm. They were all off Hastings, and as the flood had made the yachts drifting with it to the eastward they were all necessitated to let go, and they brought up off Hastings about a mile from the shore, and within hailing distance of each other.

At 11h. p.m., being nearly slack water, they, with a slight south-westerly air, weighed and made for Beachy Head; but the wind became very paltry, and at times the yachts were becalmed. Fiona was, however, more fortunate; taking a slant of wind, she went away, so that, at daylight, she was between eight and nine miles a-head.

At 5h. a.m. the four schooners—Cambria, Egeria, Gwendolin, and Flying Cloud—were off Beachy Head, carrying with them a light S.E. breeze, under squaresails and topsails; but the flood tide was against them. At 9h. a.m. (16th) they were off Brighton, the Egeria to the northward of the Cambria, and Gwendolin two miles on the port quarter, Fiona about ten miles a-head of the fleet. About noon they were in the vicinity of the Owers Light vessel:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Guinevere..	12	0	0	Gwendolin.....	12	17	0	Flying Cloud ...	12	23	0
Egeria	12	7	0	Cambria.....	12	25	0				

Vindex and Marina at this time were eight or nine miles astern of them.

Fiona and Julia were close up with the Nab, but there a calm prevailed, although all the forenoon there was a fresh wind from S.E. in the Solent.

About 8h. a.m. of Thursday Vice-Commodore Broadwood anchored off Cowes Castle, in his steam yacht L'Espiegle, and from the information our aidecamp obtained on board they left the fleet becalmed and at anchor near Beachy Head, but might be expected about mid-day. There being a fresh wind from E.S.E. we availed ourselves of the opportunity of steaming out to the eastward by the Packet Boat, but it was not until 12h. 30m. that we descried in the vicinity of the Nab the Fiona with her spinnaker and the Julia—the two leading cutters. About half an hour afterwards, in the S.E. the schooners hove in sight.

We thereupon returned to Cowes to note their arrival. During the afternoon the wind dropped, and as the evening advanced it became less by degrees, and the following time was duly recorded on their respective arrivals off the Castle:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	2 47 50	Julia	3 27 0

Followed by the Guinevere, which was timed at 5h. 47m., and the Egeria came in about an hour afterwards, say 6h. 47m. in a perfect calm. The next morning we ascertained that the Vindex and Cambria had drifted in about 10h. 30m. p.m., and that the Gwendolin and Marina anchored off Ryde during the night, and the Flying Cloud proceeded across to Southampton without approaching the mark vessel.

There is no doubt it was a warm contest from beginning to end, for every one exposed themselves to a *coup de soleil*.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE schooner match of this prospering club took place on June the 10th, and was accompanied by the Albert Edward saloon steamer, freighted with a numerous and fashionable company. The prizes were £100 for first vessel and £50 for the second. Course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and back; time allowance 15s. per ton. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
182	Cambria	schooner	186	J. Ashbury, Esq.	Ratsey
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mullholland, Esq.	Wanhill
547	Flying Cloud	schooner	100	Count E. Batthyany	Inman

The Flying Cloud entered as 100 tons in order to compete in the first class, there not being sufficient entries for a second class. The Gloriana was also entered but did not start owing to the sudden illness of her captain.

The gun was fired at 12h. 10m., a good breeze from W.N.W., with a dull sky, which as the day advanced brightened up to a lovely one. The Flying Cloud was the first round, quickly followed by the Cambria, which slightly fouled the boom of Egeria as she canted, the yachts proceeded along the Essex coast, Flying Cloud leading with Cambria and Egeria abreast, carrying squaresails and square-topsails, Cambria in addition jib-topsails : off Coal House Point the Cambria and Egeria

passed Flying Cloud in company to windward, she being becalmed under the lee of a steamer ; on reaching the Ovens Buoy the Egeria had scarcely a clear lead of Cambria, Flying Cloud not to be shook off; the breeze increasing, the Egeria's channels touching the water. Off Lower Hope Point the Cambria struck her topsail, the Egeria now leading Cambria by about 200 yards, with same distance between her and Flying Cloud. Off the Chapman the Egeria set topsail, and shortly after main-top-staysail, the Flying Cloud now crept up alongside Cambria, and at the Middle Blyth Buoy overhauled Egeria, the wind at the time moderating ; off Holy Haven the Egeria set water sail. At Southend Flying Cloud had a lead of a quarter-of-a-mile of Egeria, and half-a-mile of Cambria. Off Black Tail Buoy the Egeria and Cambria shifted balloon jibs, shortly after the Cambria was hampered by a large steamer, the breeze freshening the Egeria set her stay-foresail and jib, the Cambria following suit, the Egeria passed Flying Cloud to leeward, both going well, with Cambria a short distance astern. On nearing the Mouse they all shifted jibs for the run back ; the Light was rounded thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria	2 44 0	Flying Cloud ...	2 44 15	Cambria	2 46 5

After rounding all made for the Maplin Sands, the Cambria first going about, followed by Flying Cloud, Egeria standing on some time, being hampered by the same lubberly steamer that annoyed Cambria off Southend, the Cambria took the lead, followed by Egeria and Flying Cloud to windward ; opposite the Black Tail Beacon, the Egeria which had been gaining on the Cambria were neck-and-neck, Flying Cloud about a mile astern, proceeding with little alteration until nearing Shoebury-knock where the Egeria took lead, the Flying Cloud slightly decreasing the gap ; on nearing the Nore, the Cambria tacked to the north shore which placed her in third position. Off Shoeburyness the Cambria carried away the gear of her maintopsail, and was weathered by the Flying Cloud shortly after, having repaired damages all three stood up on starboard tack to the Jenkin, the Egeria making a long board again, they worked to windward up Sea Reach, Flying Cloud about one mile and Cambria half-a-mile more, making short tacks along the Blyth to gain the advantage of the young flood ; just above Southend Pier the Cambria overhauled the Flying Cloud, crossed her bows on the port tack, and the latter, being compelled to go about whilst on the starboard track, hoisted a protest which was acknowledged by a gun from the steamer,

Off Holy Haven the wind freshened, the vessels in almost the same

position, keeping the starboard tack through Lower Hope, and then dead to windward in Gravesend Reach, arriving at the buoy at a slashing pace thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Egeria	6	56	18		Cambria	7	3	50		Flying Cloud ...	7	6	52

The Egeria having to allow Flying Cloud 13m. she lost the first prize by 1m. 26a. winning however the second. The Flying Cloud was loudly cheered on winning, having entered at 25 tons more than her actual measurement.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT REGATTA.

WITH all its faults there are few courses over which our racing yachts sail that can be compared to the old Mersey, it is true that there is one great drawback in the shape of a most outrageous tide, which always makes the start a matter of very considerable difficulty, and it is also true that those into whose hands the management of the regattas has of late years fallen, have done their best to increase the evil by making the different yachts start from their anchors instead of moorings being laid down by the club as of yore; but notwithstanding this most serious drawback, when once under weigh the different owners and the different crews feel that no fluking is here likely to occur, for all must travel over the same ground, and they know that as a rule there is a breeze on those waters and a sea when that breeze meets the tide which will test the merits of the yachts and allow no racing tool to wrest the laurels from a really sea-going craft as can be done over the placid waters and in the balmy breezes prevalent on the Thames.

This year the pool of the Liver was well favoured by Dame Fortune for in spite of other clubs having gala days immediately before and after her fête there was a most excellent muster of racing craft in every class while old familiar faces with new vessels and old vessels owned by new faces came to try their fortune on the broad waters of the Mersey on the 28rd June and the day was perfection.

The different classes had this year all second prizes a system which if generally adopted would we are quite sure be the means of increasing sport, and it is much to the credit of the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Mersey that both by his influence and his liberality he seems inclined to promote this plan so far as his own club is concerned. The various prizes consisted of two cups value £70 and £30 for yachts of 40 tons and upwards; a cup of £50 and a cup of £20 for vessels of 20 tons and

upward, while the smaller yachts between 8 and 20 tons had two cups of £30 and £20 to contend for. For the first race:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
26	Albertine	schooner	151	G. W. Moss, Esq.	Inman
1079	Mosquito	cutter	61	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
256	Marinetta	cutter	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Payne

Came to the post, and the first three are so well known that any description of them is unnecessary while the fourth is a new vessel from Payne's yard at Southampton, hails from Cork, and was now making her *début*, and from the way in which she travelled she will be likely to tease the 50 tonners very considerably when she has settled down to her trim. She is a fine wholesome looking craft to boot. Good as was the entry for the first class that for the second was still better consisting of—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
638	Glance	cutter	35	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	Hatcher
1083	Muriel	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
1809	Torpid	cutter	27	G. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.
2045	Xema	cutter	35	R. N. Batt, Esq.	Fife
1380	Phantom	cutter	27	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
270	Coralie	cutter	35	T. K. Seddon, Esq.	Fife

The latter a species of resurrection, as she suddenly appears again on the stage from whence she has been so long banished, but she would have looked somewhat better if she had not carried in her rigging the emblem of the fishing trade she has lately been engaged in, yet she stepped over that course of which she could have told many a tale if she could but have spoken in a most creditable manner and if she was once more put through the process of lengthening would go still better as she is yet short for the yacht of the period.

The wind was a fine whole-sail breeze from W.N.W. necessitating a dead beat to the Bell Buoy, and at an early hour under jibs and fore-sails the intending combatants were wending their ways to the starting point opposite the Prince's landing stage. But now came the difficulty, "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose," and though committees may make rules with the best intention of carrying them out, and though the Mersey committee when they ordained that the yachts should start in line from their anchors no doubt fully intended that the line should

be Euclid's definition of the word as being that which has length without breadth and stretching from one point to another, yet the various yachts presented a very different figure from Euclid's idea on that point, some were much astern of the others and therefore that much to windward, and it was impossible with such a breeze and in such a tide-way with their own anchors to get the yachts into anything like order. It was however without accident that they all started punctually to the time appointed by signal from the club steamer which was under the direction of Mr. Drinkwater the Vice Commodore in the unavoidable absence of the Commodore.

Housed topmasts were the order of the day with all but Muriel and Mosquito which both carried jib-headers and singularly enough were the first to show in front the former leading down to the Rock light when the "old 'un" went to windward of the 40-tonner and took first place; Phryne then weathered Muriel which was closely followed by Marinetta, then came Glance, Torpid, and Xema close together. The wind still kept true as it always does in this river though it varied somewhat in strength as every now and then the inclination of the yachts fully testified, but it was just of that force which was sufficient fairly to take all the speed out of a vessel without being too strong to be apt to carry away spars or rigging. From the Bell buoy it was a reach to the N.W. Light Ship round which they were turned:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	12	35	0	Glance	12	51	0	Coralie	1	2	50
Phryne	12	40	30	Torpid	12	56	14	Albertine	1	5	0
Muriel	12	43	0	Xema	12	57	0	Phantom	1	6	0
Marinetta	12	44	5								

It was now a run to the Bell Beacon of the Horse Channel and all maintained their relative positions except Torpid, which after having for so long been going on her best point of sailing and having turned to windward in a rattling manner and in the way in which her first owner made her step out was obliged to succumb to Xema, which can just "run a bat" and changed places with her; and Muriel got a little further from Marinetta. The turn round the point was—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	12	59	10	Glance.....	1	15	50	Coralie	1	26	10
Phryne	1	5	0	Xema	1	20	40	Albertine	1	26	50
Muriel	1	6	0	Torpid.....	1	21	0	Phantom	1	30	0
Marinetta	1	8	25								

It was again a case of flattened sheets for the other Bell buoy, but the match was virtually at an end barring accident and no change worth recording took place except that at this period the Phantom retired from the contest. Once more round the Fair Way Buoy of the Horse

Channel and back to Bell Buoy when it was up helm for the flag ship, and the old Coralie must have found a relic of by-gone ages in her sail locker in shape of a square topsail which she here set. As for the others it would take all Belfast a whole winter to provide the amount of linen that was hoisted up on every foot of stick that they carried, and they ran up the river with the strong flood that had now made at a fearful pace, the match terminating for the first class :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Mosquito.....	3 43 27	Marinetta	4 3 0
Phryne.....	3 53 55	Albertine.....	4 17 5

The old Mosquito thus adding another to her numerous list of prizes, and the Phryne securing the second cup.

The second-class yachts were timed :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	3 58 0	Xema	4 19 0	Coralie.....	4 32 14
Glance	4 13 0	Torpid	4 29 18	Phantom	not timed

So that to the Muriel was awarded the £50 cup and to the Glance the £20 prize, but against this arrangement the Xema put in a protest as to the Muriel's measurement which however was afterwards abandoned, and seeing that the question was brought forward on the previous day it would have been better that it had been decided there and then instead of putting everything out of gear on the day of the match.

Meanwhile the small fry had come to the post and taken up their stations for their little combat :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners	Builders
1239	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	Dickinson
831	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Captain Iremonger	Owner
1568	Satanella	cutter	15	W. A. Tomlinson, Esq.	Aldous
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher

The Naiad is a new boat designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, and is a very smart little craft and one likely to have many a good turn with vessels of her class, but was here overmatched in weight. The Kittiwake was the last to take up her buoy having carried away her bobstay on her way to the starting point which threw her all late in every way and though time was asked for, from the member who in the unfortunate absence of the Vice-Commodore on more important duties had the arrangement of this part of the day's programme, it was refused and the Kittiwake had to start with her mainsail half up and never was able to set it all day. The Lizzie meanwhile had a most accommodating

bow rope and, exercising her usual ingenuity, stacked it away before the start so that when the signal was given, a signal known only to the initiative as no gun was fired, she got away with a tremendous lead and kept it. The Naiad and Satanella had each a reef down, while Lizzie and Kittiwake had whole mainsails. The latter not knowing the signal and no gun having fired was the last off, but soon afterwards weathered Naiad and Satanella and went in second place but failed to come near the Lizzie which gradually increased her lead. Near the Bell Buoy Satanella laying a point nearer the wind than Kittiwake came up to her when a reef tackle was put on the first reef cringle at the luff and she sailed in this way the rest of the race getting away from Satanella and establishing an interval of some nine minutes between the Bell Buoy and Beacon of Victoria Channel and the return to Bell Buoy. From thence the run home made no alteration in their positions, the time being—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lizzie	2	47	20	Satanella	3	18	35
Kittiwake	3	10	12	Naiad	3	24	38

The Lizzy securing the first prize while the "half loaf" went to the Kittiwake and a very liberal donation it was on the part of the Royal Mersey for the small class. The prizes were distributed on board the steamer by Vice-Commodore Drinkwater who also exhibited a piece of plate which is to be presented to Mr. Tetley the late Vice Commodore for the valuable services he has rendered to the club during the number of years he had been connected with it and to use the words of a local journal "and it seemed to be generally agreed that the day was one of the most enjoyable ever experienced in connection with the club."

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE race for the second-class Champion Cup, value £60, presented by the Dublin Wicklow and Wexford Railway Company, (to be held for one year) with 30 sovs added from the club funds, open to all yachts belonging to its members, and not exceeding 40 tons, was sailed on Saturday 28th of May, the day appointed for the celebration of her Majesty's birthday, and excited great interest amongst the yachtsmen of Dublin and its neighbourhood. The prize is an exceedingly handsome silver vase, gilt inside, and weighing 120 ounces, of a square shape, with four figures at the sides representing marine divinities; while at the base, lying on a bank of sand, are four guns modelled in silver, with anchors, chain cables, and other appropriate emblems. It is mounted on a square ebony plinth, made to match

the first class champion prize, and has the Duke of Edinburgh's arms in front, the monogram of the Club in silver on the back, and silver plates on the two remaining sides intended to contain the names of the winners in this and future years. The conditions of these Champion prizes are "that they shall be sailed for annually *for ever*, the Club to add a handsome purse to the possession of the cup, and the names of the winning vessel and her owner to be recorded on them each year;" and it is expected that by degrees the very number of hands through which they have passed, and the yachts which have won them, will be considered as having greatly increased their value as trophies of the prowess of a vessel and her crew.

The entries were as follows, and the vessels were duly drawn up in battle array by the indefatigable Rear-commodore, who in his steam launch, the *Firefly*, early took charge of the combatants, and acted as flag-officer of the day, No. 1 having the windward, and as it happened the lee station:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Helmsman.
1082	Murruih	cutter	38	James Johnston, Esq.	Owner
1380	Phantom.....	cutter	27	David W. Finlay, Esq.	Owner
1438	Queen	cutter	28	William M. Johnson, Esq.	R. Neligan
2046	Xema	cutter	32	Robert N. Batt, Esq.	A. H. Orpen
826	Kilmeny	cutter	30	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Owner
1809	Torpid	cutter	25	Geo. B. Thompson, Esq.	Owner
384	Echo	cutter	38	William I. Doherty, Esq.	W. Kxham

The Foxhound, 36 belonging to the Marquis of Ailsa, was also entered; but unluckily, being quite a new vessel from Fife's yard, could not, any more than the Eveleen 40, building at the same place for the Vice-commodore of the club be completed in time; while L'Eclair, 34, Mr. Harry Crawford, was so detained by calms and contrary winds in her passage from Belfast that she only arrived during the night, and was not ready to take her share in the contest. Seven vessels however, comprising nearly all the noted or fast craft of this class in or about the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, were all declared ready for the fray, and a more beautiful day for the purpose could not be imagined, as the sun was bright and warm, the sea smooth, while a nice steady second gaff-topsail breeze from south-east gave promise of a fair and honest means of trying the true speed of the competitors.

Exactly at 10h. 55m. 20s., the first gun fired, and sent eager groups of young and active men to the various halyards, sheets, springs, and bowfasts, all waiting impatiently for the second report to set them forth on their journey, and this was heard precisely at the expiration of the allotted five minutes. Instantly Phantom, under her whole lower suit and a jib-headed gaff-topsail aloft, was off like a shot, followed by Xema, with her second square; Kilmeny also jib-headed; Queen, Echo, and Murruih; Torpid, who hung in irons, and would not pay off, last. It was a fine easy reach over the young ebb of two miles to the South Bar Buoy, and Xema instantly

dropped her boom over her starboard side and boomed out a balloon foresail as a squaresail, there being too much wind for a spinnaker; aided by this she went rapidly to the front, while Queen, also sailing splendidly, raced by the renowned Phantom, who seemed to find the wind stronger and the water saltier than she used to be accustomed to on the silvery Thames, and not quite to like the change. When they reached the buoy Xema had a clear lead of above a minute, the rest in a cluster, though Queen was about second round, and Echo third, Kilmeny drawing up. It was now a much closer haul for Rosbeg, though still not quite "on the wind," and Xema tore along at a fearful pace, but awfully pressed by her topsail, her lee rail being far under water, and a whole smother of foam on her decks. So in a few minutes, partly to ease her, and further in consideration for Mrs. Batt who pluckily accompanied her husband in the race she was therefore relieved of her topsail, and with housed topmast she went along much easier and increased her distance. Kilmeny now singling out from the ruck, and carrying her topsail as stiffly as a church, got by the Queen, who lowered hers on the cap but did not haul it down—the rest all but the Echo sending theirs on deck.

At Rosbeg Xema was first by 1m. 33s. Kilmeny next, and it was now "haul sheets close in, and every soul to windward" for a regular grind to the Kish Lightship (four miles and three-quarters), and which they hoped to fetch over a strong southerly ebb. Xema did not seem to hold so good a wind as before the alteration in her mast, or the wind favoured the sternmost boats, as Kilmeny and Queen crept up on her weather quarter, and looked higher all the way out, Echo also going well, Phantom and Murriuh falling astern; while soon after they hauled to the wind away went Torpid's bowsprit close to the span shackle; it appeared an old spring, from the look of the wood, and her chance was up.

At 12h. 15m. Xema went about on the port tack to weather the Kish, sending up her topmast and topsail at same time, but it was soon seen she had overreached herself, and she had to ease her sheets and actually run back round the ship, Kilmeny and Queen threatening to cut her out after all. This calamity she escaped, however, and rounded at 12h. 21m., Kilmeny 12h. 22m. 10s., Queen 12h. 23m., Echo 12h. 23m. 20s., Phantom 12h. 25m. 40s., Murriuh 12h. 30m. Kilmeny, the moment her sheets were checked, began to show her wonderful reaching powers, and came fast up on Xema's tracks, who, having set her balloon foresail, on rounding, found it buried her head too much, and lost ground while again shifting for her working one. As they neared the harbour flag-boat Kilmeny drew right up and a fine piece of steering and jockeying took place between the two leaders, to see which would get the inside berth at the boat, where the booms must be gybed, and the vessel then to windward have the advantage. Kilmeny rather gained at this work, and established herself on the starboard hand, passing some two seconds before the Xema, at 1h. 8m. Queen 1h. 10m. Echo 1h. 11m., Phantom, who here gave up, 1h. 15m. Quick as lightning out went Xema's foresail boom again, and under it she drew out

from her rivals, Queen sending up her topsail, but it being to leeward it was a long time about it, and lost ground.

At the South Bar the second time, Xema was again ahead about $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and went right off for Rosbeg, carrying her topsail better this time, and with less water on her deck. Kilmeny mistook the course, and kept too much to windward, and so had to bear away, which lost her some ground, and Xema also sailed better to windward, on the close haul, to the North and South Burford Buoys, which, on this round were substituted for the Kish, and, measuring her distance well, tacked just in time to cross Kilmeny's bows, and though on the wrong tack, so clear ahead as to give no manner of doubt as to the rights of the parties. After rounding South Buoy they again ran for the harbour, Xema reeling out the line freely, but in vain, as old Chronas was too heavy metal for her, and after a splendid and well-sailed race, she bore away under the stern of H.M.S. Hawk, which did duty as flag-ship, at 2h. 41m. 21s., followed by Kilmeny who carried away her topsail sheet in luffing round the end of the East Pier at 2h. 42m. 42s., Echo 2h. 49m. 14s., Queen 2h. 49m. 36s., Murruih, who had kept on to win a £5 bet with Torpid 3h. 13m. 39s. Xema had to allow her smaller rival 2min. 30sec., and was but 1min. 21sec. before her, so lost on time by 59sec., a very close result after so fast and well contested a race.

The next match of this club on June 2nd was rather of a novel character, and intended to test the skill and resource of its members in managing their vessels by their own unaided endeavours, in case of being at any time placed in a difficult position. The prize was for two University plated tankards, and the conditions "that any boat might appear at the starting place—a line across the pier heads—this not to be passed until the second gun; two persons only to be on board each, and these to be members of the club; one round of the third class course, twelve miles; full time allowance". The day was finely suited for the purpose, with beautifully smooth water, bright sun, and a nice light S.E. breeze. The second gun was fired precisely at 3h. 15m., and Wavecrest, 25 tons, with G. Putland, Esq. as captain, and G. Nugent as crew went off like a shot, the start being a flying one; followed closely by the Queen, 15 tons, Hatcher's well-known little clipper, with P. S. French Esq. at the tiller, and her owner W. R. Johnson, Esq. forward; Mora 10 tons, J. E. Cusack and W. Neligan, Esqrs; the Phantom, 27 tons, D. W. Finlay, Esq.; (who formerly had Torch and Kilmeny, and has lately bought this, the acknowledged champion of the light weights in England) and his brother as her crew; Peri 5 tons W. Power, and D. J. O'Connell, Esqrs.; Queen Mab, 8 tons, Messrs. G. and T. M. G. Drury, Esqrs.; and last, Siren, 19 tons, with the Rear-commodore, and S. W. Nugent Esq. on board. All fetched the South Bar easily over an outgoing tide; and hauled close round it for Rosbeg, in doing which the Queen and Wavecrest came slightly into collision; which caused a protest afterwards on the part of the Phantom. No damage was done, however, and the Queen soon drew out under the Wavecrest's lee; the course being still with checked sheets, and a nice steady breeze; the Phantom carrying a jib-headed gaff topsail, the

Queen and Siren small squares; and the smaller fry bare headed. The Rosbeg was rounded as follows:—Queen 4h. 1m. 20s., Wavecrest 4h. 1m. 48s., Phantom 4h. 2m. 0s., Siren 4h. 2m. 30s., Mora 4h. 7m. 50s., Peri 4h. 9m. 48s., Queen Mab 4h. 10m. 28s.

After rounding the Rosbeg, the Phantom tried to get on the weather side of Wavecrest, but was splendidly stopped, and was a long time before she could get through her lee, the Wavecrest sailing better than we have ever seen her, all being close-hauled for the North Burford. Queen here slipped away. With the heavy time allowance over so short a course it became evident she must win, even if Phantom ran her some minutes from the Southern Buoy. Peri and Mora meantime were having an excellent fight on their own account, and Siren making up her leeway, but had no chance so close to the wind with Queen and Phantom. The North Burford Buoy was passed by the yachts in the following order:—Queen 4h. 15m. 32s., Phantom 4h. 16m. 10s., Wavecrest 4h. 16m. 23s., Siren 4h. 19m. 35s., Mora 4h. 27m. 30s., Peri 4h. 29m. 4s., Queen Mab 4h. 31m. 11s.

They had then a dead beat to the Southern Buoy of the Bank, in which it was by no means an easy matter for two hands to get the sheets aft in such large boats as some of them were. Good tackles and much beef, with a little shaking up when necessary, did the work, however, and Phantom at length weathered the little Queen, who had been sailing like the little witch she is, and was beautifully handled and steered by her small crew, Mr. French making the most of every puff to screw up to his mark. All would not do, however, with such a boat as the Phantom, and she came away, and the South Burford Buoy was rounded thus:—Phantom 4h. 37m. 22s., Queen 4h. 38m. 2s., Wavecrest 4h. 39m. 30s., Siren 4h. 42m. 1s., Mora 4h. 56m. 5s., Peri 4h. 59m. 15s., Queen Mab 5h. 10m. 40s.

It was now a dead run back to the harbour, in which Phantom walked away at an immense pace, leaving all the rest hand over fist, and almost outstripping the judge, who had been out looking at the race, and had barely time to get into the box before the fleet were upon him. The flag-boat of the day, the Hadassah, schooner, Major Waring, was rounded as follows:—Phantom 5h. 15m. 0s., Queen 5h. 20m. 0s., Siren 5h. 23m. 0s., Wavecrest 5h. 23m. 30s., Mora 5h. 45m. 2s., Queen Mab 5s. 49m. 15s.

As the Phantom is 27 tons, and the Queen only 15, an allowance of 8min. 31sec. had to be given—too crushing a weight for any craft against so fleet-heeled an opponent—and the Queen was therefore declared the winner by 3min. 31sec. A protest was lodged on the part of Phantom that the Queen had fouled the Wavecrest at the first mark, which was duly investigated by the committee. The 17th rule of the club as to rounding marks is somewhat peculiar, and is intended to meet an evil often complained of, viz., one boat crushing another on the buoy; it reads: "That a yacht may luff as she pleases to prevent another passing her to windward; but nevertheless when rounding any buoy, boat or vessel used to mark out the course, or when passing any pier, shoal, rock, vessel, or other obstruction to sea room, yachts must give each other room to pass clear of it, and

of one another, whether they are on a wind or going free, and whether it be the lee or weather boat which is in danger of going ashore or fouling such obstruction."

Mr. G. Putland freely admitting that when rounding he had lashed his helm in order to assist at the main sheet, and that his vessel had thereby luffed up very short round the buoy, and that Mr. French, fearing to be caught between the Wavecrest and it, had borne away, and thereby touched slightly the quarter of the Wavecrest with his bowsprit, the committee decided that no blame attached to the Queen, and therefore awarded the two tankards to her crew.

The cross Channel race of this club, from Kingstown Harbour to the end of the new breakwater at Holyhead, open to all vessels of the club steered by its members, started at 9h. 15m. a.m. on Saturday, June 4th, when the following fine fleet left the harbour under a light breeze from S.E., they not being able at first to lie within two points of their course to northward of the Kish Lightship, which lies six and a half miles from East Pier-end, E. by S. $\frac{3}{4}$ S., and was to be left on the starboard hand. The start was a flying one ; "no vessel to pass a line between East Pier and a flag-boat three quarters of a mile in a northerly direction until second gun. Yawls to sail at three quarters, and schooners at five-eighths of their real tonnage."

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Helmsman.
428	Enid	yawl	42	G. Putland, Esq.	Owner
2045	Xema	cutter	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.	A. Orpen
51	Amberwitch	yawl	39	R. J. Alexander, Esq.	L. Williams
729	Heroine	cutter	51	S. H. Close. Esq.	D. Finlay
1809	Torpid	cutter	27	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Owner
854	L'Eclair	cutter	34	H. Crawford, Esq.	Owner
71	Aquiline.....	schooner	37	C. H. Meldon, Esq.	W. Power
1438	Queen.....	cutter	28	W. M. Johnson, Esq.	R. Nelligan
132	Belle	schooner	45	J. Kennedy, Esq.	
683	Hadassah	schooner	41	Major Waring	Owner
1523	Rosette	schooner	27	Sir J. Coghill, Bart.	Owner
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Mason, Esq.	A. Wood

The wind was very light before the gun fired, so the Xema, who lay furthest in the harbour, took a shore boat and towed out towards its mouth, which the others perceiving, all followed the example, some continuing the practice even after the first gun ; but not being so alert in their movements, or keeping their eyes so well skinned, she was first away, and, getting the first of a nice little puff was off clear of the ruck, who luffed on and hampered each other, the Belle being much astern, and not clearing the harbour till the others were a mile from the pier, but Xema luffed up well, and went fast through the water under her first jib and third topsail, Enid and Amberwitch under her lee, the Hadassah and Aquiline together astern, and Torpid, L'Eclair, and Queen luffing desperately up round the East Pier-end, but

losing way in the tide, which was fast sweeping them to leeward. Xema only fetched the North Burford Buoy at 10h. 7m., and soon after eleven o'clock Enid tacked to starboard and made a board of some three-quarters of a mile, rather an unaccountable manœuvre, unless for the purpose of weathering the Phryne and Heroine, which she did, and then tacked after them. Heroine tried a spinnaker as a jib; but it did no good, and she took it in again.

At 12h. Xema was fully two miles ahead of everything, Phryne next, Heroine third, Enid fourth, Aquiline on Xema's lee quarter. Torpid, Queen, and L'Eclair were fully two miles astern of Enid to windward, but it was not to be distinguished what they were about, or why so pinched, when a long southerly-going tide was to be expected, sweeping the vessels right up to windward as they crossed it. At 12h. 30m. wind suddenly veered two or three points and came freer, sheets being checked; it also freshened a good deal, and Phryne, with her well-known powers of reaching, began at once to come along under big square topsail, balloon foresail, and jib-topsail, which Heroine also set, and Amberwitch a balloon gaff-topsail. By 1h. 30m. Phryne was abreast of Xema to leeward, who set her balloon foresail to keep her place; but finding, as it always used to do with wind before the beam, that it buried her, she took it in again, and set the working one; Heroine also reaching up, and Amberwitch, but a good way to the northward; all heading E.S.E., and wind nearly south.

At 2h. 30m. Heroine set her balloon jib, and Phryne did the same soon after, going fast ahead of all the fleet. The positions remained pretty much the same all the day, which was lovely, though a little foggy; sea beautifully smooth, and the yachts going along some seven or eight knots. At 3h. 50m. Heroine had drawn up to Xema, and wind freed a little; so the latter tried her balloon-jib, under which she again drew ahead of Heroine. Phryne passed South Stack about 4h. 50m., followed by Xema at 5h. 15m., these two looking all over like the winners of the first and second prizes, as the former had made her time (19m. 52s.) off Xema, while the latter took time from all the craft which were at all near her. The red flags at the end of the breakwater, which were to be in line with the mast when the goal was reached, were already in sight, and everything betokened a speedy conclusion to the match, and a fast run; but, unfortunately for Phryne, her pilot, like many other jocks, was in too great a hurry home, and kept her too boldly on her mark, relying on the breeze and forgetting the tide, which from half ebb to half flood runs S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and very strong. Suddenly the breeze lulled, and away she went into the bight of the pier; while, to add to her grief, the breeze outside with equal suddenness came right aft, and it was out spinnakers in Xema, Amberwitch, and Heroine, and off with their booms on port hand to full extent, while they came up with their unlucky leader as if hauling on a line. As they came within the belt of calm, however, all equally stopped, and for half-an-hour hardly made an inch; but while Phryne took stream on port bow, which ran her in shore, they could have it on starboard, which threw them off.

At 6h. 45m. English time, a slight cat's-paw came dead ahead, and all

began to beat in with their balloon jibs. Amberwitch being now much to windward, Heroine next, and Xema third ; while the wretched Phryne had to crawl up in the eddy tide close to breakwater, and lost all chance of a prize, especially with her heavy time allowance. Amberwitch contrived to be first to bring masts in one, at 7h. 10m. ; Xema, much closer in, at 7h. 11m. and, by time, took first prize, £25, Amberwitch being second ; while Phryne screwed in third, and Heroine fourth. Torpid L'Eclair, Enid, and Queen arrived some time afterwards, but most of them in tow of their boats. As wind again fell quite light, some of the schooners did not get in until next day, and Belle not at all, as the tide took her nearly to Point Lynas, and she returned to Dublin on Monday, only an hour or so before the return match. The sail was a beautiful one, and as far as South Stack, considering the close haul up to 12h. 30m. very fast ; and, on the whole, not so bad, as the leader did it all, 64 miles in nine hours and-a-half, after deducting difference of time. All anchored for the Sunday in the inner refuge close along the beaching ground, ready for the start on the return voyage at six a.m., on Monday, and the yachtsmen spent an agreeable Sunday on shore, being most hospitably and kindly received by Rear-Admiral Schomberg, R.N., Hon. O. Stanley, of Pantglos, and others, who vied with each other in showing them every attention and kindness.

The return match from Holyhead Breakwater to Kingstown Harbour, started at 6h. a.m. exactly, English time, on the morning of June 6th. The weather continued as beautiful as it had been for several days previous, though the wind was lighter than was quite agreeable to many owners who were anxious to display the speed of their boats, or to such of the crew and passengers as were yearning to find themselves again in the bosom of their families. Warned by the slip the Xema had given the rest of the fleet on the 4th, of the importance of "taking time by the forelock," all were early astir, and soon the noise of mainsails going cheerily aloft, and anchors coming to the bows, broke the slumbers of those who thought, after the dinner the night before, that 6h. a.m. was rather an early hour for turning out. The best possible method however, of brightening up a man who has a little exceeded over night, is first to give him some buckets of sea water over his head and neck, and then put him in a punt ahead to tow, both of which recipes were freely used through the fleet, with wondrous effect. By these energetic measures when Rear-Admiral Schomberg and his daughters, who had pluckily turned out before cockcrow to see the start, got alongside in his four-oared gig, the whole of the yachts were well down to the end of the breakwater, and ready to cross the magic line "of the two flagstaffs in one," as soon as the gun gave the signal. No sooner were the pink ribbons, however, seen fluttering on the staging at the end of the pier, than with one impulse three hearty cheers burst from the crews of the whole ten yachts in company, and, taking time from the Xema, who was nearest, they warmly greeted the young ladies whose interest in the race had made them forsake their pillows at so unwonted an hour—as incident which the club artist has

already, with his wonted skill, committed to canvas, and intends to have photographed and distributed as a memorial of the day.

The wind was at first very light, and the yachts all so close together that it was hard to distinguish which was leading; but Phryne, Heroine, and L'Eclair crawled out a little, all under large canvas, though the only balloon topsail to be seen was the Torpid's, which looked as if borrowed from the Oimara for the special occasion. Xema, being next the breakwater, proceeded to set her spinnaker,—not that there was any wind to fill it, but in accordance with a promise rashly given over night to the young ladies aforesaid “to show them the new sail”—and was rewarded for the gallantry of her crew by a little puff, which drove her ahead, and soon after a little curl was seen on the water, and it came from N.W.b.N., making it a beat to the South Stack Lighthouse. L'Eclair went off first, with Xema threatening her weather, till, finding Master Harry would not stand this liberty, she bore away and popped through his lee, while Heroine covered up Amberwitch; Phryne not seeming to get away at all, and the schooners falling astern. Enid singled out and followed Xema and L'Eclair, and by seven o'clock all were off the Light, in the following order:—Xema, L'Eclair, Enid, Heroine, Torpid, Queen, Phryne, Amberwitch, Aquiline, Hadassah, and Rosette. Heroine was first to try her spinnaker on her bowsprit, an example followed by nearly all the others. Wind very light, and water like oil.

The yachts now separated into two divisions; Heroine was leading the northern one, with Torpid, Phryne, Queen, Amberwitch, and Hadassah in her wake; and Enid abreast of Xema, led the southern, L'Eclair, Aquiline, and Rosette behind her. By 8h. 30m. wind had freed a good deal, and though very light on the water, which it scarcely ruffled, there was some aloft, and almost all set balloon gaff topsails with jack yards, and considering the number of amateurs in the crews, with most creditable smartness; Enid tried a mizen staysail, but it did her no good. Phryne now began to move rapidly to the front, as she was bound to do in a reach of the kind, and, passing Heroine unstopped, went into the van; Heroine Torpid and Amberwitch reached rapidly along, and having evidently a better breeze than Xema and Enid with their followers, as the dark line on the water showed. Xema made an attempt to haul up to this line, but failed to reach it, while Enid kept away on a southerly course, and they were soon wide apart. Torpid was sailing wonderfully under her big spinnaker jib, and Xema doing her best in vain to get on terms with her.

At ten o'clock Howth Head was made out well ahead, wind being about N.b.W.; Enid drawing ahead rapidly by herself, and many of the others being almost out of sight astern. The water was glassy smooth, but with a breeze aloft, and porpoises, grey gurnet, and fry of all kinds were playing in every direction. Phryne passed the Kish at 3h. 48m., Enid 4h. 12m. 45s., Heroine 4h. 22m. 30s., Torpid 4h. 31m. 0s., Phryne having 43 minutes off the last boat, and looking all over a winner. Xema much disgusted with her performance under the spinnaker jib, stowed hers and set her balloon which took her along much better, as she has not draught of water forward to

carry so dragging a sail as a spinnaker thus set. Phryne, however again committed the fatal error which had lost her the race to Holyhead, and, not allowing for the strong ebb, kept straight for her mark, the East Pier, and when she got into the bay the wind fell off, and she began to go rapidly to leeward; Heroine committed the same error, and as Enid, curiously enough, carried up the breeze from the southward, soon the three were in a heap off the bight of the pier, and going rapidly into Scotsman's Bay with the tide. This was nuts for the Torpid, who, getting time from both Xema and Amberwitch, edged herself away to the northward, so as to get abreast, or rather beyond the harbour, and so drop down with the tide, though at the risk of a southerly puff catching Phryne and Co., and taking them in long before the others could get across the bay. The commodore's luck, or that of his veteran mate, stood to him, however; for, though the puff did come and take Phryne in at 7h. 17m. 55s., followed by Enid at 7h. 26m., and Heroine, at 7h. 27m., he got far enough on his way over before it came, and dropped in at 7h. 32m. 20s., thus easily on the double time allowance, winning the gilt salver presented by "such gentlemen of the club as do not own racing vessels," and the steersman's locket, and thus, curiously enough, repeating his victory of 1867, when the little Torch, 15 tons, came in sixth in the first Channel race of the club from Holyhead, but won on time from all the larger craft. It may also be mentioned that Mr. Batt who won the race on the previous Saturday with Xema, had presented the prize sailed for in 1867, and that Amberwitch was second on both occasions.

None of the other vessels rounded the flagship, but all went straight to their moorings, after a most agreeable trip both ways across the herring pond which afforded a pleasant outing to some ninety members of the club; fifty-four of whom dined together on the 5th at the Marine Hotel, Holyhead, having for their guests Rear Admiral Schomberg, R.N., and his deputy Mr. Owen Jones, who were unremitting in their kindness and efforts to assist in carrying out the arrangements. It was expected that several more yachts from the Mersey could have met the fleet at Holyhead, and the Naiad, Saraband, and Satanela started; but they were knocking about all Saturday in a calm, and got to Beaumaris in the evening.

The schooner and yawl match of the club was fixed for the 7th, and Enid 42 tons, (yawl) Mr. George Putland; Amberwitch 39 tons, (yawl) Mr. R. J. Alexander; and Phantom 20 tons, (yawl), Mr. D. W. Finlay, started at 11h. 30m.; but the wind was so light, that the latter seeing it would be impossible to finish the race by nine o'clock, retired after the first round. Enid persevered, but though she had a fine breeze under Howth and round the Kish, the wind fell off at six o'clock, and came out dead against her in the evening, so that she failed to get in within the prescribed time, and the race was null and void. It will be re-sailed on July 11th, after the Champion Cup, and before the regatta of the Royal St. George Yacht Club; and as Kilmeny, Aquiline, and Minna are also entered, a good race may be anticipated.

The second cruise under command of the Commodore took place on

Saturday afternoon June 11th, and in spite of the strong breeze which had prevailed for two or three days previously, and the rather threatening look of the weather, was very successful. At 4h. 15m. G. B. Thompson Esq. hoisted his broad pendant on board the Torpid, but prudently seeing the smart breeze which was blowing, and remembering the risk of having to reef his new mainsail if the puffs came down stronger, he stowed his boom and set his trysail, under which reduced canvas he sailed out of the harbour, having the signal "Follow the Commodore's motions in succession" flying from his topmast head. This was quickly obeyed by Heroine, 51, Echo 36, L'Eclair 34, Xema 34, Wavecrest 25, Syren 19, Spray 15, Zephyrina 20, Charm 40, Bianca (schooner) 12, Alexandra 15;—all under two-reefed mainsails, reefed foresails, and small jibs, except Alexandra, who had a trysail set, and Charm, who went away gaily under a single reef. The Mirella (schooner) and Minna (yaw) were also under way, but did not join the fleet; while Enid, Aquiline, Rosette, Kilmeny, Queen, Foxhound, and some others, remained at their anchors. The Walrus schooner, however, whose owner does not belong to the club, joined the line, and both looked and went remarkably well, carrying her whole lower canvas, and going through the water extremely stiffly and fast under it. There was also in company the Firefly steam launch, the property of the Rear-Commodore, and the Mistral and Abbess, who kept their places well under steam and canvas. The first point sailed for was Poolbeg Light, where the Commodore hove to, and having drawn up his fleet astern in order of battle, gave the signal to run dead before the wind in line, which was done for some time, Echo leading the lot, with Xema following in her wake. When far enough off the wind to fetch Howth an easy reach, the signal was made to "gybe altogether," and then for "the Baily," when all went off with a fresh breeze and smooth water; L'Eclair reaching away from every one, and Walrus, profiting by the schooner's wind, walking clean past the weather of Xema, and ahead of the lot. Wavecrest, falling astern, set a larger jib, while Heroine shook a reef out of her foresail.

Having made the Lighthouse, the next order was No. 219, "Haul your wind together on starboard tack," and then "Poolbeg," when a different order of things was soon seen, Xema going to windward of every one, and the schooner falling to leeward. The Commodore, however, keeping his weather eye open, perceived sundry black clouds gathering over Dublin, and knowing the importance of canvas being stowed dry, especially on a Saturday night, soon gave orders "to close round him" off the West Pier end, which was done, after which the "Dismiss, thank you" was sent aloft, and all courteously saluting the flag-officer returned to their moorings, and had hardly got their canvas under cover when the rain came on, and continued smartly all night.

CLYDE YACHT CLUB.

THE first match on the Clyde this season came off on Saturday, June 18th, at Rothesay, for the Rear-Commodore's Cup, under the auspices of this club. The weather on the occasion could scarcely have been better chosen, there being a smart breeze from the W.S.W. and a warm sunshine. The turn out of yachts in cruising trim to witness the race was large.

The Vice-Commodore, J. A. Lockett, Esq., in the absence of the Commodore, acted on the occasion on board his schooner yacht Snake, which was moored off the West Bay.

J. A. Lockett, Esq., was assisted by W. York, Esq., the Hon. Secretary; S. King, Esq., the rear-commodore; and F. Powell, Esq. John M'Kenzie, Esq., nautical instrument maker, Greenock, acted as time-keeper.

The match, which was for a cup presented by the rear-commodore—S. King, Esq.—was one of those which this club has been mainly instrumental in fostering, viz., a Corinthian Match. These are sailed by members of the club, and one paid hand only is allowed on board each yacht. These matches, therefore, tend much to increase the practical experience of the members, and encourage a keen yachting spirit. On this occasion there were four entries, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig,	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1902	Vision.....	cutter	9	M. Carswell, Esq.	Ratsey
1490	Ripple.....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife
1796	Thetis	cutter	8	A. Stewart, Esq.	
409	Ellen	schooner	16	R. Ure, Esq.	Halliday

The former two yachts are old rivals, and the Thetis is a well-appointed yacht. The schooner was entered as measuring 16 tons, about double the size of the cutters, but by yacht rules, in racing with cutters, her tonnage reduction on that measurement brought her down to 10 tons, and she was so entered, under protest, however, from the owner of the Vision, as being above 10 tons by such rules. The Ellen is a remarkably fine yacht, and a dangerous rival even to cutters of her class in going to windward. She had to allow the cutters three minutes of time.

The preparatory gun was fired about noon, and at 12h. 15m. p.m. the signal to start was given. The Ripple and Thetis were hugging the flag-boat somewhat too closely in order to get past immediately on

the gun firing. The Ripple was first, but so close was the Thetis to her that, in order to avoid a collision, the Ripple bore away to the outside of the flag-boat. The Thetis kept on, but fouled and sunk the flag-boat. Both yachts had to put about and pass the commodore within the site of the late flag. They lost about three minutes in this unfortunate movement. The Vision was the first to get past, closely followed by the schooner Ellen. The Vision, however, shortly after passing the Commodore, sprung her bowsprit, necessitating her taking in two reefs of her head-sails. The Ellen gradually overhauled the leading cutter in standing to Ardine Point, and took the front. The Thetis was the only yacht carrying a topsail on this stretch. The yachts rounded Ardine flag-boat:—Ellen, 12h. 27m. 22s.; Vision, 12h. 29m. 29s.; Ripple, 12h. 30m. 44s. Thetis, 12h. 32m. 35s.

In the run for Toward Point the Ripple set a jib-headed topsail, the Ellen a square-header, and the Vision a spinnaker. The Vision reduced the distance between her and the schooner, and they passed Toward Point:—Ellen, 12h. 48m. 30s.; Vision, 12h. 50m. 15s.; Ripple, 12h. 52m. 5s.; Thetis, 12h. 54m. 45s.

The Vision continued to make on the Ellen on the run across the Channel, and they rounded Skelmorlie:—Ellen, 1h. 3m. 25s.; Vision, 1h. 4m. 45s. The other two cutters were not timed. In beating back to the Commodore the schooner reversed the usual order of sailing, and on every tack seemed to increase her distance from the cutters, and came home on the first round $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. ahead of the Vision, the yachts rounding the Commodore on the first round:—Ellen, 2h. 21m. 23s.; Vision, 2h. 34m. 10s.; Ripple, 2h. 43m. 22s. The Thetis gave up.

On making for Ardine the Vision carried away some of her gearing, and lost considerably, the yachts passing Ardine:—

Ellen, 2h. 44m. 16s.; Vision, 2h. 48m. 10s.; Ripple, 2h. 57m. 50s. In running across to Skelmorlie Buoy the Ellen gradually crept a-head, and on beating home she left the two cutters a long distance astern. They came in on the final round:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Ellen	4 40 13		Vision	4 53 31		Ripple	5 3 6

The Ellen was thus the winner, but Mr. Carswell lodged the protest against her stated tonnage, which will be settled by the measuring committee.

The handling of the yachts was admirable, and several old yachtsmen admitted that the young gentlemen did honour to the "profession." Amongst the members of the club assisting the owners in running the yachts there were B. B. Bell, Esq., R. Ferguson, Esq., — Wyllie, Esq., and several other keen yachtsmen.

CHESHIRE YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE second sailing match for the present season of the Cheshire Yacht Club was held June 21st. Owing to the fine day there was a numerous attendance of spectators on board the steamer accompanying the yachts on their course, the party consisting of about 180, including many ladies. The match was for two prizes, the first being a silver cup, value twelve guineas ; and the second a tankard, value two guineas; and the course was from New Brighton round the south powder hulk off Eastham, thence round a flag-boat stationed off the south end of the Herculaneum Dock, passing both on the port hand, and returning to New Brighton, passing between the stage and the flag-ship, and leaving the latter on the starboard hand. It was a time race, the allowance being one minute per ton. Eight yachts were entered, but only the following six sailed :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1239	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	Dickinson
163	Brenda	cutter	8	J. Leitch, Esq.	
723	Hermit	cutter	9	A. Sparrow, Esq.	
64	Annie	cutter	7	F. Wall, Esq.	Graves
940	Magic	cutter	9	J. Boutch, Esq.	Dickinson
543	Florida	cutter	5	R. Bulley, Esq.	Bishop

The steamer Gipsy Queen, which conveyed the spectators who accompanied the yachts, left the Prince's Landing-stage about half-past three, and proceeded to New Brighton, where she received an addition to the party. At 4h. 5m. 15s. the signal for starting was given ; the yachts immediately left their moorings, and were soon on their way up the river, the Brenda quickly taking the lead of the others. Although the day was extremely fine for the spectators, the weather did not at first promise well for a good race. There was a slight breeze from about the north, and the craft, all of which carried large balloon-topsails and spinnakers, seemed likely to drift merely with the tide, which was then flowing, rather than be propelled to any great extent by the wind. When off Birkenhead, the Magic having gained considerably upon the Brenda, took the lead, and off Rock Ferry the following was the order and time of arrival :—Magic, 5h. 1m. 25s. ; Hermit, 5h. 4m. 10s. ; Brenda, 5h. 4m. 15s. ; Naiad, 5h. 5m. 10s.; Annie, 5h. 5m. 40s. ; Florida, 5h. 7m. 30s.

From about this point the race acquired increased interest, the wind

having freshened and the yachts necessarily presenting to the nautical eye and to the uninitiated a much finer sight as their sails filled to the breeze, and they moved more rapidly over the course. Off the south powder hulk, near Eastham, the Magic was still in advance of all the others, the following being the order :—Magic, 5h. 28m. 10s.; Annie, 5h. 32m. 25m.; Naiad, 5h. 32m. 30s.; Hermit, 5h. 32m. 35s.; Brenda, 5h. 34m. 0s.; Florida, 5h. 36m. 10s.

At the next point, the flag-boat off the Herculaneum Dock, the Magic had kept her place, the second position being occupied by the Naiad. The following were the times of arrival :—Magic, 6h. 2m. 20s.; Naiad, 6h. 5m. 50s.; Annie, 6h. 10m. 15s.; Hermit, 6h. 10m. 42s.; Brenda, 6h. 12m. 10s.; Florida, 6h. 12m. 26s.

The yachts next returned to the flag-ship off New Brighton, which they rounded in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Magic	7	3	50	Florida	7	13	30	Annie	7	15	10
Naiad	7	4	40	Brenda	7	14	25	Hermit	7	15	43

The first prize was therefore awarded to the Magic; J. Bouch, Esq., and the second to A. Richardson, Esq., the owner of the Naiad.

The arrangements for the race were most successfully carried out, under the management of the commodore and the honorary secretary of the club.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB MATCH,—UNITED STATES.

THIS flourishing club held its match on June 2nd, when a goodly number of crack yachts competed for a prize of 50 dollars.

As early as nine o'clock many of the yachts had left their anchorage at Gowanus Bay and taken positions off a point between the Delaplaine House and Hunt's Dock, Long Island, meaning to be well placed at the moment of starting. As time wore on the judge's steamboat, the Virginia Seymour, and the guests steamer, the Sleepy Hollow, with yachts of sister clubs, began to arrive, and by half past ten o'clock the scene was of the most enlivening nature. Beauty and music were on the larger boat, active and earnest men on the smaller, and hopeful sailors moving about in every conceivable craft, as if anxious to take a chance in the race for the prize. The yachts entered for the race were in their appropriate lines, with mainsails, foresails and gaff-topsails of the schooners set, and the sails allowed on the smaller boat in position. But there a delay, and that delay compulsory, as it was a dead calm; but a better state of affairs was in reserve, as a few minutes after eleven o'clock a gladdening breeze came out from the S.S.E. and joy supplanted the expressions of blank dismay. At once all

was bustle and activity, and the sounds of preparation were earnest throughout the fleet.

The entries for the regatta were as follows:—*Schooners*, Calypso, A. S. Hatch, Esq; Lois, T. C. Lyman, Esq.; Madeline, J. Voorhis, Jun., Esq.; Tidal Wave, W. Voorhis, Esq. *First Class Sloops*.—Addie V., W. H. Langley, Esq.; Gracie, Messrs Johnson and Krebs, *Second Class Sloops*.—Alarm, T. W. Sheridan, Esq.; Daphne, J. W. Maxwell, Esq.; Orion, G. A. Thayer, Esq.; Qui Vive, T. Clapham, Esq.; Richard Kelly, S. M. Simpson, Esq. *Third Class Sloops*.—Anna, W. A. Cumming, Esq.; Jennie, H. L. Foote, Esq.; Nimbus, W. Peet, Esq.; Storm King, P. Voorhis, Esq.; White Cap, L. Livingston, Esq. *Fourth Class Sloops*.—Apollo, T. Fry, Esq.; Coquette, W. C. Brett, Esq.; Flyaway, V. B. Livingston, Esq.; Jennie, W. Southwick, Esq.; Viking, L. Wetmore, Esq.; Vivid, J. M. Sawyer, Esq.

The Course.—In a stiff wind the course selected would have been sufficient to thoroughly test the capacity of the yachts. It was for schooners and first class sloops, from the anchorage down through the Narrows, to and around the stakeboat at the South-west Spit; thence to and around the lightship, rounding it from the southward and westward of beacon on Romer Shoals.

For second and third class sloops to same course to and around the South-west Spit; thence to and around a stakeboat on the outer bar, rounding from the southward: thence home, passing the beacon on Romer Shoals to the southward and westward.

For fourth class sloops (open boats) same to and around the South-west Spit; thence home.

All yachts to pass between Forts Lafayette and Richmond, to the eastward of buoys Nos. 11, 13 and 15, on West Bank, both going and returning; around the stakeboat on the Spit, from west to east, and around home stakeboat from east to west.

The Start.—Favored by the elements, and amid such surroundings, the yachts awaited the signal to depart. It was really a scene of beauty and inspiration. For a moment the music on the guests' steamboat ceased. The schooners were in advance, the Tidal Wave being the foremost from the westward. The first class sloops came next, with the Addie V. the windward position; then the third class sloops, with the Qui Vive the lucky place, and, last, the open boats, with the Flyaway to the westward. The occasion was a momentous one, and, while the judges delayed, the competitors—Tidal Wave, Madeline, Addie V. and Gracie—attracted great and deserved attention. A shrill whistle from the Sleepy Hollow warned them to prepare, and at 11h. 31m. a.m., the second hoarse shriek from the steamer made the yachts "Go," and good speed. A prettier start was never effected. The Tidal Wave took the wind full, with the Madeline, Qui Vive and other prominent race horses following.

The appearance of the fleet was such at the inception of the race as to evoke the most enthusiastic admiration of all. The fair spectators waved delicate cambrics, and gentlemen their hats and cheered lustily.

At Owl's Head nobly did all strive to obtain the lead. The tidy Addie was dead to windward and in slack water, with foresail, mainsail, jib, flying jib and gaff-topsail set, leading the Gracie with the same canvas, while the little Qui Vive shot ahead of the Daphne and White Cap. To leeward of those were the Madeline, working with a will and creeping ahead of the Tidal Wave and Calypso, with their jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, gaff-topsails, fore and mainsails and staysails set. The rest were strung out on different tacks and at various distances, showing symptoms of considerable activity.

Through the Narrows a more eager group never passed. Entering it one of the prettiest contests ever witnessed took place between the schooners Madeline, Tidal Wave and Calypso, stretching first from the Long Island shore into the mid-channel, and reaching back again and again, until the Madeline led her class fully half-a-mile. No less active in the advance were the Addie V. and Gracie. They sailed and tacked together, each keenly competing for the supremacy, and though near enough for the crews to speak to each other, the Addie V. had the windward and leading positions. The smaller boats were spread far and wide. The wind was too light for the schooners to display all their sailing qualities, while others it suited exactly and it pleased the ladies hugely. Boisterous winds and chopping seas are huge humbugs to them on a race. At this point to those on the judges' steamboat the scene was picturesque, and so keenly exciting as to be long remembered.

At the South-west Spit along the point of Coney Island the same condition of affairs existed, the schooners, however, not doing so well as before. The Addie V. and Gracie were still side by side almost. At this point the steamship Samaria, laden with passengers, who cheered the yachts lustily, added to the brilliancy of the sight. The steamboats were in advance at the South-west Spit, and all were anxious there to observe the relative position of the yachts. With all sail that would draw they came down and rounded the Spit as follows:—Addie V. 1h. 48m. 15s.; Gracie, 1h. 48m. 50a. Qui Vive, 1h. 58m. 25s.; Orion, 1h. 58m. 45s.; Madeline, 2h. 0m. 25s.; White Cap, 2h. 1m., 30s.; Tidal Wave, 2h. 2m. 15s.; Daphne, 2h. 3m. 15s.; Anna, 2h. 8m. 10s.; Flyaway, 2h. 12m. 40s.; Vivid, 2h. 14m. 35s.; Calypso, 2h. 14m. 55s.; Viking, 2h. 16m. 25s.; Apollo, 2h. 18m. 10s.; Alarm, 2h. 18m. 25s. Storm King, 2h. 21m. 30s.

This was the end of the outward course for the first class sloops, and so soon as the Spit was rounded by them they started for home, the Flyaway leading handsomely, but followed keenly by the new boat Vivid. The balance, sixteen beautiful boats, with full spread of canvas bowled away for the Outer Bar buoy.

The Addie V. and Gracie had persevered so pleasingly and successfully, still maintaining the lead of the fleet, that it continued the same close contest as it had commenced. Likewise the larger schooners were making a bold struggle. The boats timed at the buoy of the outer bar were the leading one of the second and third class sloops, whose seaward journey terminated thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Qui Vive	2 36 15	White Cap	2 39 50
Orion	2 37 16	Anna	2 48 30

As soon as they started their sheets for home up went their balloon jibs, and before the wind they bowled merrily to finish their portion of the race. The steamboat Sleepy Hollow, with its freight of beauty, also turned face homewards from this point.

The lightship :—Excitement and earnestness were the characteristics here. Each yacht of those who were compelled to proceed to this point had every such of available canvas set, and down they came, the Gracie leading, having in the latter part of the contest from Sandy Hook walked ahead of the Addie V., with the Tidal Wave to the windward and leading the Madeline, another unexpected change. It seemed that the latter had also lost her advantage under the point of Sandy Hook by some awkward manœuvre, and she was beaten around the lightship the same amount of time as she was ahead of the Tidal Wave at the South-west Spit. The table will give the time, and by it the relative distances between them can be adjudged. The wind still continued from the south-east, quite light :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Gracie	3 24 0	Tidal Wave	3 51 25
Addie V.	3 24 43	Madeline	3 54 25

The contest between the schooners to round the ship in advance of the other demonstrated skill and judgment. The Tidal Wave had all canvas set, and the Madeline likewise, excepting her staysail. The Gracie had her mainsail, jib and gaff-topsail set, as did the Addie V. After the latter had started her sheets, a mistake, or at least thought so on the judge's boat, was made by her crew in booming out her jib, by which she lost fully a quarter-of-a-mile. Had she hauled on the Gracie's windward quarter instead, she would undoubtedly have easily bothered her all the distance to the South-west Spit, and beaten her home.

At the home stakeboat from the lightship it was a determined struggle. Amid the booming of small cannon, the cheering of overjoyed men and the enthusiasm of the ladies, the home stakeboat was rounded by the competing boats as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vivid	4 54 20	Qui Vive	5 36 0	Jennie	6 16 50
Flyaway	5 5 45	Daphne	5 36 53	Gracie ..	6 42 35
Viking	5 11 50	Anna	5 52 45	Addie V.	6 52 23
Apollo	5 12 55	Storm King.....	6 4 10	Tidal Wave	7 2 15
Jennie (c. b.) ...	5 23 15	Nimbus	6 4 44	Madeline	7 8 11
Coquette	5 28 36	Alarm	6 6 28	Calypso	7 49 20
White Cap	5 31 48	Richard Kelly...	6 10 30	Lois (not timed.)	
Orion	5 32 8				

Although the yachts came in to the stakeboat in this manner it was not known till the following day, owing to the experimental manner in which the time allowances of the club is made for lengths and immersed midship sections, who had won the prizes. The judges declined to make any official

announcement. Owing to the fatal mistake of the Tidal Wave in rounding the home stakeboat to leeward, instead of to windward, according to the sailing regulations, and a protest was laid against her by the owner of the Madeline.

THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT SELENE.*

BY ONE OF HER CREW.

Glimpses of Spain.—The Spanish coast was no nearer by sundown, but the schooner was edging towards it. The light wind carried her easily. The summer had returned: the airs of twilight were pleasant as the sun went down. Light dresses and the draperies of warm lands were showing aft; the sailors were leaving their winter garb below. It was pleasant to leave the rainy north.

The dog-watch was like a night in harbour. The fiddler of Dunvegan was in demand; he was coaxed into humour, his fiddle was praised, his music was declared good for "waltzes." The stewardess came forward to see the dancing: the mate was polite to her, the men were polite to her. She stood by the windlass, and spoke in broken English. Her blue eyes and jolly laugh were talked about. She belonged to the land of the Princess Alexandra, and that made her popular enough. She danced and Vallance played—played as if all the M'Leods of Dunvegan had been before him.

On the 6th of October, hazy peaks were visible amid the white clouds that swept along the coast. "They looked like the Coolin Hills" Dongie said. The steward and the cooks were in office to-day. It was a birthday—the *fete* day of one of the young ladies. Something uncommon was going on about the pantry and the galley. All the artistic resources of the "wee doctor"—the little cook—were exhausted, and it was confessed he had surpassed himself. Ferguson and Forresters' windows were never more attractive than the galley when the doctor's work was shown. It was a handsome cake, the architectural beauties of which dazzled the steward, who was supposed to have seen and tasted everything. Skylarking filled up the evening, and the mirth reached its height when a service of grog was sent forward for the occasion. Every one drank long life and happiness to the lady, and Phil hoped there might be a birthday once a week. The revelling met no hindrance from the weather. The night was breathless, "a flat calm" everywhere. The plash of porpoises, the faint cry of sea-birds, alone disturbed the silence. In the dawn the sea lay calm and shining. The molton silver of the ceaseless swell shimmered in the sun; far off the gulls circled over signs of fish, or it might be drifting wreck—the haunted waifs that darken all the sea.

. * Continued from page 289.

At 10h. a.m., a breath from out the west streaked the waters, and the white sails filling hitched the ship along. With an easy motion she drifted towards the opening land. As the wind freshened we swooped through a fleet of Portuguese fishing-boats, quaint outlandish craft, swarming with men. The clumsy boats were no bigger than our smaller herring smacks, and they were miles off the land. A little mast stepped well forward, and, leaning over the bow, slung the long boom and the latteen sail, and swept them fast to windward. How they might ride out a gale surpassed Barker's learning.

The fishing-boats were fully manned, forty men were counted on board some of them, crowding from end to end like galley slaves. Brightly dressed and gesturing in their talk, Phil declared they looked like boats in a theatre "as were caryin' pirates to attack a pasteboard castle." The boats were bedizened with colours, paints were lavishly plastered across them. Green dolphins and flaming serpents were daubed upon their stems; crosses and curious signs were stuck up "to keep the wind fair."

By the close of the dog-watch the breeze had freshened, and, with her squaresail set, the *Selene* was running past the Mondiego Light at some nine knots. The fine night brought all on deck, and perplexed the steward about the coffee being in season, to him of more importance than setting suns and splendid scenery. But he had other work in hand. The doctor was summoned to garotte cacklers in the hencoops, and festoon them over the taffrail. We were nearing "The Rock," where the coops might be filled again, and where the sailors knew their "baccy pouches" could be filled at a shilling a pound. Vallance was flattered into screwing up his fiddle, and he played his best to charm the stewardess forward for a dance, but he said he might "as weel whistle for mermaids frae Doonvegan Head,"

The Rock of Lisbon to Trafalgar.—At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 8th. the Birlings were passed. At 9h. a.m., Lisbon Rock hove in sight, bold and bluff, leading the eye into the wide mouth of the Tagus. The *Selene* was running fast, rippling through shoals of sardines, in which porpoises and bonita were playing havoc. The porpoises were circling like the coils of sea-serpents all about the yacht, and within provoking reach. The schooner's fore-foot was ploughing up the fry like silvery spangles, and in her wake their sheen glittered for a long way. But there was no means of taking them. Vallance was an old whaler as well as a fiddler, and he was begged to show his skill on the porpoises. He got over the bow, with his "grains" ready for a stroke, but the fish seemed to know him, as the "coons" did the Yankee colonel. He got many hints from the crew. Barker was chief counsellor, and shouted as the prey came near. No sooner was Vallance on the alert than the porpoise "down helm" and lay a different course.

The 9th was another flat calm, and the ship was tossed about from dawn till sunset. The steward spent the day burnishing, and handed rifles and handspikes to the men to clean: it was a heavy scouring, and wrung questions from the crew. "Is the steward frightened for his silver plate among the pirates about the islands?" suggested Billy, and the bos'an knew this for

certain. Crews had been lost about the coasts, where the Turks had it all their own way, and if the yacht got shoaled the guns might be needed.

But the day was filled with evil surmises. With the preparations for breakfast a report spread that the water was finished. The cook had been heaving at the tank-pump, and could hardly get what would boil the coffee. There was no water for washing, the threatened drouth spread aft, and long faces foreboded some fatality. The forecastle was filled with stories about crews perishing for water. The bos'an remembered when in the Indies having the water shared, skipper and all having a pint a day. "An' as I was in the cabin and found the cap'in bottlin' his share, I used to steal it rather than the wine or the rum in the lockers. So I niver hears a burn runnin' to waste without being vexed." "And the steward has been on short allowance hisself," explained the mate; I've heer'd him tell o' bein' forty days on a cupful reg'lar, and when he landed at Gourock he ran straight from the boat to the Bore Well."

The want of water spread as fast as an alarm of fire, but it did not reach the steward till the mischief was done. He had taken care to keep certain tanks in reserve in case of heavy washings, and when he screwed these on there was water enough. But the steward left us to wonder, and by mid-day the death-rattle was gathering in dry throats. But he got his blessings in Gaelic and English, and it was only hoped the water would keep scarce till the grog was served.

"*The Pillars of Hercules.*"—Another day's sail would bring the *Selene* to Gibraltar, and the thought helped to shorten the way. The wind came away eastward, and brought lots of vessels down the "Straits." Steamers and sailing vessels—English, French, Spanish, and Russian—ran past before the breeze.

October 10th brought the wind fair but light. Balloon canvas was set to draw the schooner on end, but by mid-day the wind shifted and boxed about from every point of the compass. When it had found its berth it came away from the eastward with a spurt. With double-reefed mainsail and foresail the schooner was hauled on the wind, and caught it.

The breeze was stiff, and, with the tide against it, shortened the sea. The *Selene* took it as sharp as the gale in the Channel, and kept the cooks busy securing "their loose gear." "Call all hands to reef coppers" was heard in the galley, and the wee doctor's ingenuity was taxed by various devices.

The fair wind brought a fleet from the eastward and some of the larger liners. From these the *Selene* received a salute. Through the darkness care was needed to steer clear of the crowding vessels passing ahead and astern of the yacht. The Straits are an anxious passage when a wind-bound fleet gets under weigh, and Phil declared it looked that night as if the London docks had got adrift. Barker thought it was worse than being off Kempock without a candle in the lantern.

With the daybreak the vessels cleared away, and the wind, which had freshened, took off as the Bay of Gibraltar was opened.

Before the Light of Tarifa had been reached davits vere shipped and

boats hung out. A murmur of expectation rang about the vessel, and the approaching port brought smiles to every face.

"*The Rock*."—A haze hid the Rock until the *Selene* was under it. Vast and grim it came out of the mist, a huge wall, over which the driving vapours played fantastically. Bastions, embrasures, turrets, and gables shaped themselves in the smoke that made a mystery of the hill. The muzzles of cannon lay everywhere—through crevices, through all the blackest crannies. Death frowned over every mass of masonry. In the silvery light, and with the sun beyond it, the iron crag loomed with an evil hardness.

The *Kéelock* was let go well into the bay, near convenient landings, and snug enough unless the wind came in heavy from the Ceuta shore. But the Bay of Gibraltar is no good anchorage. It wants the Holy Island or Davar right in the mouth of it. "And with ever so little slew of the point," said Dougall, "the harbour would have been one of the finest in the world."

In Barker's eyes our arrival brought upon the yacht a needless insult. The Custom House boats came alongside, and with a pair of tongs the official caught our papers, perused them, and returned them, without ever touching them with his hands. "Does the man think we've brought the itch," Barker indignantly inquired. *Pratique* was obtained without parley, and we were permitted the freedom of the port.

(To be continued).

SPORTING SCHOONER YACHT.

A vessel of this class, named the *Oasis*, of about 30 tons, was launched on the 13th inst, at Cobholm Island, from the premises of Frederick Palmer, Esq., South Beach Lodge, Great Yarmouth. This craft is intended for wild fowl shooting in Holland and North of Scotland; she is also well adapted for fishing, and is a very powerful vessel, having great beam will stand under a heavy press of canvas, her light draught (5ft. 6in.) and flat floor will enable her to take the ground, which is very essential for wild fowl shooting. Great care has been taken in her construction, under the inspection of Lloyd's Surveyor, and no expense spared in making her one of the most comfortable vessels of her class; she is built of oak, metal fastened; her cabins are fitted up with every convenience, not to be found in many vessels double her tonnage; and she is intended only for cruising and sporting, the owner has planned her accordingly. The builder, Samuel Winter, of Yarmouth, deserves great credit for the care he has taken in the construction of the *Oasis*, the largest of her class ever built in the Eastern Counties.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- July 1—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta
 4—Cambria and Dauntless Match, Old Head of Kinsale to Sandy Hook, New York
 5—Kinsale Harbour Regatta
 7—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Wroxham
 9—Royal London Yacht Club Third-class Cutters and Handicap Match
 9—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match for Champion Prize of £100, £35 added
 11—Royal Yorkshire Club Channel Match for Commodore Ashbury's Cup
 12, 13, 14—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta
 14, 15—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta at Hull
 15—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Single-handed Match
 16—New Brighton Sailing Club Match
 17—Havre Yacht Club Match for French Yachts
 18—Havre Yacht Club Match open to all Nations
 18—Royal Ulster Yacht Club Regatta, Belfast Lough
 19—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match from Bangor (Belfast) to Lamlash
 19—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta
 19, 20—Royal Western Yacht Club of England and Plymouth Regatta
 21—Temple Yacht Club
 21—Clyde Yacht Club Regatta
 21—Havre Yacht Club Channel Match from Havre to Cherbourg and back
 22, 23, Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta
 23—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match, Gravesend to Ramsgate
 26—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match
 30—Cheshire Yacht Club Match

FINE ARTS.

We have to notice a beautiful lithograph, by Mr. Josiah Taylor, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match of 1869, on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in his screw steam yacht Alexandra. The Royal Yacht is shewn leading down to the Mouse, with the Gloriana heading the racing fleet, and the other schooners well up. These likenesses are well preserved, and it is not only a pretty yachting subject (particularly as there is a very successful attempt at making a "picture" instead of giving a mere transcript of the yachts) but also as a *souvenir* of the interest taken by His Royal Highness in our national aquatic sports.

THE AMERICAN YACHT "SAPPHO."—We have received a print of this vessel, but are compelled to defer our criticism for want of space; it is published by Mr. Foster, 17, Billiter-street. E.C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The reports of several Yacht Matches are unavoidably postponed. We shall be obliged to our country correspondents by an earlier remittance of their reports.

HUNT'S
YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1st, 1870.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

KINGSTOWN harbour may or may not have been honoured with a more numerous fleet of yachts during past regattas but there certainly never were so many racing yachts entered to contend for the different prizes as on the 12th and 13th of July A.D. '70. Then the weather was all glorious, and albeit there were those who wanted more wind on the first day, we don't think that even the Englishman's privilege to grumble could with anything like propriety be exercised this year, as though the wind was certainly light it was of sufficient force to allow the yachts to go round the various courses in very fair time.

The first race was for the "biguns" and the Queen's Cup attracted yachts from almost every known yacht club and almost every yachting port in the kingdom, and brought to the post :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1289	Omiara	cutter	159	J. Wyllie, Esq.	Steel
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1079	Mosquito	cutter	61	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
428	Enid	yawl	42	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill.Ir Wks
956	Marinetta	cutter	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Payne
1520	Rose of Devon ...	cutter	137	E. Johnston, Esq.	Harvey

The wind came in light from the East and long before the time appointed for the start one and all of this fine fleet were seen moving out of the harbour to prepare for the flying start which the committee considered more desirable than the ordinary way of slipping from moorings. In many respects this new method is decidedly preferable, much trouble is saved the various crews and the risk of carrying away some cleat or half one's bulwarks, when blowing fresh, either by head or stern-fast is avoided, then the greater judgment displayed is sure to meet with its proper reward as it should do ; but on the other hand there is great scope for trickery on the part of those captains who do as they like with their vessel and their owners—unfortunately a far too numerous class—and committees should appoint a starter who is capable of forming an opinion in any case of jostling, and visit the offender with condign punishment. The course was the old first-class course, from harbour to Rosbeg, thence to Kish, flag-boat off Muglin and back to boat off harbour three times round, and a few minutes after ten o'clock they all filled to a very good start with large topsails aloft.

The Enid and Marinetta were first to show in front, but it was quite impossible that they could long hold their own in such company, and they were soon overshadowed by the piles of canvas heaped on the Rose of Devon and Fiona, the latter sailing remarkably well and holding her own as she always does in light weather with the larger craft, while the little Vindex was sticking to her in return in a marvellous manner and giving the Mosquito a lesson in sailing she will not easily forget. The first round was completed thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rose of Devon	1	2	13	Mosquito	1	11	0	Marinetta	1	16	5
Fiona	1	3	15	Oimara	1	13	0	Gwendolin	1	18	5
Vindex	1	7	13	Enid	1	14	25	Phryne	1	25	28
Egeria	1	9	25								

Spinnakers which had been in great demand from the Kish were now hauled in and sheets flattened for the beat to the Rosbeg, and as the wind freshened a little the smaller craft had to succumb to size and power, and the Oimara seemed to gather fresh life as she passed one after another of her opponents and got into the third place, the Mosquito and Egeria also weathered on the Vindex, but the Rose of Devon and the Fiona held their own and still continued in advance, the second round terminating :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rose of Devon	2	51	30	Mosquito	3	5	30	Enid	3	12	0
Fiona	2	54	30	Vindex	3	7	30	Marinetta	3	17	0
Oimara	2	58	30	Gwendolin	3	10	30	Phryne (not timed)			
Egeria	3	1	0								

On the last beat to the Kish the Oimara passed the Fiona, which had so long kept her under her lee, and rapidly closed on Rose of Devon, but the race was virtually at an end after the second round as Fiona had plenty of time to spare over her larger opponents and her smaller ones were far enough off, the Pier head, this year made the winning post, being passed thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rose of Devon	5	17	12	Egeria	5	29	50	Enid	5	58	43
Oimara	5	19	11	Mosquito	5	35	20	Marinetta	6	6	18
Fiona	5	20	56	Gwendolin	5	46	24				

The Fiona being proclaimed the victor.

For the second class yachts under 40 tons, the committee gave two prizes, the first a purse of 40 sovs., and 20 of the same kind for the second vessel and a right good entry was their reward :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1809	Torpid	cutler	28	Geo. B. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.
576	Foxhound	cutler	35	Ailsa Marquis of	Fife
826	Kilmeny	cutler	30	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Fife
1083	Muriel	cutler	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
638	Glance	cutler	35	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	
463	Eveleen	cutler	40	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Fife
2045	Xema	cutler	34	Robert N. Batt, Esq.	Hook

And here for the first time Fife's new 40-tonner came to try conclusions with Hatcher's crack, but seeing that she only arrived in harbour the day before, it is impossible yet to say how she can sail with the celebrated southener The new Fife is a fine looking vessel though not so handsome as the Kilmeny, and there is a vast difference between Mr. Keogh's 40-tonner of this year and that of last, and 'ere long he will no doubt get the Eveleen into her trim and probably have all but the Muriel under her lee, as the Eveleen showed undeniable signs of great speed during her first two days racing, but whether she will ever get Mr. Bridson's yacht there remains to be proved.

The start was the same as in the former race, and the Muriel hitting the line and the time to a nicety got away with the lead, closely followed by Kilmeny and Torpid but before the latter could get away on her, others came up with free sheets and took all the wind out of her sails, and she had to be completely blanketed by Eveleen and Foxhound. It was a beat to the Rosbeg, and from thence the same tactics to the Kish which was rounded in the following order :—Muriel, Kilmeny, Eveleen, Xema, Foxhound, Torpid, and Glance the latter going in anything like her proper form, and whether the old racer found her

new rider's spurs a little too sharp for her and put her back up and refused to go, or whatever else may have affected her, there is no doubt but that all Tom Truckle's persuasions were useless and that she would not jog along at all ; in the meantime the others were coming on at a rattling pace, from the Kish the Foxhound, (rather an odd name for a yacht by the way) passing Xema and running up fast with Eveleen, the flag-boat off the pier being passed the first round :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	1 16 0	Foxhound	1 21 20	Torpid	1 25 0
Kilmeny	1 18 50	Zema	1 24 50	Glance	1 32 0
Eveleen	1 20 0				

Once more sheets were hauled in for the beat to the Rosbeg, and Eveleen began to improve her position by passing Kilmeny, but the Foxhound made a better tack towards the Kish and here took second place, but so hard pressed by Eveleen that she had little to boast of; here the Torpid having sailed very well all day unfortunately carried away her topsail-yard which sadly delayed her. All now hoisting spinnakers made their way back to the harbour in hot haste—Eveleen passed Foxhound on the run in, the race being finished :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	3 36 46	Foxhound	3 45 59	Xema	3 52 7
Eveleen	3 45 52	Kilmeny	3 48 9	Torpid	3 55 25

The Muriel winning the first prize and the Foxhound the second, though a protest was lodged by Kilmeny against the Muriel on the grounds of her having fouled the Torpid at starting but which could not be substantiated. On coming into the harbour the Eveleen ran down a boat which was most unwarrantably pulling about in the very track that the yachts had to take, and it was fortunate that nothing further than a ducking happened to the occupant of the boat. It seems marvellous that men and women should be pulling about all day, the one as a rule about as fit to be in a boat as the other, courting a mishap, as in the crowded state of the harbour it was most difficult to bring a yacht in without touching some one of the numerous vessels at anchor, while a parcel of longshore idiots kept pulling about by way of adding to the difficulties of the various skippers and putting themselves in imminent peril.

The next race ought to have been for the 20 ton class, but in this instance it was not a twenty ton class as the veteran Phantom 27 tons, not liking to meet her own class on the briny put a boat hook on her stern and called herself a yawl, thus getting the three-fourths allowance and entering as a 20-ton boat. Great was the outcry and hard words were muttered, but rules are rules and must be abided by, though when

made people cannot always foresee the advantage that can be taken of them, and the small fry had to knock under and meet, some of them, a vessel double their size.—The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
648	Glide	cutter	15	J. W. Griffith, Esq.	Fulton
831	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Captain Iremonger	Owner
1675	Spray	cutter	16	Right Hon. C. R. Barry	Marshall
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
1380	Phantom	cutter	20	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
1635	Syren	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1439	Queen	cutter	15	W. R. Johnson, Esq.	Hatcher
1568	Satanella	cutter	15	W. A. Tomlinson, Esq.	Aldous
1487	Ripple	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	Fulton

It was arranged that this class should start from their anchors, but it was very much delayed by the official who had to place the small buoys which are put down to indicate the station, and the consequence was that they did not get off until twelve, just half-an-hour after the appointed time. Lizzie went to front followed by Satanella, Syren, Queen, Phantom, Kittiwake, Glide, Ripple, and Spray, in which order they rounded the South Bar Buoy; on the beat out to the Rosbeg Lizzie still kept the lead, Kittiwake passing Satanella, Syren, Queen, and Phantom and taking second place, but on the reach to the Burford buoys Phantom again passed her, and they rounded the flag-boat off the harbour the first time :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lizzie	1 57 45	Syren	2 4 15	Glide	2 5 45
Phantom.....	2 0 30	Satanella	2 5 0	Ripple	2 9 0
Kittiwake	2 2 15	Queen	2 5 20	Spray	2 9 30

The wind here freshened, and with the help of balloon foresails they soon reached the South Bar Buoy without however any alteration of position. Round the South Bar Buoy the sheets were once more flattened in, and again the Kittiwake overhauled Phantom though unable to come up to her, Lizzie still creeping away from both. After the North Burford was rounded sheets were eased a little when Phantom began to walk off again, and the Queen to pass Syren and Satanella, and threaten Kittiwake, the race eventually terminating —

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lizzie	3 55 52	Kittiwake	4 8 25	Syren	4 14 9
Phantom	4 0 19	Queen	4 8 36	Rest not timed	

The Kittiwake and Queen on rushing for the flag-ship at the rate of some eight knots an hour nearly demolished a gentleman and his punt, and to judge by his face, which was of the colour denominated blue, he

will hardly put himself in the same position again. One other race completed the day's programme and brought to a termination one of the best day's sailing ever seen in Dublin Bay, that for yachts under 10 tons which brought to the post :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
52	Amba	cutter	9	F. Connor, Esq.	Shanks
1085	Myrrha	schooner	6	A. Falkner, Esq.	Walsh
1365	Peri.....	cutter	5	J. Rogers, Esq.	Williamson
1072	Mora	cutter	10	T. W. Casack, Esq.	
1206	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	

This race was very well contested for a long time the little Myrrha holding her own against her larger opponents in a most creditable manner, but as the breeze freshened she was obliged to succumb to power, so far as the Naiad was concerned though not as regards the other craft, the race eventually terminating :—

		h. m. s.			h. m. s.
Naiad	2 44 22		Amba 2 52 7
Myrrha	2 48 50		Peri 2 57 29

The Naiad receiving her first prize.

Wednesday the 13th :—Completely established one's generally pre-conceived ideas as to the glorious uncertainty of all things maritime, as after having had some twenty-four hours of a light wind from the S.E. a slashing breeze set in from the N.W. early on the morning of the second day of the regatta, and it would be difficult to conceive more perfect yachting weather, as it was breezy without being cold and bright without that strong summer glare which is often so unpleasant on the water. The first prize really earned the good entry that it brought the Royal St. George, offering 100 sovereigns for the first boat and 50 sovereigns for the second if five started, open to all yachts of any rig.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builder.
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1289	Oimara	cutter	159	J. Wylie, Esq.	Steel
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1070	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
1520	Rose of Devon ..	cutter	137	E. Johnston, Esq.	Harvey
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mil In. Wks
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. Gibb, Esq.	Camper

came to the post some time before the appointed hour, and at ten minutes past ten a very good flying start was effected. The Oimara had a square-headed gaff-topsail but all the others were content with jib-headers. The Phryne made a very bad start, but the others got away in a ruck, and during the sudden turn round the buoy off the harbour, whether from having fouled one of the others or from her topmast rigging not having been properly secured, the little Vindex lost her topmast and with it of course all chance of a good position in the race. In the run to the Rosbeg the Oimara went to the front, followed closely by Rose of Devon and Fiona, the others being huddled together. In the reach to the Kish the Egeria managed to secure the first place, but on the beat to the flag-boat off the harbour the big cutters again went to the front, the first round finishing :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rose of Devon	12	16	30	Pleiad.....	12	29	30	Gwendolin.....	12	32	35
Oimara	12	17	30	Fiona	12	30	0	Phryne	12	46	0
Mosquito	12	23	0	Egeria	12	31	35	Vindex	12	53	0

It will thus be seen how close the match was between the two big cutters and how well the old Mosquito was holding her own in such company, while Major Ewing's schooner, in the strong wind, was showing the Egeria that there is that in her which in rough weather will make her a most formidable antagonist. On the wind to the Rosbeg the Pleiad unfortunately carried away her fore-topmast which put her "*hors de combat*"—On the beat back from the Kish during the second round the Mosquito lost a good deal of ground by standing too much to the northward, while the Oimara improved her position by weathering on Rose of Devon and going into first place, the flag-boat off the harbour being again rounded :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara.....	2	38	30	Fiona	3	3	50	Gwendolin	3	5	30
Rose of Devon	2	42	0	Egeria.....	3	4	40	Pleiad	3	12	3
Mosquito	3	8	0								

In the third and last round no material alteration took place as regards the two leading yachts, but the Fiona improved her position a little, the race eventually terminating :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	4	57	38	Egeria	5	33	5	Mosquito	5	38	16
Rose of Devon..	5	2	40	Gwendolin	5	33	38	Pleiad	5	39	33
Fiona	5	26	1								

The Oimara and Rose of Devon thus securing first and second prize, and giving another instance of the superiority of the cutter rig.

The next race for 40 and 20 sovereigns for first and second boat of vessels under 40 tons brought an admirable entry —

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1809	Torpid	cutter	28	G. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.
576	Foxhound	cutter	35	Marquis of Ailsa	Fife
826	Kilmeny	cutter	30	P. French, Esq.	Fife
1083	Muriel.....	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
638	Glance	cutter	35	J. Rushton, Esq.	
463	Eveleen	cutter	40	T. Keogh, Esq.	Fife
2046	Xema	cutter	35	R. Batt, Esq.	Hook

Jib-headers and housed topmasts were the order of the day, the Eveleen taking the lead in a very good flying start. She was followed by Glance, Xema, and Muriel in the order named ; a change soon however took place as all thr   had one after another to succumb to the Muriel, and the Kilmeny followed in her wake, the Glance though going better still keeping her ears back and kicking at the new arrangement, and it must have been a relief to those who have been in the habit of seeing nothing but old Tom Truckle's "s  ant" before them, now to have the opportunity of seeing his frontispiece behind them. The first round was completed thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	1 5 0	Eveleen	1 12 0	Foxhound	1 21 0
Kilmeny	1 11 15	Xema	1 16 52	Glance.....	1 21 45

In the second round but little difference could be noticed in the respective sailing of the yachts, except that Glance gave it up as a bad job the others coming in thus ;—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	3 54 40	Eveleen	4 8 51	Foxhound	4 12 39
Kilmeny	4 7 4	Xema	4 9 32		

Muriel again asserting her supremacy and the Kilmeny turning over the "young un's" from the same rearing ground.

For the race for yachts under 20 tons there was the same entry as on the previous day but the Satanella, Glide, Ripple, and Magnet, thought it useless in such a breeze to contend against the two 20-tonners backed by the Phantom, which with aforesaid boat hook and boat sail again entered with the smaller fry, and so withdrew, those starting consisting of:—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
831	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
1380	Phantom.....	cutter	20	D. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
1439	Queen	cutter	15	W. Johnson, Esq.	Hatcher
1635	Syren	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1675	Spray	cutter	16	Right Hon. C. Barry	Marshall

The race like that of the preceding day was, after some little struggling on the part of the others, left to the Lizzie and the Phantom, the final round was completed :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lizzie	2 0 0	Kittiwake	2 7 10	Syren.....	2 10 0
Phantom	2 1 0	Queen	2 9 0	Spray.....	2 26 0

The wind lightening a little jib-headed-topsails and second jibs were now replaced with larger canvas. On the second round something went wrong with the Kittiwake which allowed the Siren and Queen to weather on her, and though she again caught the former she was unable to regain her lost ground of the latter, the contest ending :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lizzie	3 55 17	Queen	4 9 27	Syren	4 15 45
Phantom	3 59 42	Kittiwake	4 11 53	Spray (not timed)	

The Lizzie and Phantom thus again coming in first and second, but inasmuch as Lizzie's skipper while exercising his usual ingenuity managed to overstep the rules of the road by jostling, she lost 'first prize which went to Phantom, Queen taking the second.

The last race was for the 10-tonners as under, and as the wind had now moderated all that had entered put in an appearance :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
52	Amba	cutter	9	F. Connor, Esq.	Shanks
1085	Myrrha ..	cutter	6	T. Falkner, Esq.	Walsh
1365	Peri.....	cutter	5	J. Rogers, Esq.	Williams
1072	Mora	cutter	10	J. Cusack, Esq.	
1206	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	

And the latter well deserved her double victory in coming all the way from Liverpool to contend against the Irish boat. The last round was completed as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Naiad	2 42 15	Peri	2 56 7
Amba	2 51 24	Myrrha	3 5 57

The Naiad of course repeating her victory of yesterday. Then came races, punt races, duck hunts, fireworks, roulette, and finally darkness, chaos and hopes of as good a regatta for '71.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS old established club held its regatta on June 30th, and 1st July, which was well supported by a large attendance of yachts. The first race was for yachts exceeding 40 tons ; time race, prize £30. The following entered and started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
576	Foxhound	cutter	35	Marquis of Ailsa	Fife
1083	Muriel	cutter	39	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
936	Kilmeny	cutter	30	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Fife
946	Mamie	cutter	23	H. H. O'Bryen, Esq.	

Course ;—from harbour round eastern flag-boat moored off Poor Head to western flag-boat off Cork Head, thence back to Bar Rock buoy, twice round, to win opposite the club-house battery. The second gun was fired punctually at eleven o'clock, when all got away on even terms. Mamie, with a balloon-foreasil and square-headed top-sail, having the berth to windward, drew ahead of the ruck, followed by Foxhound and Kilmeny with jib-headed topsails, Muriel in the rear with second square-header aloft. Before they got to the Spit, however, they all reached past Mamie, and jibed over their booms to port, the wind being about N.N.W., a nice whole-sail breeze, but puffy, and sheets were eased off for a run down through the Man of War roads. Kilmeny ranged past Foxhound, and Muriel, who now began to step out, served her the same trick, and off Roche's Point she went to the front and held that position for the rest of the match, with Kilmeny in rather dangerous promimity occasionally, until she carried away her bobstay at the western flag-boat on the second round, and gave up. On the beat back between the forts for the Bar Rock buoy, for the completion of the first round, Mamie carried away the hook of her bobstay, and gave up, so that the conclusion of the match lay between the Foxhound and Muriel alone, the latter having it all her own way. The following is the time the yachts passed the battery of the club-house at the finish :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	3 35 7		Foxhound..... 4 6 48

The next race was for a prize of £75, for yachts not exceeding 65 tons. The following started punctually at 12 o'clock.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lient. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
956	Marinetta	cutter	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Payne
1079	Mosquito.....	cutter	60	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
95	Avalanche	cutter	48	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Wheeler
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir Wks
428	Enid.....	yawl	56	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill
1890	Phryne	cutter	53	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher

Mosquito, Phryne, and Avalanche got off quickly, followed by Enid, Marinetta, Vanguard, and Vindex considerably astern, and in this order they passed the Spit, all with square-headed topsails and balloon head canvas. Enid lost no time in setting a spinnaker, the wind being nearly dead aft, and Phryne and Avalanche sent up jib-topsails. Vanguard drew on the yawl between the forts, the Marinetta with spinnaker set, and Avalanche having come up also, the quartette sailed nearly stem and stem down to Roche's Point. Mosquito still led, and after passing it all jibed over their booms to starboard, and ran for the eastern flag-boat, Enid making capital sailing on the run, and threatening Phryne's weather quarter. This mark was hauled round by all in the same relative positions, and they were just able to lay on their port tacks for the western flag-boat, which, with the exception of Mosquito, who had began to drop her boats, the others rounded about their own lengths apart from each other. Enid stood on her tack into the land, so did Vanguard, Marinetta, Avalanche, and Vindex, and they kept the western shore well aboard. Mosquito and Phryne tacked off, and led back past Roche's Point up into the Channel between the forts. Meantime Vanguard had been doing famous work in the turn to windward, and although Phryne put her about on port tack in reaching across from the east shore, she weathered her soon after, and took second place at two o'clock, dropping her very neatly. Shortly after she and Vanguard tacked to port, and they both weathered Avalanche, who was sailing all through the day with astonishing speed, and Vindex also, who now had got into the ruck and began to sail in her old form. Phryne took a board into Spike Island, and got a slant off the shore there, which enabled her to look up for the Bar Rock buoy ; but Mosquito being headed by the wind, had to make a short board to fetch it. Phryne in her anxiety to get round, tacked too soon, and having to luff up in the wind, made a close shave of it, the Bar Rock buoy was passed:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Mosquito	2 17 44	Phryne	2 19 20	Avalanche	2 19 34
Vanguard	2 18 5	Vindex	2 19 25	Marinetta	2 20 45

Just before rounding, *Avalanche* came to grief by carrying away her starboard crosstree, at a time when she was doing remarkably well. The *Vindex*, *Phryne*, and *Marinetta* got into a cluster, and ran almost bow and bow to Roche's Point. After passing it booms were jibed over as on the first round, and in the operation *Phryne's* topmast went by the board, and the sail got into the water, hampering her considerably. Approaching the eastern flag-boat square-headed topsails were stowed by all except *Marinetta*, the breeze having freshened up, with every indication of its increasing during the rest of the match, and *Avalanche* housed her topmast. *Mosquito* and *Vanguard* still led round the eastern flag-boat, and increased their lead in the close haul to the western flag-ship, where the yachts were timed :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Mosquito</i>	3 32 45	<i>Marinetta</i>	3 37 31	<i>Phryne</i>	3 40 0
<i>Vanguard</i>	3 34 43	<i>Vindex</i>	3 38 5	<i>Enid</i>	3 41 0
<i>Avalanche</i>	3 36 34				

Mosquito tacked to starboard after rounding. *Vanguard* held on, and stood well into the western shore before she went about, getting every stray puff out of the valleys and off the headlands until she got into a lull off Churchill, where the wind headed her. It was a beat up again through the Channel and Man of War roads, and the breeze still freshening up *Mosquito* continued gaining on all her boats. *Vanguard* and *Vindex* were by no means idle either, and appeared to be going along at a tremendous pace. *Phryne* too, despite of the want of her topsail, weathered on *Marinetta* in the beat, the latter appearing to have quite enough of it with her topsail, and she took the Bar Rock buoy from her. After a close haul to fetch the club battery the race, which was, perhaps, one of the best-contested matches that ever was sailed at Cork Harbour, terminated as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Mosquito</i>	4 25 2	<i>Vindex</i>	4 32 40	<i>Marinetta</i>	4 37 0
<i>Vanguard</i>	4 29 40	<i>Phryne</i>	4 34 41	<i>Enid</i>	4 38 28
<i>Avalanche</i>	4 32 11				

The *Mosquito* consequently won; *Vindex* second vessel on her time allowance.

The third match was for yachts not exceeding 15 tons; prize £10. The entries were :—*Queen*, 15 tons, W. R. Johnson, and *Laura*, 11 tons, Captain Allen, both of whom started, but shortly afterwards *Laura* gave up, leaving *Queen* to walk over.

Several rowing matches and other aquatic sports concluded the first day's amusements.



Friday, July 1st.—The first race to-day was for yachts not exceeding 25 tons; prize £26; same course as previous day, about 40 miles. The following started :—Queen, 15 tons, W. R. Johnson, Esq., Mamie, 23 tons, H. H. O'Bryen, Esq.

The Misty Morn, 15 tons, W. S. Crawford, Esq., and the Electra, 12 tons, N. M. Cummins Esq., were entered but did not take up their stations. The second gun fired punctually at 11 o'clock, when both got away quickly, Queen with a jib-headed topsail and balloon foresail, Mamie with topmast housed and an enormous balloon foresail that littrally tore her through the water under the influence of the strong breeze from the N.N.W., and she got round the Spit first, leading Queen round the eastern and western flag-boats back into the harbour to the Bar Rock buoy. It was rounded by Mamie at 1h. 8m. 23m. and Queen at 1h. 11h. 25m. In the run out to the eastern flag-boat for the second time Queen carried away the jaws of her gaff in the strong breeze, and gave up. The Mamie arrived off the club-house at 3h. 22m. 56s., and got the prize.

The second race was for yachts of all classes, open to members of royal yacht clubs and foreign yacht clubs : time race; prize £80. The course was the same as on the previous race. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rlg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lient. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
576	Foxhound	cutter	85	Marquis of Ailsa	Fife
1083	Muriel	cutter	39	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
523	Fiona	cutter	76	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
956	Marinetta	cutter	50	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Payne
1079	Mosquito	cutter	60	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
95	Avalanche,.....	cutter	48	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Wheeler
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill.IrWks
429	Enid	yawl	56	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill
1890	Phryne	cutter	55	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher

All took up their stations in line at the mooring buoys, with the exception of Muriel and Enid, for whom there were not any laid down, there being a much larger entry than was anticipated. Muriel took up a station at a large buoy that was in the rear of the line, and Enid started flying. The breeze having freshened up towards the time fixed for the start, they all hauled down a reef, except Mosquito and the yawl, who sent up a square-headed working topsail ; the others had jib-headers set over their reefed mainsails. Avalanche and Mosquito got

away, quickly followed by Vanguard, Fiona, Vindex, Foxhound, Phryne and Marinetta together, then Muriel, who was caught by a puff, and canted the wrong way at gunfire; and Enid, which came tearing up at full speed, and ran into the ruck at once. The entire fleet jibed as they approached the Spit, and on passing it sheets were eased off for a run down through the Channel, Mosquito now led, with Vanguard, Fiona and Avalanche in close proximity, and these four stuck to one another for almost the entire of the match. Enid set a mizen staysail, and got away from the ruck, tailing in Muriel's headway, who went past Foxhound, and the latter with Marinetta, Vindex, and Phryne formed a cluster in themselves, Vindex falling off as they reached Roche's Point. After passing it booms were cleverly jibed over again by all to starboard and the following was the order of the boats :—Mosquito leading with Avalanche on her weather, Vanguard under her lee, Fiona close up, the four forming a line, Enid a few cable length's astern, Muriel after her with Foxhound, Phryne, Marinetta, and Vindex in a ruck, and they all had to jibe again on nearing the eastern flag-boat, which was hauled round at the following times :—Vanguard, 12h. 44m. 10s.; Avalanche, 12h. 44m. 20s.; Fiona, 12h. 44m. 30s.; Mosquito, 12h. 44m. 30s.; Enid, 12h. 45m. 40s.; Muriel, 12h. 46m. 15s.; Marinetta, 12h. 47m. 15s.; Phryne, 12h. 47m. 15s.; Foxhound, 12h. 48m. 30s.; Vindex, 12h. 48m. 30s.

Exceedingly close work, there being hardly more than four minutes between the first and last vessels. Sheets were flattened for the close-haul to the western flag-boat, which was passed by Fiona and Mosquito, and by Vanguard and Avalanche in pairs together, the others rounding in the same order as at the last mark, wind freshening up, and all laying over well to the breeze as they made the harbour again. In the long reach Fiona succeeded in shaking off Mosquito, who was hanging on her weather, and Vanguard on her lee nearly all the journey up to the Bar Rock buoy, when the first round concluded as follows :—Fiona, 1h. 44m. 53s.; Mosquito, 1h. 46m. 30s.; Vanguard, 1h. 48m. 25s.; Avalanche, 1h. 51m. 18s.; Enid, 1h. 52m. 46s.; Phryne, 1h. 55m. 10s.; Muriel, 1h. 55m. 10s.; Marinetta, 1h. 55m. 56s.; Vindex, 1h. 56m. 30s.; Foxhound, 1h. 59m. 44s.

Fiona and Mosquito being lucky in getting round before the shift of wind, which caught the others and broke them off as they approached the buoy, forcing them to tack to fetch it. Balloon foresails again demanded by all, and jib-topsails on Muriel and Phryne for the run back to Roche's Point and out again to the eastern flag-boat. Fiona having now freed herself from her dangerous opponents, Mosquito

Vanguard, began to walk along with the lead, and had increased her gap between herself and them by some four minutes to the eastern flag-boat. The ruck also had tailed off considerably, the time at this mark being :—Fiona, 2h. 29m. 0s.; Mosquito, 2h. 33m. 20s.; Vanguard, 2h. 33m. 56s.; Avalance, 2h. 38m. 0s.; Enid, 2h. 41m. 10s.; Phryne, 2h. 43m. 5s.; Muriel, 2h. 45m. 5s., Marinetta, 2h. 47m. 55s.; Vindex, 2h. 50m. 35s. Foxhound not timed.

No further incident worthy of notice occurred in the close haul to the western flag-boat, which was rounded by the yachts in the same relative positions, or in the reach back to the Bar Rock buoy, for the second round, save that Muriel weathered on Phryne who, however, cut her out at the buoy. In the beat up to the club-house for the finish, Mosquito got hampered by a schooner, and was thrown out some seconds, and Muriel and Phryne had a jockeying match, tacking on each other's weather, which, however, ended in favour of Phryne. The race concluded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona	3	40	20	Avalanche	3	58	19	Muriel	4	2	59
Mosquito ...	3	45	13	Enid	4	0	27	Marinetta	4	8	46
Vanguard	3	48	7	Phryne	4	2	27				

Vindex and Foxhound were not timed.

The Fiona won the prize with a minute and twenty seconds to spare over her time allowance to the Mosquito. The latter is going remarkably well this year, and is still a hard one to beat. It is scarcely fair to judge of the Foxhound (Fife's new boat of this season) from her performances to-day or yesterday, as matters were not altogether to rights on board of her either day, besides her gear and canvas have yet to be stretched. It is quite plain that the trim of the Marinetta has not been ascertained, or she would doubtless have been in a very different position in the match.

A four-oared gig race followed by a grand display of fireworks in the evening, and a ball at the Queen's Hotel terminated the regatta, which so far as the aquatic department was concerned was the most successful meeting the Royal Cork Yacht Club have had for many seasons past.

OCEAN RACE FROM HARWICH TO HULL.

JULY 11TH.—This match caused considerable interest in the town of Harwich, which presented a very lively scene. The first prize, a 75 guinea cup, presented by J. Ashbury, Esq., and a second of 30 guineas given by the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club. Early in the morning the crews of the competing yachts were astir, and, there being but very light air from the north-east, they busied themselves in getting their fine-weather canvas ready.

At 10h. 30m. the gun was fired for the yachts to take their stations, but they were unable to reach there, it being a decided calm, and had to be towed to them. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1792	Surf.....	cutter	54	J. Tempest, Esq.	Fife
102	Avoset	yawl	87	Sir H. Bacon, Bart.	Wanhill
60	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons
809	Julia	cutter	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey

Punctually at 11 o'clock the starting gun was fired, and was quickly answered by a display of canvas, the first covered being the Avoset, which turned to windward, and Surf next to leeward, with the lead down the river, but for a short time, as the Avoset quickly overhauled her, Anita next, and Julia last, and in this position they rounded the Cork light ship, there being but four minutes between first and last.

Before reaching the Orfordness Lighthouses, the Julia managed to weather both the Anita and the Surf, and she tried in vain for some time to forereach the yawl. She then took a long reach out to sea; by this move the Julia lost considerable ground, for the Surf, which had kept well inshore weathered the Julia with ease, when she came about.

A few miles north of Orfordness the Avoset had increased her lead, the Surf being about a mile and a half astern. The Julia then got a smart breeze, whilst the two leading vessels were almost becalmed, and she soon overhauled and passed the Surf. The Julia of course, entered the same region of calm, and at once set balloon foresail and jib-topsail.

At this time the Anita was hull down to leeward, but shortly after, the wind continuing light, the schooner improved her position. The Surf, evidently in search of a breeze, stood out on the port tack for a long distance, followed shortly afterwards by the Avoset and the Julia.

At half-past five o'clock the Surf stood in on the starboard tack, and it seemed to those on board the Avoset that she had met with a good breeze, for she weathered the Avoset in smart style, and became the leading yacht. Shortly afterwards, too, the Julia, which had also stood further out to sea, weathered the Avoset, passing close across her bows. The vessels then separated more than at any time since starting, the Surf reaching out to sea, whilst the Julia stood inshore. The Avoset after this was so soon becalmed that she began to drift to the southward, and at 6h. 40m. p.m. the kedge was let go abreast of the Sizewell Buoy, about twenty miles only from Harwich, notwithstanding she had been under weigh seven hours and forty minutes. The Julia was brought up on the port quarter and the Surf on the starboard bow, both at a great distance.

At twenty-five minutes past eight o'clock the anchors were got again, a light air having sprung up from the N.E. The wind remained light and baffling till about eleven o'clock, when it began to blow smartly, and soon the yawl was careering along at a rapid rate, but the rain fell so fast that it was impossible to see any great distance, or the position of the Surf or Julia.

At half-past one o'clock on Tuesday morning the Avoset passed the St. Nicholas light-ship, and entered Hewitt's Gat, leading away north with the breeze of the whole voyage. When passing through the Gat the rain fell in such torrents as to half fill the boats on deck; thunder and lightning were incessant, and although the Avoset must have passed within about half a mile of Yarmouth, not a light ashore was visible. The breeze which it was hoped would soon bring the yachts to Hull did not last long, for shortly after two o'clock there was so light an air that the Avoset could only just hold her own against the flood tide. By four o'clock she began again to drive, and at a quarter past she was brought up with the kedge in 20 fathoms water, with about 35 fathoms cable.

At this time the Surf was seen about a mile and a half distant, on the starboard quarter of the Avoset, and the fog which had followed the rain having cleared up, it was found that the two yachts were anchored about three miles to the southward of the Newarp lightship. The other two yachts were nowhere to be seen at this time. A slight breeze springing up at a quarter past seven o'clock, anchors were once more weighed, and the vessels got under way; but even this slight air did not hold, and at 7h. 35m. the kedge was once more sent over the bows. Here the Surf and Avoset lay for two hours and a half utterly becalmed, a dense fog prevailing all round. The only relief to the

monotony of the situation was the passing of the Hull steamer, *Princess Alexandra*, which vessel promised to report the *Avoset* on her arrival at Hull, and the sounding of the fog-horn on board the *Newarp* lightship, but even that became monotonous in turn.

At ten o'clock the anchor was once more got in, a light breeze having sprung up, and the wind coming a little more free the *Avoset's* spinnaker was set as a balloon jib. About one o'clock in the afternoon the *Anita* came in sight on the *Avoset's* lee bow, but the *Julia* was nowhere to be seen. Shortly afterwards there was again a rather fresh breeze from the N.E., and the yachts stood out to sea on the port tack for a long distance, after which they stood in again for the land, reaching this time off Hasborough.

About three o'clock the wind had all died away, and half-an-hour later, the flood tide having begun to run, it was found necessary again to drop the anchor, the *Anita* and *Avoset* having reached about a mile south of Cromer, whilst the *Surf* was so far to leeward that she could not be seen. This time the anchor was down four hours and twenty minutes in about six fathoms of water.

At a quarter past nine, a slight breeze having come off the land, anchors were hove up, and slowly the yachts came northward.

About one o'clock on Wednesday the wind freshened, and changed round to the N.W., when good way was made; but as the course from Cromer lays N.W., what wind there was came right ahead, and the yachts had to beat to windward. About four a.m. the *Julia* was sighted a great distance from the *Avoset*, carrying on with a balloon and jib topsail, the *Avoset* and the *Surf* being on the edge of the Well, the latter a long way astern. Very shortly the *Avoset* weathered the *Julia* in fine style, but soon both vessels became almost becalmed, and once more anchors were lowered. At this time the *Surf* was carrying a smart breeze and completely overhauled the *Avoset* and *Julia*, which got up their anchors, and began to beat to windward. The *Anita* had also made considerable way, and the yachts then lay about a mile from each other, the *Julia* being abreast of the *Avoset* to leeward, the *Surf* on the weather bow.

About eight o'clock the balloon jib was once more set on board the *Avoset*, and she began gradually but surely to draw away from the crack cutter, and in a very short time she took up the leading position, which she maintained to the end of the voyage.

About one o'clock, when all eyes were anxiously directed towards the point where it was expected the *Newsand* lightship would be visible, the wind fell away again to a dead calm, and when a light puff of air came

it was right aft. Such a crowd of canvas then went up as had not before been seen. The Avoset set her spinnaker, a fine sail, which reached from her topmast head almost to the water's edge, and boomed out about forty-six feet. The Julia sent up a Kentish topsail and a squaresail; the Surf carried a balloon jib as a spinnaker, and the Anita set the same square canvas as the Julia.

The Avoset and Surf were nearly in company at this time, but the former went ahead of the latter as soon as her spinnaker began to draw.

On passing the Newsand lightship, shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, there was scarcely more than two miles between the Avoset, which was leading, and the Anita, which brought up the rear, but from this point, the wind freshening and drawing more ahead, the Avoset gradually gained on the Julia and the Anita, but was never able to shake off the Surf, which followed her into and up the Humber, tack for tack.

Before Paull was reached the ebb tide had commenced, and it was feared that none of the yachts would reach Hull before the morning tide. Fortunately, however, the wind freshened, and gallantly the yawl and the small cutter held on, reaching the winning post, (Major Bannister's Sapphire, moored between the training ship and the shore), the Avoset at about 7h. 58m. and the Surf four minutes later. The breeze very shortly again died away, so that it was necessary for a tug-boat to fetch the Julia, which was completely out of the race. The Anita at this time was not in sight, and her chance of reaching Hull that night without the aid of a tug was very small.

It was remarked during the whole of the race that whenever a stiff breeze blew the Avoset went away from the other yachts, and that when it died away she was overtaken, so that having so signally beaten the Julia, she may be looked upon as a credit to the Humber and the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club. On the arrival of the two winning yachts, the piers were crowded with spectators, and the lads on board the training ship manned yards.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

MANY, many years have passed since the Humber bore upon its bosom such a fleet of clippers as it did on July 14th and 15th, assembled for the purpose of competing for the prizes offered by the above club. The prizes were of the value of 60 guineas for first and 20 guineas for second. The yachts were handicapped at half-a-minute per ton, schooners

deducted one-fourth their tonnage and yawls one-eighth. The following extensive fleet entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
807	Julia	cutter	113	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Hatcher
1732	Surf.....	cutter	54	J. Tempest, Esq.	Fife
102	Avoset	cutter	87	Sir H. Bacon, Bart.	Wanhill
	Rambler	cutter	6	W. E. Lewis, Esq.	
	Azalia.....	schooner	34	W. Davidson, Esq.	
1849	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
	Sapphire.....	cutter	28	Major A. Bannister	
60	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons
299	Coralie	cutter	37	Captain Seddon	Fife
1246	Nettie.....	cutter	12	J. G. Kirsten, Esq.	
	Banshee	yawl	29	W. Wray, Esq.	

The Azalia entered but did not start. The breeze from the east now was very slight much to the chagrin of the larger craft. The committee's steamer with a very large and fashionable party attended the match, and at 10h. 55m. Rear-Commodore Bannister ordered the preparaty signal to be fired, and five minutes after the starting gun gave animation to the "sea birds." The first to draw out ahead was Sir Hickman Bacon's fine yawl Avoset, which appeared to be very smartly handled. She was hugged very closely by her old antagonist of the ocean match, the Surf, which was sailing so smartly in the very light breeze which blew that it seemed most likely the Avoset would only occupy the leading position for a short time. The crew of the Surf were sure they were going to weather the yawl, and twice on approaching buoys were so close that it seemed the Avoset, in obedience to sailing rules, would have to bear away to allow the Surf to pass between her and the buoys. On reaching number seven buoy, the crew of the Surf called out for the Avoset to give way, but Captain Naylor of the latter vessel seeing there was room for the Surf to pass, if she could weather the yawl, held on his course, and the saucy little cutter found it impossible to head her opponent. These two vessels were leading by a considerable distance on passing the Hebbles lightship, and the other yachts astern were all well together, presenting, with their huge white sails, a most splendid spectacle.

On board the committee's steamer, which drew out a-head, and got all the yachts in view, the appearance of the contending fleet was most charming, and by reaching Killingholme, the wind coming abaft, it was rendered still more so, for the yachts at once began to run up their spinnakers and square-sails, and every stitch of canvas that could by

any possibility be spread. The Avoset's new spinnaker, which during the day was boomed out from her side or set a balloon jib as occasions required, was very greatly admired by the party on board the Liverpool. The Vampire also carried a very large spinnaker. Abreast of Killingholme the schooner Anita got a favourite breeze which drew her ahead of the Surf, and placed her almost even with the Avoset. The same breeze also favoured the Vampire and the Coralie, which went bowling along at a rapid rate. Before reaching Stallinbro' the Surf which was nearest the Lincolnshire coast, the Anita, the Vampire, and the Coraile were as nearly as possible in a line. The wind at this time had fallen away, and an almost dead calm prevailed. Notwithstanding this the Avoset continued to run with a slight lead, a fact that must have been as astonishing to her owner as it was perplexing to the smaller yachts. Off Grimsby the wind, which had been blowing fair down the river, was seen a little lower to be heading the entire fleet, and, in a few moments, spinnakers and squaresails disappeared. The Avoset, being the leading vessel, was the first to feel the breeze, and she began to stand away from the smaller craft in gallant style. Before the breeze came she was hugged very closely by the Surf, the Vampire, and the Anita, but she had so increased her lead from Cleethorpes to the Bull lightship, which had to be rounded by the yachts, that she was six minutes ten seconds ahead of the yachts next in order of sailing. The Bull was rounded in the following order and times :—Avoset, 2h. 22m. 0s ; Surf, 2h. 28m. 10s. ; Vampire, 2h. 28m. 10s. : Coralie, 2h. 31m. 0s. ; Anita, 2h. 36m. 5s. ; Nettie, 2h. 37m. 10s.; Ivy, 2h. 38m. 10s.; Sapphire, 2h. 40m. 45.

Each yacht as it rounded the light-ship, put out spinnakers on the port side, or set squaresails, and the breeze holding a little fresh, they ran back up the river, on the flood tide, in gallant style. The wind began to fall before Grimsby was reached, and the smaller yachts drew a-head. Nothing worthy of particular remark occurred amongst the fleet till between Stallinbro' and Killingholme the Vampire, which had come up close astern of the Avoset, attempted, contrary to all sailing rules, to pass close to windward of the yawl. This Captain Naylor refused to allow, and luffed up his vessel. The captain of the Vampire persisted in passing to windward, and actually drew along so close that the Vampire's main boom came in contact with the Avoset's spinnaker boom. Captain Naylor kept his luff, and the Vampire was compelled to fall astern. Whilst this contention was proceeding, the wind fell away calm, and the two vessels being near the Lincolnshire coast, were out of the strength of the tide. Further towards mid-stream

there was also a slight breeze, and the result was that while the Avoset and Vampire lay becalmed in a slack tide, the other vessels came bowling along, and for the first time during the day the Avoset lost the leading position, being passed by the Surf, Coralie, Nettie, and Anita. The Vampire felt the wind sooner than the Avoset, and also passed on a-head, the same dodge was also tried by the Thames yacht on the other vessels as she had practised upon the Avoset, but the Yorkshiremen were not to be done. The Vampire passed close enough to the Anita's stern as to almost touch her, and tried hard to get on her weather side, but the Anita was luffed up and the Vampire compelled to pass to leeward. She then attacked the little Nettie, a 12 ton boat, which also luffed up to prevent the trick being played, but the Vampire persisted in the most outrageous manner in trying to get to windward, and run her bowsprit over the stem of the Nettie, carrying away her main-sheets, and nearly injuring one of her crew. Not being allowed to pass to windward, the Vampire, which is a fast enough boat without resorting to any kind of trickery, passed to leeward and went away after the Surf, which had a very long lead. The conduct of the Vampire brought its own punishment, for had she not lost ground by fouling the Nettie, she might have saved her time on that yacht, which she did not do. The yachts reached the mark-boat, off the Albert Dock, as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf	5 4 0	Avoset	5 6 47	Ivy	5 8 50
Vampire	5 6 15	Coralie	5 8 10	Sapphire	5 10 46
Anita	5 6 25	Nettie	5 8 17		

The Nettie won the prize by time, but a protest was lodged against her for not complying with the rules, which the committee held to be valid, therefore the Vampire took first and Ivy second prize.

Second day.—The racing of this day was equally as interesting as the former one—the wind being considerably fresher. The prizes were for a piece of plate, for a Corinthian match value 25 guineas and 10 guineas for second, for yachts of the R.Y.Y.C. Three to start or no race, and for which the following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners	Builders
279	Coralie	cutter	37	Capt. Seddon	Fife
793	Ivy	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	Marshall
	Sapphire.....	cutter	28	Major A. Bannister	
	Banshee	yawl	29	W. Wray, Esq.	
	Azalia.....	schooner	34	W. Davidson, Esq.	

There was also a prize of 50 guineas presented by W. R. Garthorne, Esq., for yachts of any recognized yacht club not exceeding 21 tons, schooners deducting one-quarter and yawls one eighth of their tonnage, time allowance, Ackers' scale, and in the event of only one entry she would be allowed to claim the prize. It is to be regretted that such liberality had the effect of bringing but two yachts to the starting buoy, viz:—Rambler, cutter, 5 tons, W. E. Lewin, Esq.; Vampire, cutter 20 tons, T. Cuthbert, Esq.

At 11h. 20m. the starting gun was fired and the spars were covered almost before its sound had died away; Azalia, though in a good position for starting, had not her sails up till after her competitors had got nicely away, and was consequently left in the rear, a situation which she had a hard task to get out of during the whole of the race. Coralie continued under her balloon canvas to distance her competitors, passing the Hebbles light-ship about two minutes-and-a-half before the last boat, the Azalia. The rest followed the Coralie in the order in which they got away, a position which was not altered for some considerable time.

We must now turn to the other contest; of which the Rambler got round the first, but long before reaching the Hebbles was passed by the Vampire, whose quick and magnificent sailing powers were the chief point of admiration; her heavy canvas sent her along at a rattling pace, and although starting some hundred yards or so below the yachts in the Corinthian race, they were soon overtaken by her; the distance between the Vampire and Coralie—the first yacht in the other contest—being gradually but surely increased to the finish. Indeed, from the first, it was evident that she had nothing to do but to “walk over,” the stiff breeze proving too much for her minature opponent. With regard to the Corinthian, nothing altering the course of the vessels occurred till some time after leaving Paull, when Azalia who had hitherto held the lagging position, crept above Banshee, a place which she held to the finish. After Paull had been left tacking was necessary, and despite the breeze Coralie possessed the courage to attempt at hoisting a topsail—in which she did not succeed, however, at this portion of the proceedings. Tacking, of course, continued till after the vessels had rounded the Bull Floating Lightship, which was rounded in the following order:—Coralie, Ivy, Sapphire, Azalia and Vampire.

Rambler, in the latter, and Banshee in the former contest were, through their backward positions, not timed, the committee's steamer having to accompany the other yachts on the journey home. This journey was certainly, as far as pleasure went, the most agreeable of the

two, as after the Bull had been rounded a gradual settling of the wind was felt, till at last things on board of the committee's steamer presented a very pleasant aspect—far different to that in the morning, when hats and dresses were blowing about and everything in a state of wild confusion. Now however, promenading appeared to be the principal attraction—especially to the fairer sex—as the yachts were still in the same stereotyped position as before, Vampire far ahead and Rambler further astern than almost the eye could discern. Dancing too was resorted to by many of the fashionable company to the music of the band of the Hull Volunteers, who attended under their bandmaster, Mr. Smith. Such was the state of things on board the steamer, all interest in the contest having flagged, till the winning boat, moored opposite the pier had been reached, when, of course, the passing of it by the yachts was a source of some interest, the vessels came up in a straggling manner, Vampire first, the winner of the fifty guinea plate, Coralie and the rest coming up in pretty much the same order as they passed the Bull. The following are the times authoritatively taken:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vampire	4	6	10	Sapphire	4	30	55	Banshee	4	52	49
Coralie	4	11	24	Azalia	4	41	50	Rambler	4	56	39
Ivy	4	21	2								

Coralie did not take off the prize, however, as allowing for tonnage, and having further to allow a minute as penalty for having dragged anchor after the starting gun was fired, the plate fell to Ivy, Coralie taking the ten guineas.

We are happy to say that no disagreement occurred, and that no objection was put in against any of the vessels, the day's proceedings passing off with great *eclat*.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

JULY 9TH.—This prosperous club brought its season to a close by a handicap match for yachts of any rig, the prizes offered being 30 and 15 guineas, with 10 guineas additional if five yachts started, course from Erith to the Nore and back, which was considerably curtailed from want of wind.

The club chartered the Albert Edward saloon steamer for the accommodation of its members and friends, and upon its arrival at Erith the following were at their moorings ready for the fray. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
945	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
2067	Zephyr	yawl	21	J. D. Chillingworth, Esq.	Ayles
471	Fairlie	cutter	14	J. A. Limbert, Esq.	Fife
1384	Phantom	cutter	12	Geo. Bishop, Esq.	Ayles
1548	Santry	yawl	21	A. C. Stearns, Esq.	Fife
1938	Watersprite	cutter	38	C. Borrás, Esq.	Harvey
458	Eva	cutter	21	Messrs. Low & Burd	Wanhill

The Gwendolin and Eva entered but did not start.

The following is the time allowance :—

		m.			m.
Marina	allows Watersprite	20	Watersprite allows	Eva	7
	Fairlie	25		Zephyr & Santry	9
	Eva	27		Phantom	24
	Zephyr & Santry	29		Fairlie allows Zephyr & Santry	4
	Phantom	44		Phantom	19
Watersprite allows Fairlie		5	Zephyr & Santry allow		15
					Phantom

Yachts not to carry more than one man for every ten tons, or fractional part, captain and pilot ; vessels to slip from their moorings; neither balloon canvas nor spinnakers to be allowed.

The start was effected at 11h. 10m. with a slight south-east breeze— They canted well together, the Fairlie and Santry being somewhat the smartest, the Santry stood out with a lead on the port tack, the others filled on starboard, Marina being last, shortly after the Fairlie weathered the Santry followed by Watersprite and Phantom, thus placing Santry in fourth position. On nearing Purfleet the Phantom weathered Fairlie, and shortly after Marina, which had been making good use of her time, passed Zephyr, Santry and Watersprite and took third place, when about a mile down Long Reach, passed Phantom to leeward, the Fairlie still a good lead, by the time they had reached Greenhithe the Marina had reduced the gap between her and Fife's clipper to about a third of a mile, but she maintained the lead until the lower part of Gravesend Reach, when she succumbed to her more powerful antagonist and became second. At the Ovens buoy the Marina lead Fairlie by a quarter-of-a-mile, the others some distance astern in company ; when half-way down the Hope the Watersprite, Phantom, Santry and Zephyr set squaresails, which were of little advantage to them as the breeze had completely died away, and they slowly drifted along; at the same time the Marina and Fairlie lay becalmed in Sea Reach, but shortly after got a puff from the south-east which carried them past the Mucking Light; by Shell Haven the Marina and Fairlie kept the north shore and Fairlie got out of the tideway into still water, whilst Marina drifted onwards.

It being impossible to reach the Nore, the commodore on nearing the Jenkin ordered the signal to be given that the course would be shortened; and let go the anchor. At 4h. 15m. the Marina managed to drift past the club steamer, having been for above an hour within two hundred yards of it,—after waiting a considerable time without any chance of the other yachts coming up, the steamer went to meet them, and the commodore instructed them to round the Jenkin—of which their respective captains expressed their doubts of reaching. The steamer then proceeded to Gravesend, passing the Marina near the Chapman Light, after landing those of the company who preferred it, proceeded to Erith, and at 8h. 15m. the Marina passed the flag-buoy, but she did not receive the prize, a protest having been hoisted against her by the Watersprite. The committee decided that the match should be re-sailed on July 21st over the same course and under the same conditions as before. The Eva, which did not start on the 9th inst., was unanimously allowed to enter on this occasion. The Marina did not start, and the Fairlie was unable to get round from the south coast regattas in time; otherwise the entries were as before.

At 8h. 25m. the five vessels were started by the Rear-Commodore of the club, G. W. Charlwood, Esq., who accompanied the race in a steam launch. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the westward, before which the yachts ran with squaresails set, the Phantom also setting a square-topsail. The Zephyr led down the Rands, with the Watersprite next; then came the Phantom and Eva. Going down Long Reach the Watersprite passed the Zephyr, and led through Fiddler's Reach by three hundred yards, and the Eva went past the Santry, while the Phantom seemed to be overtaking the Zephyr. At Grays the Santry was last, and in Northfleet Hope the Eva went into second place. No further changes took place until the yachts were through Gravesend Reach, where the Santry went into third position. The Nore was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Watersprite ...	11	47	0	Santry	12	1	15	Zephyr	12	3	0
Eva.....	11	53	10	Phantom	12	2	20				

As it was a dead beat back, and the ebb had not done, they had a "hammer" of the hardest description. The Watersprite, Eva, Santry, and Phantom stood over to the northward; the Zephyr went to the south and worked up that shore. Up Sea Reach the Watersprite led with the Eva close behind her, Zephyr next, then the Santry (squeaking vigorously), with the Phantom a long way astern. Thus they passed Mucking, no change affecting the race taking place between the Lower Hope and Erith. The yachts finished as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Watersprite	4 42 15	Santry	5 3 0
Eva	4 41 0	Zephyr	5 8 40

Eva took first prize by time, and Watersprite second. Thus concluding for the Royal London a most successful season.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND REGATTA.

This club held its regatta at Plymouth on July 19th and 20th, and the immense concourse of spectators on the Hoe were much disappointed in the hope that the regatta would have been as spirited as on former occasions. The entries were but few, so many yachts being engaged elsewhere.

The first prize of £100, to be sailed for by cutters and yawls of 30 tons and upwards, belonging to a R.Y.C. First prize, £80 ; second £20. Time allowance for tonnage, brought forth the following entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rlg.	Tons	Owners.	Bullders.
143	Bird.....	yawl	80	W. Bird, Esq.	S. White
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1520	Rose of Devon ...	cutter	137	E. Johnston, Esq.	Harvey
1890	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill.Ir Wks

They passed the committee vessel at the start soon after eleven o'clock. The wind at this time lulled considerably, so the pace was slow for some distance. The Fiona had the best position, and drew away gradually from the Rose of Devon, which was followed slowly by the Vindex. The Bird went to leeward very much, but pulled up rapidly when nearing the west end of the Breakwater, where the wind was stronger, and eventually passed the Vindex. At this point the Fiona was more than a hundred yards ahead of the Rose of Devon, and about twice the length separated the latter from the Bird. These positions were kept until coming through the Eastern Channel, when the Rose of Devon was seen to be fast overhauling the Fiona, the other two being a long way behind, with the Bird leading.

On rounding the Cobbler buoy the crew of the Fiona took too long a time in getting in its spinnaker, the consequence was the Rose of Devon soon passed her, and obtained first position at commencing the second round. The wind, however, was very light, so that the advantage, so far as distance was concerned, was but small. The Rose of

Devon, after getting clear of Drake's Island, increased her lead, the wind now having considerably freshened, and the Bird and Vindex, on the conclusion of the second round, were hopelessly in the rear.

In the third round the Rose of Devon gained still more on the Fiona, but carried away her topmast, and the Fiona was thus enabled to creep up to closer quarters. The Rose of Devon came in first, but only 1m. 48s. before the Fiona, the times being as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rose of Devon	5	42	40	Bird	6	20	50
Fiona	5	44	28	Vindex	6	30	40

The Fiona accordingly won by time, the Rose of Devon, having to allow her about thirty minutes, took the second prize.

A Piece of Plate, presented by the tradesmen of the club, for yachts not exceeding 12 tons. Time half-a-minute per ton.

The Proserpine, 12 tons, belonging to Captain Arscott, and the Ida, 11 tons, belonging to R. Hocking, Esq., were the only two yachts entered for this race, but notwithstanding the conditions were that four should start they were allowed to race.

At the start the Ida took the wrong side of the committee vessel, but on being told the mistake when passing immediately went about, and came round the proper side. The delay, however, would have been allowed at the conclusion. The proper time each yacht started was :—Proserpine, 12h. 52m. 0s. ; Ida, 12h. 55m. 2s.

By the time the Ida had got away the Proserpine was a considerable distance in advance, but the former fetched well up to windward, and rapidly overhauled her opponent. On arriving at the west end of the Breakwater both yachts seemed to be level, and continued so until nearing the Shagstone Rock, when the Proserpine, probably in jibing, carried away her topmast close to the cap, and the prize was virtually left in the hands of the Ida. The first round was concluded by R. Hocking, Esq.'s splendid little boat at 3h. 31m. 52s. The Proserpine on arriving gave up the race, and the Ida was left to finish the distance by herself. She concluded at 5. 57m. 53s.

Two gig and punt matches afforded some merriment to those on shore, and brought the first day's sport to an end.

Second day.—The prize of £100 offered by the club for schooners and yawls did not come off in consequence of the conditions requiring four to start. The committee anxious to arrange a match between those yachts present gave a first prize of £50 for schooners and yawls of 30 tons and over, and a second prize of £20 was given by the Vice-Commodore T. Chamberlayne, Esq. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Bullder.
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
1782	Tartar	yawl	55	B. C. Greenhill, Esq.	Hansen
143	Bird.....	yawl	80	W. Bird, Esq.	S. White

At eleven o'clock when the yachts should have got ready, a thick fog hung over the Sound, and so the start had to be delayed. At half-past eleven, when the preparatory gun fired, the fog was so dense that the vessels could scarcely be seen a hundred yards from the shore. The Gwendolin while getting into position came into collission with a small cutter, whose topmast she carried away. When the second gun fired for a flying start the yachts were lost in the mist, but presently they came into view and were recognized. The Gwendolin apparently had the best position, which was coveted by Tartar, who in attempting to cut her out, fouled, and had her mizen carried away. The two vessels swung together, and the schooner being unable to pay off, the yawl's main boom was broken, and being thus wrecked she gave up the race, and went back to her moorings. In the meantime Bird had made a good start, but the schooner as soon as she got clear immediately gave chase. The mist, however, was so thick that the fog horn had to be blown to prevent small boats in the Sound from being run down. The vessels proceeded through the Western Channel of the Breakwater, but owing to the fog their progress could not be watched.

The course was round a mark-vessel off Penlee Point, thence to another mark-vessel off the Mewstone, leaving both on the port-hand, returning through the Eastern Channel of the breakwater, rounding the Cobbler buoy, thence to the committee vessel off the West Hoe Baths—twice round. The fog began to lift about two o'clock, at which time the slopes of the Hoe was being covered with spectators, who watched the yachts as they came home in the first round. The Gwendolin, as was expected, then had a considerable lead. The Bird on passing signalled a protest against the schooner's taking the first prize on the ground that she had run foul of the Tartar during the match. The Gwendolin in the second round considerably increased herlead, and beat the Bird.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Gwendolin	6 12 30	Bird	6 48 20

The committee, however, awarded the Gwendolin the first prize, and the Bird the second. Major Ewing very handsomely expressed his desire to pay the cost of repairing the Tartar.

There were several gig and punt races which afforded considerable amusement.

CLYDE YACHT' CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regattas of this club are yearly acquiring more and more importance. The energy shewn during the past winter in enrolling new members has given an undoubted impetus to its proceedings, and the regatta which was completed on the 21st of July attracted a larger fleet of yachts than any former season has witnessed.

In choosing Blairmore for the regatta, the club were guided by a certain amount of spirit shown upon previous occasions by the residents in this locality in connection with aquatic affairs, and the result of the choice has been thoroughly vindicated.

Efforts were put forward to make the regatta a success, and the local committee toiled with commendable zeal to achieve what has proved to be an unmistakeable *fête*.

The morning broke wet and gusty. The stormy weather of the previous night had continued threatening, and a strong breeze of southerly wind brought a good deal of sea up the Channel. The day was certainly anything but promising, and by ten o'clock it seemed imminent that the smaller class of yachts would be prevented from competing. Heavy gusts came off both shores, and a partial check to the north-west brought squalls out of Loch Long and the Holy Loch.

Those yachts which had let go at the Tail of the Bank, on continuing their cruise from Lamlash, got under weigh with double reefs choked down, and small jibs set. Under such snug canvas they were still working down to the rendezvous with the rail under. The Phantom yawl, the Isabel yawl, and one or two cutters, caught the breeze abreast of Cove, and the way they were going augured an animated spectacle. The Kilmun hills were clouded, showers were drifting about, and the English and Irish yachts in the river, it appeared likely, would find what "a dirty day" in the Clyde meant.

The day improved, the sky brightened, and the breeze continued as fresh as any yachtsmen could desire. To leeward of Hunter's Quay a large number of craft had let go upon the previous evening, and towards the hour of starting a curious caution was observable in setting what canvas the weather might warrant.

A long catalogue of yachts, owners, and people about the neighbourhood might be given, but we avoid a fashion which fills pages with insipid information. It is enough to mention that the various yachts intended to compete were early at Blairmore, and among these a considerable number of yachts cruising about.

The Astarte, (rigged as a yawl), the Fiery Cross, Rowena, and

Helen schooners were under weigh; and among well-known Clyde cutters was the Denburn, under a trysail, on her last cruise previous to leaving for Stockholm.

The first race was for a purse of 30 sovs. for yachts of any rig exceeding 20 tons, and not exceeding 40 tons.

For this race there were seven entries, and all the yachts entered competed. The yachts were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
576	Foxhound	cutter	34	Marquis of Ailsa	Fife
861	Lelia	cutter	33	R. Ferguson, Esq.	Fife
826	Kilmeny	cutter	30	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Hatcher
1083	Muriel	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Fife
463	Eveleen	cutter	40	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Fife
952	Maria	cutter	35	A. Patterson, Esq.	Hook
2045	Xema	cutter	34	Robert N. Batt, Esq.	

The Valetta, s.s. (Earl of Glasgow,) was in attendance, but the Snake, schooner (J. Lockett, Esq., Vice-Commodore,) was placed at the disposal of the club for a flag-vessel. J. Lockett, Esq., performed the duties of starting the races under various difficulties.

The Foxhound passed through the buoy at 11h. 47m. a.m., followed by the other cutters competing. A jibe, hazardous to strained rigging, carried the yachts down to the lee buoy off Kilcreggan. All the cutters carried jib-headed gaff-topsails, except Maria, over which a square-headed gaff-topsail was set. Foresails were boomed out to windward, and under a sharp gust the yachts ran the distance at a surprising speed. The Muriel began to draw away on the run down, followed by the Xema and Lelia.

This cutter, with her recent alterations and great spread of canvas, looked a rival even for the Muriel, and went down the wind at a pace that gave promise of doing well. Hauling round the lee buoy the Muriel's sheet was flattened till she looked like laying Skelmorlie Buoy in one tack. Under her lee quarters the Xema came round the buoy, with the Lelia immediately under her. The wind freshened, and the Muriel went away in her own surprising style. The Xema had Lelia in "chancery," but a squall dragged Mr. Ferguson's boat through the clipper's lee. It was already certain that the Muriel had the race, but the Kilmeny pushed for second place. This favourite cutter was run off the wind to pass the Lelia and Xema, but it would not do. The Lelia, with rail under, was looking second boat while the wind lasted, and the Kilmeny could not head-reach her.

Off M'Inroy's point the two second yachts went about on the port tack, followed by Kilmeny, and shortly after P. French, Esq.'s cutter burst her bobstay and ran for the Commodore. The steamer was again headed for Blairmore, and the further progress of this race was lost sight of.

The yachts took the Skelmorlie buoy on their starboard hand, rounded a buoy off Strone on the same side, again round the Skelmorlie buoy, and back to Commodore. The leading boats were timed:—Muriel, 2h. 5m. 17s.; Foxhound, 2h. 16m. 27s.

The position taken by the Marquis of Ailsa's boat gave considerable satisfaction, and it was hoped that, under the care of her builder, who was aboard, her distance from Hatcher's clipper would be further reduced in the second turn. The wind was, however, failing, and the second round was less exciting. The Lelia carried away one of her bowsprit guys; but without further accident this race was timed as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel	5 5 49	Maria	6 12 1	Lelia.....	6 19 14
Xema	6 10 4	Foxhound	6 16 18		

The second race was for the Blairmore Cup, for schooners and yawls not exceeding 50 tons, with a second prize of £10 to the first vessel of a different rig from the winner. Club scale to 40 tons, above 40 tons half a ton per minute. The entries were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1368	Persis	schooner	72	T. Stevan, Esq.	Fife
9	Aglaia	schooner	44	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele
784	Helen	schooner	16	— Ure, Esq.	
	Isabel	yawl	35	R. Pirrie, Esq.	Wanhill
1380	Phantom	yawl	27	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
357	Dinorah	yawl	40	W. Fife, Esq.	W. Fife

The same course as first race, and twice round.

The Dinorah and Helen did not start. The Isabel set square-sail in running to lee buoy, and Phantom boomed out foresail. The Aglaia carried jib-headed gaff-topsails, and Persis carried square-headed gaff-topsail. A strong breeze carried the four yachts down to the lee buoy. The little Phantom hauled round the lee buoy, and griped up to windward of both the schooners. The Persis, in hauling round, headed the Aglaia, but she had also got the breeze she wanted, and hauled up to windward in splendid style. The Isabel fell off to leeward of the schooners, and in the first turn to windward did not show well. The

Phantom had more wind than she needed, but she kept up to windward well, and promised to have the race all her own way. In the reach back from Skelmorlie, the schooners left the yawls.

The race was timed round the Strone buoy as follows :—Persis, 2h. 30m. 49s.; Aglaia, 2h. 31m. 30s. ; Isabel, 2h. 38m. 50s. ; Phantom, 2h. 47m. 20s.

The breeze freshening into squalls gave the yawls another chance in going to windward, but the reach from Skelmorlie gave the Aglaia all the distance she wanted. This race, contested with great spirit, was finally timed as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aglaia	6 10 43	Isabel	6 18 50
Persis	6 16 50	Phantom	6 19 12

The Aglaia claimed the Blairmore Cup, and the Phantom claimed the second prize by her allowance from Persis and Isabel.

The race for 20 sovs., for yachts not exceeding 20 tons, was not run in consequence of no competitors for the cutter Lizzie, which had come to the Clyde on purpose. The Vampire was expected, and very considerable regret was expressed that she did not put in an appearance after the trouble taken by Mr. Coddington to meet her.

For the fourth race for ten sovereigns, for yachts under 10 tons, the following entries were made :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts,	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1490	Ripple.....	cutter	8	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife
1796	Thetis.....	cutter	8	A. Stuart, Esq.	
1239	Naiad	cutter	10	— Richardson, Esq.	Dickinson
1902	Vision.....	cutter	8	M. Carswell, Esq.	Ratsey
1469	Raven	cutter	9	T. Workman, Esq.	Thompson
159	Boreas.....	cutter	10	J. Reid, Esq.	Reid
482	Fairy Queen	cutter	8	J. Harvey, Esq.	

This race was twice round the course, turning buoy off Dunoon instead of Skelmorlie buoy. The Thetis had hardly cleared the buoy when she sprung her topmast. The Fairy Queen was overpowered with a heavy squall, and bore up. The Boreas, a hard weather boat, overcarried her other competitors, and the leading boats in this race were timed as follows at the finish :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Boreas	4 36 7	Ripple	4 39 35	Naiad	4 51 52

The Boreas was thus the winner of the first prize, but a protest was entered on the part of the Vision in regard to the tonnage of her;

on being measured, however, she was found to be correctly entered, and was accordingly declared winner.

The final yacht race was for yachts of 5 tons and under. For this the following started :—Gabriel, schooner, 5 tons, John Hamilton, Esq.; Gazelle, cutter, 3 tons, A. M'Lean Armour, Esq.; Swallow, cutter, 2 tons, A. Thomson, Esq. ; and Linnet, wherry, 5 tons, Wm. Yorke, Esq.

The course was round a buoy at Kilcreggan, another at Dunoon, and up to Blairmore, once round, being a distance of about twelve miles. A good start was effected at 1h. 11m. 2s., the yachts going off in the order—Claribel, Linnet, Swallow, Gazelle. They passed the Commodore's yacht as follows :—3h. 26m. 1s. ; Linnet, 3h. 27m. 15s. ; Gazelle, 4h. 5m. 10s. The Swallow did not put in an appearance at the finish.

A series of sailing boat races and rowing matches concluded the day's sports.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THE " Corinthian " match of this club came off for the third year in succession on Monday, June 28th, which, being the thirty-third anniversary of Her most gracious Majesty's auspicious reign, is by Act of Parliament duly observed as a strict holiday in all the law and equity offices, and was therefore peculiarly suited for a description of race where so many amateur hands were required for manning boats of the large tonnage engaged. The entries were as follows, in order of stations from the westward:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
1809	Torpid.....	cutter	28	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.
1380	Phantom.....	cutter	21	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
1439	Queen	cutter	15	W. R. Johnson, Esq.	Hatcher
2054	Xema	cutter	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.	Fife
826	Kilmeny	cutter	30	P. S. French, Esq.	Fife
428	Enid.....	yawl	42	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill
854	L'Eclair	cutter	34	H. Crawford, Esq.	Wanhill

Course round South Bar and Rosbeg Buoys, and Kish Lightship, then round boat off harbour mouth, and round South Bar, Rosbeg, and North and South Burford Buoys, and win round flag-ship in harbour ; about twenty-eight miles. No paid hands allowed on board any of the

yachts ; to be steered by members, and the crew to be members of a royal, foreign, or recognised yachting club, or the sons of such members. prize, a silver tankard, value £30, with a locket for the helmsman, and a University pewter for each member of the winning crew.

The day in the morning seemed to be made specially for the purpose of testing the speed and power of the above fine fleet of clippers, and the skill and seamanship of their crews, as, having blown hard the previous day and night, the glass had steadily gone up, and at 10h. a.m. the wind had steadied into a nice gaff-topsail breeze from W.N.W., which, being off shore, of course ensured perfectly smooth water, while from this point it is generally much more certain to continue steady as the sun goes down than from eastward. The sun shone brightly on the white canvas of the competitors, and on that of nearly every vessel in the harbour, who were all so intent on going out to watch the fight that it was at first difficult for the officer of the day, F. Scovell, Esq.,—who in his pretty steam launch the *Mistrale*, had early laid the buoys to mark the stations—to find a flag-ship, until this duty was kindly undertaken by the *Rosalind*, schooner, J. E. Vernon, Esq., from whose deck the guns were fired. Nearly every craft in harbour sported the red burgee, with the foul anchor in yellow which marks membership of the club ; and most of the decks were crowded with the male and female relatives of the gentlemen who were to take part in the contest. Great interest, and we fear some strong speculation, was evinced as to the result of the day. The day was so strong, and the wind so favourable to a vessel fast in running and reaching, that the *Enid* yawl, really 57 tons, though rated for her rig at only 42, was a warm favourite, being a fine slashing craft, and having won several prizes as a cutter, and only on the previous Saturday having polished off the *Heroine*, a noted clipper, in a friendly spin round the Kish and Bar buoys in fine style by some eight minutes. *Xema* and *Kilmeny* were probably about the next best favourites, and it was considered a near thing between them, as in the second class Champion Cup on May 28th the former had been defeated by only .59s. on the time allowance ; while many had a sneaking fancy for the iron *Torpid*, both from her appearance and from the victory she had accomplished in the race from Holyhead on the 6th inst., especially as it was known she had a capital crew, and would be admirably steered and handled under the direction of her owner and of the ancient salt who who acts as mate and has charge of the fore-castle. The *Phantom*, and *Queen*, 15 tons, were not considered to have much hope of repeating the victory of the smallest boat amongst the lot, which the little *Vampire*

had achieved in 1868 and 1869 ; and in fact, so little did their owners esteem their chance that at the last moment they withdrew them, thereby incurring a fine of 10s. each to the funds of the club, and with their crews obtained extra berths on board various others of the contending ships. As all amateurs, and especially young ones, now think games are nothing unless their prowess is duly recorded in the pages of the sporting journals, we have taken some pains to obtain those of the gentlemen who composed the crews of each, and believe the following is a pretty correct one, there being no want of eager aspirants to the honour and glory, to say nothing of the expected fun and good cheer on board.

No. 1 buoy.—Torpid, 28 tons, steered by D. W. Finlay, Esq., of the Phantom, who, when she did not start, had brought his talents, second to none at the tiller, to the aid of his old friend the commodore. Crew: G. B. Thompson, John Turnty, Wm. Armstrong, Wm. Power, R. Scovell, Henry Kyle, G. Atkins, R. Smyth, Wm. Finlay, Walter Boyd, Richard Orpen, H. Macdonell, (junior), Esqrs., and the Rev. J. Leslie.

Xema—Helmsman, A. H. Orpen, Esq. Crew, R. N. Batt, James A. Lyle, M. N. Atkin, H. Dudgeon, James M. Goddard, G. Smith, A. Middleton, and G. Rae, Esqrs.

Kilmeny—Helmsman, Pascoe S. French, Esq. Crew: D. J. O'Connell, Wm. H. Bewley, J. F. Bewley, Wm. R. Johnson, John Hanley, P. Hayes, Esq., W. Miller, Esq., Sam. W. Nugent, Jas. Cusack, — Penrose, J. Byrne, and Jas. Meldon, Esqrs.

Enid—Helmsman, Owner. Crew: G. Putland, G. Nugent, W. J. Corrigan, F. Dunne, D. Howe, J. C. Neligan, J. Nugent, C. Barrington, W. Symes, B. Hone, D. O'Connell, Esqrs., and Lieut. Riall, R.N.

L'Eclair—Steersman, Owner. Crew: C. O'Keeffe, R. C. Neligan, — Leathley, B. Whitestone, F. Zurhorst, J. Rose, J. Harris, — Field, M. Burke, and C. Stevenson, Esqrs.

The first gun was fired precisely at 11h. 10m., the second five minutes afterwards, when, amidst the cheers and directions of the regular crews and skippers, who surrounded their charges in boats and took great interest in their proceeding, bowfasts were cast off, quarter springs hauled strongly on, and head sails shot up as if by magic. Torpid was on a good cant, and, in great contrast to her sluggishness on May 28th rushed instantly to the front, and, under whole lower canvas, but no topsail, made the pace a cracker in the strong wind over the first two hours of a young flood to the South Bar Buoy. Xema was next, under

same lower canvas, but with a jib-headed topsail aloft ; Kilmeny third, also without a topsail ; Enid fourth, with second square ; L'Eclair, with jib-header, last. Xema came foaming up in Torpid's wake, getting all her wash aboard, and preparing her spinnaker, though with some doubt if her spars would carry it, ready for the run to Rosbeg. Torpid rounded first 11h. 30m. 4s., and without jibing reached on, with her boom over to port hand, towards Howth, but soon after jibed it to starboard. Xema came next 11h. 30m. 10s., and gybed round the buoy, getting out her spinnaker to windward; Kilmeny third, 11h. 31m., and soon after got up her jib-headed topsail ; wind already lighter. Enid, 11h. 31m. 15s.; L'Eclair, 11h. 31m. 40s. Enid got out her spinnaker, and Torpid boomed out a balloon foresail ; but Xema, who had had to re-jibe, came up and tried to pass, but was instantly stopped by Torpid luffing across her bows, which carried her right up to avoid a foul, as she could not bear away clear of her, and the two for a minute or two appeared as if going to Dublin instead of the Kish. Finding out the mistake of this, however, Torpid bore away, followed by Xema, who then got by her and re-set her spinnaker on starboard hand, and, the wind being very light, set to work to get over the tack of her topsail and replace it with a new 36-footer ; while Torpid got out a splendid balloon topsail with a huge yard, and a jack yard on the sheet. Enid was running under spinnaker and taking the lead ; while Kilmeny, who had also got by while the leaders were playing the fool, led them some way. At Rosbeg the times were :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Enid	11	54	0	Xema	11	57	0	L'Eclair'.....	11	59	15
Kilmeny.....	11	55	10	Torpid	11	58	0				

All now were bound for the Kish, but the wind became extremely light and baffling, and the heat awful, while the tide flowing to the northward swept the vessels right across and away from the mark. Xema hauling very much up to avoid it, and by this means getting nearest to the Ship. At about 12h. 30m. a faint breeze was seen coming up from the southward, and all trimmed sheets to meet it. From the positions, it appeared all Lombard Street to a China orange that Xema would get the first of it, and be round the ship three minutes ahead of the rest, and her crew were in buoyant spirits, but with perverse ill luck, though nearest and most to windward, the lee boats got it first, and launched away, though by no means fetching the mark, Kilmeny tacked into the Bay; Torpid was first to go about, and Xema hoped to weather her, but failed by two hundred yards; Enid also crossed her bow, while L'Eclair came up on her lee bow, but caught nothing but a

blanketing for her pains, Xema rapidly weathering her ; but the latter's new topsail was an awful plague, and all the desperate efforts of her crew, with all sorts of tackles and purchases, could not get the halyards high enough to let it sheet home. It appeared afterwards that they should have been bent round it instead of into the strap, which does not give hoist enough, since it has stretched, by nine inches. At the Kish Kilmeny was round just before Enid, 1h. 21m. 15s. and 1h. 22m. 10s.; Torpid, 1h. 23m.; Xema, 1h. 23m. 12s.; L'Eclair 1h. 25m., the latter boat, with her old thin canvas, making most wonderful sailing, and astonishing everyone. Enid now headed Kilmeny, and with Torpid kept out in the Bay—bad generalship as it appeared, as the flood was much the stronger near Dalkey shore, and the Xema, Kilmeny, and L'Eclair hugged it. Enid crossed after a time from her old position to theirs; but she had hardly done so when Torpid got a wind of her own, and rushed off like a mad thing, tearing away to the harbour boat some seven minutes ahead of the rest, and away on her reach for South Bar with small appearance of ever being again tackled. Xema came bowling along next, L'Eclair third, Kilmeny fourth, and the luckless Enid last. Torpid drew out her lead at South Bar to 8m. 15s. on Xema, but soon came into a calm and stopped, Enid having so strong a breeze that her spinnaker, set as a jib, parted the halyards and went overboard, luckily hitching on the crosstree, or it would have dragged the topmast out of her ; but as it was she towed it to the buoy, and then, keeping away, got it nicely and safely over her quarter, no harm being done. Kilmeny was now last, and all hung together in a lump in Candlestick Bay, so near as to be able to exchange matches, bottles, and such like, and enlivening the time by sundry witticisms and chaff, while the Enid got up a cornopean, and made the Bay hideous with its notes. At 3h. 54m. 19s. Xema got round Rosbeg, Enid 4h. 7m. 2s., L'Eclair 4h. 7m. 5s., Torpid 4h. 7m. 18s., Kilmeny 4h. 7m. 30s., the first boat, with a penn'orth of luck, looking all over like a winner. In working down to North Burford, however, in a nice breeze which sprung up, she was planted dead to leeward, and Torpid, again catching all the luck, weathered the whole fleet, and after three or four tacks, fetched the South Burford, and away for home at 5h. 7m. 15s., the others being timed as under :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Enid.....	5	7	16	Xema	5	9	19
Kilmeny	5	9	17	L'Eclair	5	10	25

The instant Xema was round she ran up her balloon-foresail for about the twentieth time, and, getting a good puff, dashed past Kilmeny and Enid as if they were at anchor, and drew fast upon Torpid ; but soon

after back flew the wind, and it was a dead beat or nearly so for the harbour, Torpid being all the distance to windward, and of course sure of the prize in the short distance if the wind only held for thirty minutes in the one point, which it had not done all day. All stood on to fetch the harbour in one reach, except Enid, who went about for a fluke of southerly wind, but did not stand far enough, and going about in the strength of the tide was swept bodily to leeward. Xema tacked after Torpid, and held a wonderfully good wind a full point higher than the other, while Kilmeny and L'Eclair had a struggle, the old Wanhill holding the crack of Scotland as in a vice, and making her do all she knew to get in before her. The flag-ship was first passed by Torpid amidst loud cheers 20sec. outside her time on Xema.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Torpid	6	30	45	Kilmeny.....	6	35	50
Xema	6	33	10	L'Eclair	6	36	15

Thus for the third year in succession the Corinthian match was sailed without casualty or accident of any kind, and won by the smallest boat without time, which, considering the size and weight to handle of the yachts engaged—from 57 to 28 tons—speaks well for the nautical skill of the amateurs of the St. George's Channel ; and if some of the said crews were not glad to get into their berths or hammocks that night it was not for want of work and heat, as their condition when they landed proved, the sun being awful, and the shifting of canvas and changing of wind endless. The prize, a very handsome tankard, goes to keep company with the gilt salver won from Holyhead on the 6th, and the many prizes annexed by the Torch, and no one grudged the Commodore the victory, as he had all the second votes. If Phantom and Queen had gone, they would have had a wonderful chance—in fact, the former would have been nearly sure to have won, if not beaten on time by the latter.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

In consequence of our not being favoured with a ticket for the club steamer, (the reason for which is unknown to us, having enjoyed that privilege since the formation of the club,) we give the report from our old friend *Bell* as on the occasion of the former match, under like circumstances.

The second match of this club was held on Saturday June, 25th, from Erith to the Nore and back, for two handsome silver prizes. The following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig,	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1384	Phantom	cutter	12	G. Bishop, Esq.	Ayles
749	Ildegonda	cutter	15	E. Langtrej, Esq.	
458	Eva	cutter	21	W. Low, & R. Bird, Esqrs.	Wanhill
257	Clytie	cutter	12	F. Fabri, Esq.	Marshall

Time for tonnage, 1m. 30s. up to 15 tons, and 1m. per ton above that tonnage. The Ildegonda did not put in an appearance, not having been able to get round into the river from Dartmouth in time for the start, but the three others were found ready at their moorings when the club steamer reached Erith. The start took place under the direction of the Commodore, Cecil Long, Esq., who gave the signal punctually at 12h. 11m. p.m., just as the ebb was beginning to make. The wind was W.N.W., a nice topsail breeze. All were very smart with their canvas, balloon topsails and jibs being in general requisition, but the Phantom was first round and away, Eva second, and Clytie last. As soon as they were fairly under weigh the Eva set the squaresail, and speedily "ran" the Phantom, taking the lead of the fleet, a position which she retained throughout the whole of the match. The run down to the Nore presented no noteworthy features. The Light-ship being rounded as under :—

	h. m. s.	 		h. m. s.	 		h. m. s.
Eva.....	3 35 2	 	Phantom	3 37 33	 	Clytie	3 35 5

After rounding it was nearly a dead beat all the way home, and the yachts shifted ballooners for working canvas, and stood over for the Maplin, along which they worked by short boards with the object of cheating the ebb, it still wanting upwards of three-quarters of an hour to low water. As they stood across for the Maplin on the port tack the Clytie rapidly forereached and weathered on the Phantom, and as they went about under the shore she came out ahead of her to windward. In the next tack, however, the Phantom returned the compliment, whereupon the conventional little jockeying game commenced, the two making board for board close under the shore, the upshot of these tactics being that after a slight foul as they met each other on opposite tacks, the Clytie, in her anxiety to run it fine, grazed the ground for some distance with her keel, and lost several minutes. The remainder of the match calls for no detailed description, as the Eva held her lead throughout without difficulty, and at the finish was upwards of 25 minutes ahead of the Phantom, the race being concluded thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.	
Eva	8 31 7		Phantom	2 56 50

The prizes were subsequently presented by the Commodore on board the club steamboat Petrel, which was as usual well freighted with passengers.

ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

On Monday the 18th July, the annual regatta of this club was held in Bangor Bay, Belfast Lough. The fleet of racing and cruising yachts assembled on the occasion was the largest and finest ever seen in the Lough. The weather was favourable, a light southerly breeze continued all day until near the finish of the racing when it shifted to N.W. and afterwards became calm.

John Mulholland, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the club was present and assisted by the Committee and Hon. Secretary managed the affairs of the day. At 10h. 36m., the half-hour flag was run up as a signal to the yachts entered in the first race to prepare. The prize, the Bangor Challenge Cup and 50 sovereigns. Course, from Bangor to flagboats off Rockport, Carrickfergus Blackhead, Ballymacormie Point and back to Bangor, twice round. The entries were.—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1289	Oimara	cutter	159	J. Wylie, Esq.	Steel
1083	Muriel	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
1079	Mosquito	cutter	60	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
428	Enid	yawl	57	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill

At 11 o'clock the five minutes gun was fired, all the yachts entered, except the Egeria, were to the eastward of the starting line, and when the signal gun was fired head sheets were trimmed and jib-topsails were run up in double quick time, and the fleet passed the flag-boat in the following order :—Mosquito, Oimara, Muriel, Phryne, and Enid, the latter vessel made good use of her canvas and drew through the others in marvellous style. When Rockport was passed, spinnakers were set for the run to Carrickfergus flag-boat, the only part of the course they could be used. The Oimara and Enid kept close company along the Antrim shore until Blackhead boat was rounded when the yawl dropped to leeward, and the cutters gained in the long beat to windward to Ballymacormie Point—but, as soon as this boat was rounded jib-topsails were again set and the final round was finished as follows —Oimara, 2h. 1m. 36s. ; Muriel, 2h. 9m. 42s.; Mosquito, 2h. 10m. 58s. ; Enid, 2h. 22m. 32s.; Phryne not timed.

The latter vessel got into a calm and gave up the race returning to the buoy and anchored. After passing the flagship foresails were run down and larger balloon ones set in their place, the Muriel also setting a balloon jib. In the second round the Mosquito passed the Muriel, the big cutter leading until Ballymacormie flag-boat was rounded ; here the Oimara unfortunately stood too far in towards the shore and got aground on a reef of rocks which lie a short distance from the mainland. A steam-tug that lay not far from her at the time went to her assistance but tried in vain to get her off. As

the tide fell she heeled over considerably—but when it rose again she was towed off having sustained no serious damage.

The Mosquito now the first boat was closely followed by the Muriel, and and the race was concluded as follows :—Mosquito, 5h. 30m. 50s., Muriel, 5h. 33m. 8s.

As Mosquito had to allow 8m. 30s. to the Muriel, the latter was declared the winner. As this is the second time in succession she has won the chal-enge cup, it now becomes her property.

The second race, open to all yachts not exceeding 40 tons, prize 30 sove-reigns—Course, same as for the first race. The starting gun was fired at 11h. 37m. The entries were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1809	Torpid	cutter	28	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.
2045	Xema	cutter	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.	Fife
576	Foxhound	cutter	34	Marquis of Ailsa	Fife
826	Kilmeny	cutter	90	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Fife
463	Eveleen	cutter	39	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Fife
633	Glance	cutter	35	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	Hatcher

All started, passing the flagship in the following order :—Glance, Torpid, Xema, Foxhound, Eveleen, and Kilmeny, all setting jib-topsails. After a fine race the first round was finished as follows :—Xema, 2h. 33m. 59m.; Kilmeny, 2h. 35m. 33s.; Glance, 2h. 38m. 58s.; Foxhound, 2h. 40m. 39s.; Eveleen, 2h. 41m. 31s.; Torpid, 2h. 42m. 43s.

The Foxhound carried away her topmast and gave up the contest which was finished thus :—Kilmeny, 5h. 44m. 30s. (winner); Xema, 5h. 46m. 50s.; Torpid, 5h. 50m. 31s.; Eveleen, 5h. 52m. 19s.; Glance, not timed.

The third race, open to all yachts not exceeding 20 tons; first prize 20 sovereigns, second prize 10 sovereigns. Course, from Bangor to flag-boats, off Rockport, Carrickfergus, Whitehead and thence to Bangor, twice round. The entries were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
942	Magnet	cutter	12	D. M. Smyth, Esq.	Holden
1860	Venture	cutter	15	J. M. Higginson, Esq.	P. Rogers
1380	Phantom	yawl	20	D. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
	Queen	cutter	15	W. R. Johnston, Esq.	
	Glide	cutter	15	J. J. W. Griffith, Esq.	
1487	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	Fulton,
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher

At 12h. 7m. 0s. the starting gun was fired and all the vessels entered started, making as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. The bright sun-light on the snow white canvas with a dark cloud behind setting the little vessels off to the best advantage; all were well together as they passed the

flag-ship. The Phantom passed the Queen off Greypoint and took the lead which she held until Whitehead flag-boat was rounded, but in the turn to windward the Lizzie took the first place, and the flag-ship was passed on the first round as follows :—Lizzie, 2h. 20m. 15s.; Phantom, 2h. 22m. 24s.; Glide, 2h. 27m. 13s.; Ripple, 2h. 28m. 15s., Queen, 2h. 28m. 55s.; Venture 2h. 29m. 18s.; Magnet not timed.

On the second round the wind shifted to the N.W., and the last vessels were thus placed in a better position and the race was finished as follows :—Venture, 4h. 57m. 20s.; Queen, 5h. 0m. 6s.; Ripple, 5h. 0m. 45s.; Glide, 5h. 2m. 7s.; Phantom, 5h. 22m. 10s.; Lizzie, (not timed.)

The Venture won the first prize, and Ripple having to get an allowance of 2m. 30s. from the Queen, won the second prize by 1m. 51s.

At 12h. 37m. 0s. the fourth race open to all yachts not exceeding 10 tons, first prize 10 sovereigns, second prize 5 sovereigns, was started. The course once round the third race course, and from Bangor round the Dufferin buoy and back to Bangor. The following vessels were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
459	Eva	cutter	9	J. Lemon, Esq.	Davidson
839	Lady Alice.....	cutter	8	J. McKenna, Esq., jun.	Shanks
1469	Raven	cutter	9	T. Workman, Esq.	Thamson
584	Flirt	cutter	7	J. Currell, Esq.	
59	Amba	cutter	9	F. Connor, Esq., junr.	Shanks
1206	Naiad	cutter	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	
159	Boreas.....	cutter	10	J. Reid, Esq.	Reid & Co.
1249	Nil Desperandum	cutter	9	M. H. Thomson, Esq.	

When the gun was fired the yachts passed all well together, in the following order:—Boreas, Flirt, Naiad, Amba, Lady Alice, Nil Desperandum, Raven, and Eva; the Flirt, Naiad, and Amba passed the Boreas before Rockport boat was reached, but when the spinnakers were set the Lady Alice drew a-head, taking Carrickfergus flag-boat first, followed by Flirt, Boreas, and Naiad. The breeze now became light and the Naiad's big sails told well, so that she rounded Whitehead boat a-head of the fleet, Boreas followed by the others all close together, when the flag-ship was passed on their way to the Dufferin buoy the order was Naiad, Boreas, Lady Alice, and Raven. The Amba had carried away her topmast and gave up, as also Eva and Nil desperandum. The breeze was almost gone and it was slow work getting round the buoy, spinnakers were set as the wind was now from N.W. and the race was finished in a calm, as follows :—Naiad, 4h. 25m. 12s.; Boreas, 4h. 38m. 51s.; Lady Alice, 4h. 46m. 30s.; Raven not timed.

The owner of Lady Alice lodged a protest against Naiad and Boreas, both of which he thought over 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ tons. According to the rule of the club both were measured by the club measurer (professional,) and as they were found to be well under the tonnage the committee awarded the first prize to Naiad and the second prize to Boreas.

The fifth race open to all yachts of five tons and under, prize 5 sovereigns

Course, from Bangor round Rockport and Carrickfergus flagboats and back to Bangor. The entries were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builder.
173	Brunette.....	cutter	4	J. Moore, Esq.	Fife
	Kite.....	cutter	4	J. Taylor, Esq.	
	Helen	cutter	2	H. F. Thomas, Esq.	

At 1h. 7m. 0s. the gun fired for the start—the little Helen making a splendid lead, followed by the Brunette and the Kite a long way behind. The Brunette soon overhauled the Helen, and after a good race came in the victor, time:—Brunette, 3h. 11m. 12s. Kite, 3h. 15m. 55s.; Helen not timed. A few rowing matches concluded the most successful regatta yet held by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

THE ROYAL SOUTHERN AND SOUTHAMPTON REGATTAS.

JULY 19th, 20th and 21st.—The town and county of Southampton may this year boast of having celebrated the “three glorious days in July,” in a manner which has never heretofore been witnessed in the locality. The Royal Southern Regatta, having occupied Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Southampton Regatta, under the auspices of the West Quay Amateur Regatta Club, came off on the following Thursday.

On no former occasion have the “allies” shown such a peaceful demonstration as the combined forces did on the present occasion, notwithstanding the disturbed state of affairs on the continent, and the semi-paralysis which has been, we hope only temporarily, placed on the commerce of the port—evidenced by the detention of three of the North German packet ships—the City of New York, Main, and Leipsic—which lay at anchor within its tidal waters, and contributed much to increase the gorgeous spectacle afloat, being dressed with flags of every hue from truck to gunwale.

Such was also the case with several schooner yachts off the Town Quay. The Royal Pier also came in for its share of banneretts and bunting, which contributed much to enhance the appearance of that beautiful but too often cheerless promenade. And this additional display, we were told, was due to the contractor and pier-master, Mr. Stroud. However, as the officers generally come in for the biggest lump of prize money, we presume our laudations will be received in a similar ratio.

The weather was what may be termed beautifully fine—the sun at about 128 degs., at times insupportable. There was a capital programme each day, such as would do honour to any club, and on this occasion the indefatigable and obliging Secretary, Captain Bridges, deserves our thanks, as much on the part of the press, who are the “echoes of the day,” as of those who were not present. We are of course speaking first of the Royal Southern, who provided steamers to accompany the several matches, on board of which was a large number of the members and their friends, and

abundance of the good things for the inner man, and for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests, were catered for by Dartnall of the high street, and the *tout ensemble* was well carried out. With this introduction we narrate the events under their respective headings.

Tuesday, July 19th.—The first match was her Majesty's Cup, value £100, for yachts of any rig belonging to the Royal Southern Yacht Club, of 40 and not exceeding 250 tons ; half-a-minute time up to 50 tons, quarter of a minute up to 100 tons, and 12 seconds over 100 tons. Cutters to have two-thirds of their tonnage added, yawls half their tonnage added. The following entered and started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
734	Hirondelle	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox, M.P.	Wanhill
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
84	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
230	Christabel	cutter	52	Earl of Annesley	Aldous

The course was from the station-vessel opposite Netley Hospital to the Nab Light vessel, passing to the northward of all Bramble Buoys and Calshot Light vessel from the Nab, which was to be left on the port hand, to the Lepe Buoy, passing to the southward of all Bramble Buoys, leaving the Lepe Buoy on the starboard hand, thence round the Spit and Black Jack, both of which to be left on the port hand, and win between the station vessel (*Erminia*) off the town and the Town Quay. The Arrow had to allow the Flying Cloud, 20m. 15s. ; Christabel, 17m. 30s. ; Vanguard, 14m. ; Hirondelle, 11m. 24s.—Hirondelle to allow the Flying Cloud 8m. 51s; Christabel, 6m. 6s.; Vanguard. 2m. 36s.—Vanguard to allow Flying Cloud 6m. 15s. ; Christabel, 3m. 30s.—Christabel to allow the Flying Cloud, 2m. 45s.

The start was effected at 10h. 56m., and the Christabel was the first to get away, followed by the Arrow, Vanguard, Flying Cloud, and Hirondelle last. After a couple of short tacks across the river, with a light breeze from the southward and westward, hugging the Cadland shore they made a long reach out of the river and stood for the Calshot light vessel, which was passed with an increasing breeze as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Christabel.....	11 42 30	Vanguard	11 46 0	Hirondelle.....	11 23 0
Arrow	11 44 0	Flying Cloud ...	11 48 0		

When off Osborne at 12h. 5m. the wind became paltry, increasing and diminishing at intervals, which frequently caused a shift of positions. About this spot the Cloud passed the Vanguard, and became third, but a few minutes afterwards the Hirondelle, which had been the most sluggish in the race, came up, bowling along with a rattling breeze, and caused another change of positions. Thence the wind was variable and light, and very

little progress was made by any of them. On reaching the Motherbank the breeze dropped, a calm ensued, and the whole drifted in a cluster. For about two hours a perfect calm prevailed, with the exception of a puff now and then. Off Ryde the yachts formed in a line under a crowd of drooping muslin, and for a couple of hours they were together, jammed by the tide. It was tedious work to the Noman, which having reached they stuck to the fort for an hour. The Arrow apparently dropped anchor. At length, at 3h. 30m. p.m., a splendid breeze sprang up; the canvas was filled, and they were enabled to stem the western tide and leave the Noman at a good pace, but their positions were all altered, as will be seen on rounding the Nab, which was accomplished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flying Cloud...	4	8	45	Christabel	4	11	11	Arrow	4	12	30
Hirondelle	4	9	40	Vanguard	4	12	10				

After rounding the Nab on the port hand they returned with a splendid breeze free for them to the Motherbank, passing inside the Noman fort as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flying Cloud ...	4	39	0	Vanguard.....	4	41	0	Arrow	4	41	15
Hirondelle	4	40	0	Christabel.....	4	41	10				

The three latter yachts were so close together as to be only a question of seconds. About five minutes afterwards the Vanguard passed the Christabel, and the Arrow did the same at 4h. 58m. The breeze had now stiffened to south-west, and the "long-leg" system was adopted to the Motherbank; thence they worked along the island shore through Cowes Roads towards Egypt, Vanguard leading, followed by the Arrow, the others being well together. At length they severally reached across the West Channel and weathered the Lepe Buoy, which was successfully rounded in the following time and order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vanguard	6	6	0	Hirondelle	6	11	0	Christabel	6	15	30
Arrow	6	8	30	Flying Cloud ...	6	12	0				

Having rounded the Lepe Buoy, which was the extreme west end of the course, they gybed over, and bore away along the north shore for the Spit buoy, the Cloud passing the Hirondelle off Eaglehurst, and went into the third place.

At 6h. 45m. they severally passed the Spit, and continued their reach across the mouth of the Anton, each following in a line, with the other at equal distances of about a cable's length, Vanguard still leading, followed by Arrow and the others. Several efforts were made by the old Arrow to gain the weather board, but Harris, of the Vanguard, was as knowing as Parker of the Arrow—both skippers as well known to the racing craft as Smith, Jones, and Brown to the "wide, wide world." Every time the Vanguard went about the Arrow tacked under her lee, both working up against the ebb under the Nettle shore. On passing the Victoria Hospital it was evident that the Vanguard had gained considerably, but it was doubt-

ful, although she had saved her allowance, whether she would reach goal in the time specified to win. Flying Cloud made a reach across to Cadland's shore, but rather lost than gained by the act. Much excitement was created. With the young flood the Vanguard reached across the Hythe, and then tacked and made a long leg of it. It was now 8h. p.m.; the sun had set "breezy for the morrow," but the wind had dropped still more, nevertheless sufficient prevailed to waft her homeward, and a gun from the Erminia yacht, the station vessel, proclaimed the Vanguard winner of her Majesty's Cup by about a couple of minutes, passing the goal at 8h. 58m. 35s., the Hironnelle came in about five minutes afterwards, and the others were not timed.

The club purse of 25 sovereigns, to be divided, first boat, £20 ; second, £5; for yachts of any rig up to 25 tons, belonging to a royal yacht club. Time race—2 minutes per ton up to 10 tons, 1½ minutes up to 15 tons, and 1 minute up to 25 tons. Three to enter or no race. Entrance fee, £1.

The following were the entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
1460	Quiver	cutter	12	D. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner Hatcher
749	Ildegonda	cutter	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	
1849	Vampire	cutter	19	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	
743	Ibis	cutter	9	S. Smith, Esq.	
	Midge	cutter	10	M. Guest, Esq.	

The Vampire did not start, being unable to get round in time. The other four got away at 11h. 43m ; the course was from the station-vessel, round the buoy of H.M.S. Hector, between the Brambles and Calshot, thence returning to round a boat off Cracknore-hard, and back—three times round, which were completed as under :

	FIRST ROUND.			SECOND ROUND.			THIRD ROUND.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Ildegonda	12	55	30	1	47	5	2	25	55
Quiver	12	58	55	1	53	42	2	35	55
Ibis.....	1	6	16	2	12	5			
Midge.....	1	2	13	2	4	30	2	56	5

The Ibis gave up after completing the second round. The Ildegonda thus won the first prize, and the Quiver the second.

As this match was proceeded with, during the race for the Queen's cup, under similar auspices of wind and weather, no further remarks are necessary, beyond the fact that it was a struggle between the little Quiver and her opponent, the "new one" of Hatcher's brought out this season. It was evident that the three tons extra overpowered the little one.

Second day.—The events of this day according to the card consisted of two prizes, the Vice-Commodore's prize of 50 sovereigns—first boat £40 ; second £10, for which the entries are

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
359	Dione	cutter	44	Capt. J. H. Anderson	Hatcher
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
1508	Rosebud	cutter	51	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
734	Hirondelle	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox, M.P.	Wanhill
230	Christabel	cutter	52	Earl of Annealey	Aldous

And for the club purse of 40 sovereigns, for schooners belonging to a royal yacht club from 35 tons upwards, for which there were three entries according to law, but according to fact only one schooner started, and she went the course in order to ensure the prize. We should state that the Red Gauntlet and Storm Bird had entered. The day was fine throughout, but there was little wind in the forenoon which was made up for by a splendid breeze during the p.m.

Match for the Vice-Commodore's prize.—The course for each match was from the station vessel round the Brambles and Lepe buoy, thence round the Spit buoy and back, twice round, a distance of between fifty and sixty miles.

The start was effected at 10h. 30m., with little or no wind to blow out the burgees, but the order was given, and there was every appearance of a breeze from W.S.W., but it was utterly out of the power of the yachts to find it for above a couple of hours, the yachts therefore amused themselves by crossing and recrossing each other on opposite tacks. At length they managed to get off Nettley where the breeze overtook them, and thence they worked down the Southampton water, the Dione took the lead and made a long leg of it, followed closely by Rosebud; and then the Vanguard third at some distance, and the Christabel behind.

The wind continued to freshen, just enough to make it pleasant; the steamer Lady of the Lake accompanied the matches to day, as did the Lord of the Isles yesterday. It was now verging on one p.m., the Flying Cloud, which was walking over the course to win the second match, joined company and virtually taking part in the match.

The following is the time in which they passed the different points; the Calshot lightship was passed.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Flying Cloud ...	1	45	0		Dione	1	46	40		Christabel	1	51	0
Rosebud	1	45	5		Vanguard	1	46	55					

From thence they proceeded to the southward and eastward and having rounded the S.E. buoy of the Brambles, they worked to the westward between the Island and the Shoal, in order to get round the Lepe buoy and home, in a similar manner and under the same position of wind and weather as that of the previous day.

The following is the time in which the yachts passed in both rounds:—

The Spit buoy was passed thus :—

	FIRST ROUND.			SECOND ROUND.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vanguard	3	30	50	6	43	45
Dione	3	31	0	6	56	15
Christabel	3	36	0	6	54	30
Flying Cloud.....	3	35	30	6	56	17

The run up the Southampton water was soon accomplished and the Erminia (the station vessel) was rounded each time as under :—

	FIRST ROUND.			SECOND ROUND.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vanguard	4	10	30	7	38	40
Dione	4	14	55	8	7	0
Christabel	4	16	15	7	59	57
Flying Cloud.....	4	16	35	8	0	0

The race was now completed—the Vanguard having to allow 2m. 40s., the Christabel became the winner of the first prize by about 18 minutes and a-half—Dione did not save her time on the Christabel, and the latter consequently took the second prize.

There was also a prize of 12 sovs. for boats (not yachts) belonging to the Port of Southampton, not exceeding 28 feet. The prizes were won by Daring, £5, Morning Star, £4, Maria, £2, Pearl, £1, Fleetwing and Zephyr also contending. The race created much excitement but was rather tedious.

Several yachts gigs contested, and there were duck hunts and other amusements, which gratified the sightseers along the quays. The schooners in front of the pier as well as the pier itself was decked with bunting.

Thus ended the best regatta of the Royal Southern that we have witnessed for years.

SAILING BARGE MATCH.

For the past eight years the sailing barges have met to contest for liberal prizes provided by H. Dodd, Esq., and his friends, and we congratulate them upon the success of their exertions, not only in the production of better craft, and skilful crews, but also in affording a day's recreation to many thousands of hard working people, for it is only on like occasions that the scene of June 28th, can be witnessed on the bosom of Father Thames, and long may it continue. There was a vast number of yachts, steamers, barges, smacks and every description of vessel that would float in attendance, newly painted and gaily bedizened, bearing crowded and happy freights. The day was a joyous one, but was clouded by the knowledge that the originator of this hilarity was unable to be present through illness. The committee chartered the Alexandra saloon steamer to accompany the race for the conveyance of subscribers of one guinea each and their friends, and she left London Bridge, at nine o'clock punctually, having on board between 400 to 500

persons amongst whom was Cecil Long, Esq., Commodore of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, who kindly undertook the office of Commodore on this occasion. The following were the entries :—

First-class—Topsail barges, not exceeding 50 tons register.—First prize, 21*l.* silver cup, and 10*l.* for the hands (cup presented by members and subscribers of Lloyds's; second prize 12*l.* silver cup, and 5*l.* 6*s.* for the hands; third prize 8*l.* silver cup, and 3*l.* 3*s.* for the hands; fourth prize, Polytechnic barometer and 2*l.* 2*s.* for hands :—The following started :—

Barges.	Tons	Owners.	Barges.	Tons	Owners.
Gratitude	42	Nash and Miller	Annie Lloyd ...	40	Edward Lloyd
Invicta	39	Lee, Son, and Co.	Bessie Hart ...	41	Chas. Wood
Victory	39	Lee, Son, and Co.	Flower of Kent	43	Thos. Simmons
Robert Stone ..	43	Robert Stone	Blue Bell	37	G. Burrell
Alexandra	47	S. Court and Co.	Lizzie	38	Taylor & Horsford

Second-class—Spritsail Barges not exceeding 45 tons register.—First prize, 18*l.* silver cup, and 10*l.* for the hands; second prize, 10*l.* silver cup and 5*l.* for the hands; third prize, 7*l.* silver cup and 3*l.* for the hands; fourth prize, Admiral Fitzroy barometer, and 2*l.* for hands. The first and third prizes were presented by Mr. Dodd's friends.

Barges.	Tons	Owners.	Barges.	Tons	Owners.
Princess	36	G. Hodges	Mersey	40	Grays Chalk Quarries
R. O. W. ...	42	Robert Stone	Lily	35	T. F. Wood
Florence	31	S. Court and Co.	Clyde	40	Grays Chalk Quarries
Maria	35	Charles Wood	Defiance	39	Lee, Son, and Co.
Mars	36	Francis Sales	Frognall	36	Henry Chambers
Prince	35	J. H. Depcke	Renown	39	Lee, Son, and Co.

Third class—Spritsail Barges—First prize, 15*l.* silver cup and 8*l.* for the hands; second prize 8*l.* silver cup and 4*l.* for the hands; third prize, 5*l.* silver cup and 3*l.* for the hands. The first prize presented by H. Dodd, Esq.

Barges.	Tons	Owners.	Barges.	Tons	Owners.
Edwin	33	E. Downs & Co.	Race Horse	30	A. H. Keep
Jesse ..	34	B. Jacob	Ernest	30	G. Wood
Frederick	34	R. Stone	Emma	30	J. Bowyer
Four Brothers	32	J. J. Dunn	Onward	37	H. Finn

Through the exertions of Messrs. Flowers, Knibbs, Earle, and Wood, all the barges but the Lily were found at their stations on the arrival of the Alexandra at Erith, the course sailed being thence to off Sheerness and back.

The barges were well arranged in three rows, and shortly after high water, at 10h. 45m., Cecil Long Esq., ordered the gun to fire for the second and third classes to go away. Wind N.E., a nice working breeze. Of the second-class, the Renown was the smartest, and with the best position took

the lead, followed by Frogmal, Defiance and Clyde, who were next well under way. In the third-class the Emma and Onward had the best of the start, and all went reaching away, while the first-class (topsails) were preparing for the start, which took place at 10h. 58m. The Flower of Kent was under sail first, but the Lizzie had a trifling lead through the advantage of her position, but the Flower of Kent immediately ran by the Bessie Hart and the second position. Annie Lloyd being next to leeward. The Invicta made a very good start more in the centre of the river, and well in the tide-way, and luffing into the north shore, off Coalharbour Point, took the lead of the whole fleet, all being in a perfect line.

Entering Erith Roads, the Invicta led by 100 yards, the Bessie Hart having just headed the Gratitude. At Purfleet their order was—Invicta, Lizzie, Flower of Kent, Victory, Annie Lloyd, and Bessie Hart. All lay well into St. Clement's, and in the lower part tacked to the northward, and made a board to weather Broadness, by which time the Renown had increased her lead very much, the Frogmal close up, Mersey third, Defiance fourth, and Mars fifth. With the exception of a board or two in St. Clements, and in the Hope, all was plain sailing, the wind becoming lighter as the sun came out.

Off Tilbury the Renown was a quarter-of-a-mile ahead of the Defiance, which had taken second place, Mersey third, Frogmal fourth, Mars fifth. At this point the Invicta led the first-class by 100 yards, the Annie Lloyd in turning having worked into the second place, Alexandra third, Bessie Hart fourth, Victory fifth, Flower of Kent next. In the third-class the Onward led, followed by Race Horse and Edwin. All luffed for Coalhouse point to beat through the Hope, where the wind headed them. There the Annie Lloyd, in turning, walked up to the Invicta, and, after one or two boards, collared her and took the lead, followed by Bessie Hart, the Invicta and Victory being third and fourth. The Alexandra in Sea Reach ran into the third place. The ebb having ran out the barges rounded the Alexandra off Sheerness, thus —

FIRST CLASS.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Annie Lloyd	2	13	0	Alexandra	2	18	30
Bessie Hart	2	17	0	Invicta	2	22	30

SECOND CLASS.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Renown	2	8	15	Mersey	2	26	30
Defiance	2	25	10	Frogmal	2	26	50

THIRD CLASS.

These rounded at the Chapman as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Frederick.....	2	7	0	Onward	2	12	0
Edwin	2	8	0	Jesse.....	2	12	10

The return was nearly all running and reaching. In the last class, the Jesse had outrun the others at Tilbury into the first place, Frederick second, Edwin third. After some smart sailing the race finished thus:—

FIRST CLASS (TOPSAILS).					
h. m. s.			h. m. s.		
Annie Lloyd (winner)	5	53	0	Alexandra	6 7 17
Bessie Hart	5	58	20	Invicts.	6 12 5
SECOND CLASS (SPRITSAILS).					
h. m. s.			h. m. s.		
Renown (winner)	6	18	37	Frogmal	6 30 39
Defiance	6	25	50	Prince	6 36 25
THIRD CLASS.					
h. m. s.			h. m. s.		
Frederick (winner)	5	56	10	Jesse	6 2 30
Edwin	5	57	25	Onward	6 3 50

The men engaged in the race were afterwards entertained with a supper, liberally originated by Mr. Forster, and aided by the committee. Everything passed off most satisfactorily.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

A **SPLENDID** contest came off between the yachts belonging to this flourishing club on Lake Ontario, on Saturday, the 18th of June. The prize was a beautiful facsimile of the Eddystone Light-house, in richly chased silver and was the munificent gift of the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. The course was S.E.b.S. from moorings off the Club-house, across the Lake to a buoy at the mouth of the Niagara river, 35 miles. The following vessels let draw :—

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Geraldine ..	schooner	28	Commodore Hodder
Kestrel ..	schooner	16	Captain Hagarty
Gorilla ..	sloop, c.b.	28	Captain Gifford
Stella ..	sloop, c.b.	7	L. H. Moffatt, Esq.
Glance ..	cutter	10	Vice-Commodore Clarkson

At a quarter to nine o'clock, the gun warning the yachts to make ready was fired, and at one minute past nine the signal for getting under weigh was given. As if by magic the head sails of the trim looking little vessels were hoisted, and the business of the day began in earnest. The Glance was the first away, the Gorilla being up to her a little to windward, and the others all in close proximity. The wind at this time was very light and baffling, each boat appearing to have it from a different quarter. The Gorilla made four tacks while working out of the western channel, and at one time ran a near chance of fouling the Queen's Wharf, through standing too close in and having no wind ; however, she went about and got on her course. steering S.E.b.S- Off Gibraltar Point the boats got into a brisk streak of wind and the sailing qualities of the yachts began to be tested.

The Gorilla, with her cenrte-boardo dwn, was working well to windwar

with the *Glance* close to her, but somewhat to leeward, having been delayed by reason of the *Kestrel*, who was to windward of her, fouling her when going about. After passing the buoy off the point of the Island the *Geraldine* appeared to be running away to leeward and making a good deal of easting, the *Glance* was lying very close to the wind and going well, the *Kestrel* and *Stella* were a long way astern and a little to leeward of the leading boats. It soon became evident the prize was to be carried off by *Gorilla*, who was showing a clean pair of heels to the others in the race, and rapidly increasing the distance between her and them. Every stitch of canvas was drawing on all the boats; the wind, though rather light, was favourable, and there was nothing to be done but to sit watching the movements of the competing vessels, criticise them and the manner in which they were handled, and speculate upon their probable position at the finish. The *Geraldine* ran out a small sail, bent to a spar lashed to her main-boom, but didn't carry it very long, it evidently interfering with her steering. With her gaff-topsails and three jibs set, she appeared to be a formidable-looking craft for the little *Glance* to sail against, but the good seamanship of the crew of the latter caused her to hold her own bravely with her larger antagonist.

The *Kestrel* and *Stella* did not seem to have much chance with the others, the latter, shortly after leaving the Island, falling away astern, but lying her course well. By noon, the *Gorilla* was nearly hull down, going at a good rate; the *Geraldine* was away to the eastward, evidently going for second place though the *Glance* was running her hardly, the *Kestrel* and *Stella* having a little race on their own account. The topmast of the *Glance* about this time began to bend in an ominous manner, and the square-gaff-topsail was taken off her, and a jib-headed one set in its place, this change materially decreased her speed, but as the wind had somewhat freshened there was danger of carrying away the spar and being put out of the race altogether. The gallant little craft was behaving admirably, and if a few rather uncharitable wishes of some of the yachtsmen to the effect that the *Gorilla* would carry away something, had been fulfilled, she would have had a really good chance of the race, or at all events, she would have obtained a second place. The *Gorilla* seemed to have it all her own way and was soon nearly out of sight, making Niagara at 2h. 11m. 30. The other boats arrived in the following order, and at the times mentioned:—*Geraldine* 3h. 8m. 16s.; *Glance*, 3h. 30m. 0s.; *Kestrel*, 3h. 30m. 15s.; *Stella*, 3h. 40m. 25s. In the after part of the race the two latter boats improved their positions wonderfully, and at one time when just entering the river, the wind having dropped, it looked very much as if the *Kestrel* was going to beat the *Glance*. Indeed so close were the vessels when passing the buoy that a person could almost have jumped from one to the other. The vast crowd of persons congregated in front of the hotel were much interested in the result, and cheered each boat as she arrived most enthusiastically. The American fort across the river saluted the winning boat, and the *Gorilla* acknowledged the compliment by dipping her burgee.

The weather throughout the day was very fine, but exceedingly hot. The proprietor of the Hotel entertained the members of the yacht club during the evening at a sumptuous supper, when the prize was presented to Capt. Gifford, who has every reason to be proud of his boat and the handsome trophy she has won for him.

In the evening a ball was given in the spacious new ball room of the hotel, at which a large number of persons were present. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and was kept up with great spirit till midnight, when the large number of ladies and gentlemen who had come over by the steamer returned to Toronto, all well pleased with the day's sport and the healthful recreation it afforded.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WROXHAM REGATTA came off on July 7th. The morning broke out fine with a nice breeze from W.S.W., which was at times light and variable. The previous night's rain rendered the fine weather doubly enjoyable. The attendance at Wroxham regatta has for some time past been gradually declining, and at no time was the decline more conspicuous than on Wednesday last. No doubt the dullness of the morning and the election proceedings at Norwich were partly the cause of the small attendance, but the main cause consists in the great difficulties of the approach to the Broad, which is itself admirably adapted for a regatta.

The first match was for second-class boats belonging to the club, for a prize of £10. Three were entered, viz., the Halcyon, Isaac Preston, junr., Esq., 8 tons; Zoe, J. Stanley, Esq., 9 tons; Oberon, W. K. Morton, Esq., 9 tons. Each yacht carried a distinguishing flag, and Halcyon and Zoe top-sails. Oberon was first away. Zoe, being hampered by the position of Halcyon, was compelled to go about, and thus had the worst of the start.

During the first round the Halcyon took the lead, and the second place was closely contested by Zoe and Oberon, the advantage remaining with the latter. In the next round Zoe passed Oberon, but Oberon, being skilfully handled, managed to round the buoy just five seconds ahead of her rival. Zoe, however, being to windward, got off first. In the last round Oberon fell hopelessly behind. The time of the final round was as follows:—Halcyon, 2h. 2m. 32s.; Oberon, 2h. 11m. 53s.; Zoe, 2h. 5m. 30s. The Halcyon therefore was the winner.

This was followed by a match of sailing boats of any rig, open to all, five to enter or no race, with a time allowance of half-a-minute a foot:—1st prize, £5; 2nd, the entrance fees, 5s. each, or £1 5s. The following started:—Clara, cutter, Mr. Brown, 17ft.; Syren, latteen, Mr. Press, 17ft. Emma, Mr. Simpson, 13ft.; Dauntless, Mr. Waters, 14ft.; Esmeralda, Mr. Nicholson, 16ft.

A good start was effected at three o'clock p.m., the course sailed being five rounds as in the preceeding match. At the termination of the first

round the competing boats rounded the buoy in the following order:—Syren, Clara, Esmeralda, Dauntless, and Emma. The race was now virtually confined to the two leading boats, although for a time Esmeralda gallantly held her own. The match, which was well sailed, was completed as follows:—Syren, 5h. 8m. 5s. ; Clara, 5h. 12m. 2s. The rest were not timed.

NEW BRIGHTON SAILING CLUB.

THE second race of the season took place on Friday, June 17th, the conditions being a time match, one minute per foot, and the course was from the moorings off New Brighton, round the Crosby lightship, keeping the Channel course, passing the ship on the port hand, and so home, leaving the ship on starboard hand, and passing between New Brighton stage and flag-ship. The start was effected at 6h. 25m. p.m., the boats standing down the Channel with a spanking breeze from the north-west. The match was well contested, and excited great interest. The Shamrock held the lead almost throughout. As the boats rounded the flag-ship the time was as follows:—Shamrock 8h. 29m 50s.; Mithona, 8h. 33m. 17s.; Dreadnought, 8h. 37m. 10s.; Zephyr, 8h. 43 10m.; Ripple, 8h. 43m. 40s.; Glance, 8h. 45m. 3s.; Slieve Donard 8h. 54m. 2s.; Wag, 8h. 54m. 23s.; Dolphin, 8h. 58m. 7s.; Dodo 8h. 59m. 16m.

CAMBRIA AND DAUNTLESS MATCH.

THESE celebrated yachts started for their ocean match on Monday, July 4th, from Daunt Rock, about a mile from Cork Head, instead of Old Head, at Kinsale, the alteration being made to enable the public to witness the start with less inconvenience. Admiral Smyth-Barry, and the sailing committee of the Royal Cork Yacht Club carried out the arrangements for the start, at the request of the owners. At 2h. 37m. the starting gun was fired, head sails smartly hoisted, and they proceeded on their voyage, heartily cheered by the crews of the numerous craft assembled to witness their departure. By telegram we learn that the Cambria arrived at Sandy Hook Lightship at 8h. 7m. on the afternoon of July 27th, and the Dauntless an hour-and-three-quarters after her. The Cambria it appears kept a more northerly course than her antagonist and met with heavy weather. The Dauntless also met with rough treatment from the elements, and on the 7th of July she unfortunately had two men swept overboard, and lost time in endeavouring to save them. On their arrival they were met by the yachts of the New York, Atlantic, and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs. It appears that the vessels were about equal favorites with our "cousins" and were backed for large sums.

Editor's Locker.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCH.

Kingstown, 19th July, 1870.

DEAR SIR.—I shall feel much obliged if you will in your next number kindly correct a mistake which appears in the June number concerning the race of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club sailed on the 21st May. The protest which I handed in against the Myrrha was decided by the committee in my favour and the prize was therefore awarded to the "Peri," 5 tons, the helmsman's locket going to Mr. William Power, who steered the boat on the occasion.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours Faithfully,

J. E. ROGERS, owner of the Peri.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE print of the American yacht Sappho, lately published by Mr. Foster of Billiter Street, is fairly entitled to more notice than we were able to give it last month, and those who remember the print of the old America which came out in this country shortly after her victory at Cowes, will at once see the vast improvement that has been made of late years in this branch of the fine arts. The picture and lithograph are the work of Mr. Dutton, and represent the Sappho on the starboard tack with all her fore and aft canvas set; there is, it must be confessed, rather a want of animation in the picture, and as there is enough sea on to give one an idea of a certain amount of wind and motion, we consider that a little more life in the yacht itself would have been a great improvement; we think the vessel a little too upright, and though "as stiff as a church" is undoubtedly a great compliment to a vessel when *under* canvas, it is not quite the state of things we like to see on canvas. No doubt in dealing with the subject in this way Mr. Dutton was anxious to shew as much of the hull of the Sappho as possible with the view of making a portrait, and in this he has most admirably succeeded, the long fine bow and somewhat heavy quarters of the American yacht, and her round powerful midship section, will be readily recognized by every one who has seen her. All these points have been faithfully brought out in the print published by Mr. Foster, and so skilfully have the tints been executed and the colours so well arranged, that it really more resembles a water coloured drawing than a print, which, while bringing to the recollection of the yachtsman the stirring event of A.D. 1870, will also add a very pleasing picture to his collection.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- Aug 1 to 6—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta week at Cowes
- 2—Royal Western (of Ireland) Yacht Club Regatta
- 3—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta at Carnarvon
- 4—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Oulton
- 8 to 13—Royal Victoria Yacht Club week at Ryde
- 13—Prince Alfred Yacht Club Handicap Match
- 19, 20—Torbay Regatta
- 20—New Brighton Sailing Club Match
- 24, 25—Dartmouth Regatta
- 27—Cheshire Yacht Club Corinthian Match
- 27—Clyde Yacht Club Corinthian Match

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1870.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN OCEAN RACE.

AFTER certainly the longest and probably the most exciting race on record, the *Cambria* has defeated the *Dauntless* in the great Atlantic match, and as Mr. Ashbury suffered such reverses in his contest with the *Sappho* and was unfortunate enough to have been disabled while endeavouring to regain the Queen's Cup, he will no doubt look upon this triumph as doubly welcome, and while we congratulate him on his success we feel sure from all that has come to our knowledge that our American yachting friends by no means begrudge him the honors his vessel has so gallantly won. There seems to be some little discrepancy with regard to the reports that have reached us from the different vessels as to the result of the little sparring that took place off the Old Head of Kinsale, each yacht according to its chronicler claiming, like the Prussian King and French Emperor before Metz, a "brilliant success," and it probably will remain a disputed point as to which had the best of it so long as they were together. This happy state of "keeping company" did not however last long, as once away from the land the two yachts took a totally different course, the one keeping to the North

while the other went to the South, both sailing on what is called the "great circle" principle, which in homely phrase may be described as going "the longest way round to get the shortest way home," or going out of the direct route in order to take advantage of certain slants of wind which are said to prevail in particular western latitudes at certain times of the year, just as the trade winds in a greater degree prevail in more southern climes. It appears that there are differences of opinion on this "great circle" principle, and that while some contend that in order to avoid the prevailing westerly winds which sweep across the Atlantic, a northerly course should be taken, others again as stoutly affirm that the southern is the better route, and if the *Cambria* and *Dauntless* had started with the view of testing the merits of the two rival routes and of helping to solve this knotty problem we could have appreciated the idea, but for two vessels to start for an avowed purpose of a trial of speed and yet to keep as far away from each other as they possibly could, leaving the race entirely to chance, seems, as we have some months ago explained, a most unsatisfactory proceeding.

The *Cambria* took the more northern circuit going as far north as 55 degrees, while the *Dauntless* stood to 40 degrees, and the fact of their arriving within two hours of each other will not tend to convince the advocates of the rival routes as to whether the northern or southern course is the better. Each yacht had of course much "hard lines" to lament over, but we do not see that there was much to complain of on either side. The weather at times was somewhat "coarse" and the sea wild and stormy for both, yet on no occasion was either vessel compelled to heave to, and only once were they reduced to the necessity of close reef; on the whole they seem to have been treated much on a par as regards rough work while on the other hand the wind seems with little exception to have kept them on a taunt bowline, and so far to have favoured the *Cambria* by keeping them generally on her best point of sailing, but it is quite impossible to draw anything like a proper conclusion as to the merits or demerits of the contending craft, or as to their relative speed, from the circumstances connected with a race where the combatants were at one time nine hundred miles apart, a fact which fully bears out all we have said against ocean matches being any test whatever, and we shall leave our readers to draw their own inferences after reading the logs of the *Cambria* and *Dauntless* which we publish. But whatever differences

of opinion may exist with regard to "great circle sailing" and "ocean matches," there can be but one opinion with regard to the reception given to Mr. Ashbury at New York, not only by the yachting world but by the world at large and the general tone of the press was most fair and honourable, in short what we should have expected from them.

The papers speak of the excitement to know the issue of the race, and on the arrival of the *Cambria* as far exceeding that caused by the fearful struggle now going on in France, everything that could float was put in requisition to get a sight of the English schooner, and the yachts of the New York, the Atlantic and the Brooklyn Clubs formed a sort of triumphal procession to escort the *Cambria* up the harbour, while the general public though as Americans naturally wished the *Dauntless* to win, yet had the same hearty feeling of welcome for the victor whichever it might be, and Mr. Ashbury's arrival more resembled the return of "a hero of a hundred fights" than the winner of the Atlantic Ocean Race.

LOG OF THE CAMBRIA.

JULY 4th.—All hands preparing ship for race. 1h. p.m. weighed anchor; towed round H. M. S. Mersey in company with *Dauntless* as a token of respect; both yachts were loudly cheered by thousands of spectators; single reefed mainsail and set it whole, lower sail. 2h. 20m. signal to start, off Dannt's Rock, standing to the southward, *Cambria* to windward, with a fresh westerly wind. 3h. p.m. weather became very thick, with rain. The yacht stood in for the land, the *Dauntless* weathering the *Cambria* by about a-quarter-of-a-mile. Off the Old Kinsale Head at 5h. p.m. The weather remained thick and the yachts lost sight of each other in a thick fog until 8 o'clock, when the *Cambria* made out the *Dauntless* two miles on her lee bow.

July 5th.—At 1h. 30m. a.m., tacking ship, laying the course N.W.b.N. on the port tack. 2h. p.m. sighted the Fastnet light, distance 14 miles. At 4h. Fastnet light was abeam, bearing N.E.b.E., distance two miles. At 8h. Calflight was abeam, heading N.W.b.W., distance three to four miles. At 9h. 30m. Skelleck's light abeam, bearing N.E.b.N.; distance four miles; strong breeze and squally; ship pitching heavily and shipping large quantities of water, owing to the heavy cross sea. Hauled the main jib-headed topsail down and housed the topmast. At 8h. single reefed the mainsail. At noon the distance sailed by account was 56 miles N.W. of Cape Clear. The lat. by observation were $51^{\circ} 56'$. At 3h. p.m. a fresh breeze blew, and strong at times, with clear weather and heavy cross sea; ship

behaving well. At 8h. p.m. fresh gale; single reefed the mainsail; a very heavy sea running and the ship behaving nobly.

July 6th.—1h. a.m., weather moderating; fine breeze and cloudy. 5h. a.m., set the main-topsail and shook reefs out of foresail and mainsail. 8h. a.m., hard squall; got topmasts on deck and single reefed mainsail. Noon, weather moderated; shook a reef out of mainsail; and at 12h. 30m. set the fore and main-topsails; light winds, accompanied by small rain. Noon, by observation, the distance run was 179 miles, lat. $53^{\circ} 50'$. 3h. p.m. stiff steady breeze and smooth water; all sail set; raining continuously. 6h. p.m. wind falling light; lots of rain. 9h. p.m. heavy rain and a squall blowing; single reefed mainsail; rain. 11h. p.m. raining hard.

July 7th.—At 3h. a.m. shook a reef out of the mainsail. Weather gloomy. At 8h. a.m. sent the main-topmast up and set the gaff-topsail. Weather fine. 9h. a.m. sent the fore-topmast up and set the topsail. Noon, the distance sailed in 24 hours was 142 miles, by observation lat., $54^{\circ} 59'$, lon., $17^{\circ} 56'$. At 4h. p.m. moderate breeze and fine weather. 2h. p.m. set the jib-topsail. At 6h. p.m. set the square-headed topsails. At 8h. set the jib-topsail. At 9h. 30m. took in jib-topsail. Light winds and variable. 11h. p.m. set second jib. Weather overcast.

July 8th.—Becalmed. 6h. a.m. was visited by four bottle nosed whales and parted company in good terms. 8h. a.m. set the jib-topsail. Noon, the distance sailed by observation 77 miles lat., by account $54^{\circ} 45'$, lon., by observation $21^{\circ} 20'$. 1h. p.m. a fresh breeze blowing and clear; all sail set. 3h. 30m. p.m. the fore-topsail backstays gave way, causing the fore-topmast to go over the side, carrying away the fore-topsail and jib-topsail. All hands employed in clearing the wreck and getting another topmast on end and getting the sails aboard. 9h. p.m. reefed the mainsail. A fresh breeze blowing and cloudy.

July 9th.—At 1h. a.m. reefed the bowsprit and set second jib. 4h. a.m. strong breeze and rain. 6h. a.m. sent the fore-topmast up. 7h. a.m. moderate weather and rain; set the jib-topsail and fore and main-topsail. 8h. a.m. light wind and rain. 10h. 30m. a.m., set the squaresail. Noon made out a steamer, which proved to be one of the Anchor line; signalled, but no communication passed. Noon, the distance sailed was 220 miles; lat., $54^{\circ} 30'$, long., $27^{\circ} 18'$. 2h. p.m. a variable light breeze, with a drizzling rain and a heavy swell from all quarters. 7h. p.m. set square-topsail and big working jib; light and variable air. 9h. p.m. light air from the S.E. and the ship making good progress.

July 10th.—At 1h. a.m. light air and cloudy, with a swell from the N.W., all sail set. 4h. a.m., light air and drizzling rain, light and variable winds, with a heavy swell, all sail set. Noon the distance sailed by observation was 97 miles, lat., $54^{\circ} 25'$, long., $29^{\circ} 39'$. 1h. p.m. calm. 2h. p.m. a light breeze sprung up. At 7h. 30m. p.m. a strong breeze blew, and weather squally. 9h. p.m. double-reefed the mainsail and foresail, set the third jib and reefed the boom; barometer falling, and every appearance of strong winds; housed the fore-topmast. Midnight a strong breeze and cloudy.

July 11th.—1h. a.m. commencing with strong winds and heavy head sea, shipping great quantities of water at times; mainsail and foresail double reefed, also single reef in the fore-staysail and the third jib set, boom reefed inboard. 8h. a.m., tacked ship; moderate gales and heavy sea. 9h. 30m. housed the main-topmast; hands employed in making everything snug. Noon, still continuing to blow and rain; ship behaving nobly and making very good weather of it. The distance sailed in the last 24 hours was 133 miles by account; lat., by account $53^{\circ} 35'$, lon. $32^{\circ} 30'$. 1h. p.m. the weather still the same, the wind blowing strong and a very heavy sea on. The yacht behaved nobly, pleasing everybody on board by her buoyancy and good sea qualities. The passengers were all below quite snug in their berths, scarcely knowing that they were at sea. 12h. p.m. weather unchanged, the wind blowing hard and a heavy sea on.

July 12th.—1h. a.m. the weather unchanged, with rain and heavy sea squalls running; ship doing well again; tacked ship. A change of wind and weather; sent the main-topmast up and shook one reef out of the mainsail, two out of the foresail and one out of the fore-staysail. Weather moderating and the sea going down. At noon the distance sailed was 140 miles. Lat., by account, $52^{\circ} 05'$, long., $34^{\circ} 33'$. 1h. p.m. light and variable winds.

July 13th.—At 12h. 30m. a.m. a light breeze and drizzling rain; 2h. 30m. a.m. tacked ship; a sudden change from west to north, accompanied with a strong breeze and rain. 8h. 30m. set the second jib, hauled the main jib-topsail down and sent the square topsail up; weather moderating. Noon, the distance sailed was 141 miles. Lat., by account, $52^{\circ} 5'$, lon., $38^{\circ} 15'$. 1h. p.m. the breeze increased, with the swell going down. 3h. p.m. hauled fore and main-topsails down. 5h. 30m. housed the fore and main topmasts; a heavy head and beam sea rising; heavy squalls, accompanied at times by passing showers, and shipping great quantities of water; single reefed the mainsail. 7h. p.m. double reefed the foresail, reefed the bowsprit and set the third jib. 9h. a.m. the wind increased. Midnight the weather moderated, the sea going down.

July 14th.—At 1h. a.m. the weather moderated, with passing showers. Turned the reefs out of the foresail. 6h. a.m. sent the main-topmast aloft. Turned a reef out of the mainsail and set the gaff-topsail. 9h. a.m. sent the fore-topmast aloft and set the fore-topsails. Noon tacked ship, with a fine breeze and smooth water. The distance sailed by observation, was 174 miles. Lat., by account, $50^{\circ} 52'$; lon. $42^{\circ} 26'$. 4h. p.m. hauled the fore and main-topsails down. Wind increasing. Single reefed the mainsail. 5h. p.m. double reefed the mainsail, foresail and staysail. Wind and sea increasing. 8h. a.m. a moderate gale blew, with heavy head sea. 9h. 30m. the sea went down, the wind still blowing, accompanied with rain. 12h. the wind moderated, the sea smooth.

July 15th.—1h. a.m. a fresh breeze sprang up, and a heavy swell of rain, shipping great quantities of water. 8h. a.m. shook one reef out of mainsail, two out of foresail and two out of staysail, and sent the main-topmast aloft

and set mainsail ; weather moderating. 5h. a.m. sent fore-topmast aloft and set the fore-topsail. 9h. 30m. a.m. noticed one of the headboards passing astern ; weather very thick ; small rain. Noon, the weather continued thick, with drizzling rain and sun obscured. The distance sailed, by observation, was 214 miles. Lat., by account, $50^{\circ} 51'$, lon., $48^{\circ} 06'$. 1h. a.m., fresh breezes, cloudy and rainy. 2h. a.m. wind was light and variable, shifting to variable quarters and raining continually. 10h. p.m. a light breeze sprang up, smooth water, lightning from various points; every appearance of a sudden change. 10h. 30m. p.m., hauled fore and main-topsails down. 12h., weather looking very threatening; wind at various points.

July 16th. 1h. a.m., light air, accompanied by thunder and lightning. 4h. 30m. breeze increasing, heavy squalls and rain. 5h. a.m., hauled the fore and main-topsails down; blowing a fresh gale from south-west; ship behaving well. 10h. 30m. a.m. wind moderating, set the fore and main topsails. Distance sailed 92 miles. Lat., by account, $49^{\circ} 30'$; lon., by by account, $49^{\circ} 30' 38''$. 1h. p.m. light and variable wind; all sail set. 9h. p.m., wind very light, nearly a calm.

July 17th.—1h. a.m., weather extremely cold; wind very light, and several icebergs to the northward, and set the balloon jib and jib-topsail. 4h. a.m. a large iceberg abeam, distance about four miles. 9h. a.m., found a current setting to the southward, 18 miles in 24 hours. 11h. a.m. sounded in 118 fathoms, dark gravel. Noon, distance sailed 61 miles; lat., by account, $48^{\circ} 40''$, lon. $50^{\circ} 29''$. 1h. p.m., light air and heavy swells from the northward; took in balloon jib and set second jib; wind increasing; weather fine, but very cold. 9h. p.m., sighted an iceberg, two miles on the weather quarter.

July 18th.—1h. a.m. fine breeze and thick fog. 2h. a.m., sighted St. John light. 4h. a.m. tacked ship; wind falling light. 5h. a.m. sighted large iceberg close in shore. 7h. 15m. a.m. tacked ship, fog continuing; set jib-topsail and main-topmast staysail. Noon, set the balloon jib and balloon staysail. Weather a little hazy; distance sailed 180 miles; lat., by account, $40^{\circ} 45'$; lon., by account, $52^{\circ} 40'$. 1h. p.m., light and variable winds, thick fog at times. 2h. p.m., set the balloon main-topsail; sent the square-sail yardaloft; set the squaresail and square fore-topsail. 5h. p.m. thick fog. 6h. p.m. sighted Cape Race, distant three miles W.; hoisted our signals; was answered by an English ensign being hoisted on shore. 8h. p.m. Cape Race N.b.E., three miles.

July 19th.—1h. a.m. fresh breezes and clear. 6h. a.m. sent balloon main-topsail and main-topmast staysail down and set square topsail; stiff breeze and thick fog; distance sailed 104 miles. Lat., by account $45^{\circ} 31'$, lon., by account, $54^{\circ} 22m'$. At noon, fresh breeze and clear. Set jib-topsail and main staysail. 3h. p.m. signalled a Norwegian bark bound east. 4h. p.m. fore-topmast over the side, carrying away fore-topsail and jib-topsail, all hands employed in clearing wreck and preparing another topmast to be sent up. Sent up fore-topmast aloft and sent fore-topsail. Midnight hauled the square main-topsail down and set balloon topsail.

July 20th.—a.m. fine breeze and clear. At 1h. set the balloon jib and fore staysail. At 4h. calm. 5h. light air and clear. 6h. a.m. carpenter employed in scraping the remains of two topmasts ready to be prepared for another break. Distance 144 miles. Lat., by account, $44^{\circ} 4'$, lon., by account, $57^{\circ} 2'$. 1h. p.m., light and variable air, with clear sky. 6h. p.m. nearly calm. 9h. p.m. breeze rising. 12h. a fresh breeze.

July 21st. 3h. 30m. a.m. set jib-topsail and balloon fore-topsail. 5h. p.m. set balloon main-topsail and staysail. 6h. sent the squaresail yard up and set the squaresail and topsail, set watersails fore and aft. 10h. the weather looked very squally, with rain. Hauled squaresail down, square-topsail and jib-topsail and balloon topmast staysail and balloon main-topsail and watersails, and sent the second maintopsail aloft. The distance sailed was 169 miles; lat., by account, $42^{\circ} 37'$, lon., by account, $60^{\circ} 20'$. 1h. p.m. fine breeze and smooth sea; took square-mainsail yard down. 10h. p.m. breeze increasing, accompanied by lightning. Hauled jib-topsail down. 12h. a fresh breeze, cloudy and a smooth sea.

July 22nd.—1h. a.m. fresh breeze and cloudy. About 3h. breeze falling light, thick fog and rain. Made several tacks between four and seven. 9h. 30m. a.m., sudden change to N.N.W., thick fog and rain continuing, set jib-topsail. 7h. p.m. sea very smooth. 8h. p.m., the working main-topsail, set the balloon topsail. 9h. p.m. set the main-topmast. 11h. p.m. square-sail yard up, and set the water sails. Distance sailed 158 miles. Lat., by account $42^{\circ} 20'$, lon., $63^{\circ} 57'$. Afternoon, fair and clear weather. 9h. p.m., light air, sky overcast, smooth sea, all sail set. Midnight, light and variable winds.

July 23rd.—Morning opened with light winds, sky overcast, with calms. 3h. a.m. took squaresail and square-topsail. 4h. a.m., thick fog with drizzling rain. 7h. a.m. set jib-topsail. At noon no horizon, distance 75 miles. 1h. p.m. light breeze; all plain sail set. 3h. p.m. thick fog; breeze freshening, fine clear sky. 10h. p.m. sea increasing.

July 24th.—At 8h. a.m. tacked ship; light breeze and clear; distance sailed 158 miles; lat., by account $41^{\circ} 35'$, lon., by account $67^{\circ} 58'$. Noon a.m. strong wind, heavy head sea; fog, hauled down fore and main-topsail; single reefed mainsail; lowered fore-topmast. 6h. p.m. set second jib; reefed bowsprit. 9h. p.m. wind increasing; heavy head sea; double reefed foresail. 10h. p.m. strong westerly gale.

July 25th.—a.m. weather moderating; very heavy head sea, with thick fog and rain. 5h. a.m. shook two reefs out of foresail. 10h. a.m. set the jib-headed main-topsail; sent fore-topmast aloft and set fore-topsail; distance sailed 85 miles; lat., by account $40^{\circ} 31'$, lon., $60^{\circ} 15'$. Afternoon, wind, thick fog and high head sea. Breeze increased, fog clearing, sighted several fishing boats; also a New York pilot boat. 7h. 30m. p.m. Cum-misker, pilot came on board and took charge at 8h. p.m. Tacked ship and hauled fore and main-topsails down; set the working and main-topsails; sighted Nantucket lightship about 25 miles N.W.b.N. at 10h. 30m. p.m. Midnight, steady and hazy.

July 26th.—In the morning light air and hazy, with swell from the N.W. 5h. a.m. tacked ship; thick fog sometimes and variable winds; set the jib-topsail, hauled working and main-topsails down and set balloon main-topsails. 8h. 30m. set the large working jib. Distance sailed by account 82 miles; lat., by account, $39^{\circ} 54'$; lon., by account, $70^{\circ} 50'$. Afternoon breeze fell light; swell from the S.W. 5h. p.m. tacked ship, swell going down. 7h. p.m., fresh breeze from S.W. 9h. p.m., fine weather looking threatening; hauled fore and main-topsails down. Midnight, the weather clearing up and moderating.

July 27th.—Courses, N.W., S.W.b.W., W.N.W. Remarks:—a.m. light air and clear. Jib-topsail would not stand; hauled it down. 4h. a.m. hauled our jib-topsails down. Set balloon main-topsail and working fore-topsails. About 11h. a.m. had a stiff N.E. breeze, which brought us to Sandy Hook, 36 miles. at 3h. 30m. p.m.

LOG OF THE DAUNTLESS.

JULY 5th.—Course S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.* Distance run 103 miles. Lat. $50^{\circ} 22'$, lon. $9^{\circ} 45'$ W. 12h. 30m. p.m. the Dauntless got under way and was towed out to Daunt's Rock, a distance of about eight miles, by the tugboat United States. A second tugboat, with the yacht Cambria, and a number of steamers and small craft accompanied her. Passed Daunt's Rock at 2h. 30m. and took position about two cables' length to leeward of the Cambria. 2h. 38m., H.M.S. Mayflower hoisted the blue peter as the first signal; five minutes afterwards the first gun was fired, and again, two minutes later, in obedience to the second and final gun, the Dauntless cast off the tug and stood away on the starboard tack. 3h. p.m. found ourselves drawing ahead and weathering on the Cambria. The Cambria tacked in shore to avoid us. We immediately tacked also, and stood in, closing with the land. 3h. 30m. p.m. the Cambria tacked to the southward, passing under our lee, we weathering her finally. 5h. 35m. p.m. saw the Cambria standing in, as we tacked off, the Old Head of Kinsale bearing E.S.E.; weathered the Cambria about three miles. Fresh, steady, westerly wind and hazy.

July 6th.—Course S.W.b.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Distance 90 miles. Lat. $49^{\circ} 23'$, lon. $10^{\circ} 56'$ W. This day begins calm, with thick rainy weather. 2h. p.m. a strong breeze sprung up from the north. Took in gaff-topsails. 3h. p.m. the wind gradually dying out, set them again. 5h. p.m. set main-topmast staysail. Middle of the day light, variable winds and heavy head swells; weather cloudy. Ends in a dead calm. Found current setting to the S. at the rate of one knot per hour.

July 7th.—Course W.N.W. Distance 140 miles. Lat. $49^{\circ} 23'$, lon. $14^{\circ} 23'$. This day begins calm, with a heavy bank of clouds to the southward. Middle part, fresh breezes from S.S.W., with rain. 2h. a.m. took in gaff-topsails. 6h. 30m. housed topmasts. 7h. 30m. a.m., wind and sea increasing, took in flying jib. In furling it two men—Charles Scott and Albert

* Compass bearings magnetic.

Demar were washed off the boom. Hove to the yacht for two hours, lowered foresail and got out boat, but failed to see anything of the missing men. 9h. 30m. a.m., the wind having increased to a gale, we reluctantly gave them up, took the boat on board and kept on our course. Double reefed mainsail and took bonnet out of foresail. Ends in a fresh gale, thick, rainy weather, and short, high sea.

July 8th.—Course W.½N. Distance 210 miles. Lat. 48° 30', lon. 19° 28'. This day begins with fresh gales and high, rough sea. Weather dark and gloomy, with fine rain. 3h. p.m., the wind and sea having moderated, turned out one reef of the mainsail and flying jib and put bonnet in foresail. 4h. 20m. p.m. tacked ship and set whale mainsail. 9h. p.m. passed a brig steering to the eastward; sent up three rockets and burned two blue lights. 10h. p.m. sent up main-topmast and set gaff-topsail. Middle of the day, fresh breezes and cloudy. Latter part moderate breezes from N. to N.N.W.; seas smooth. 7h. a.m. sent up fore-topmast, exchanged colours with a North German bark. 9h. a.m. set fore-gaff topsail and main-topmast staysail.

July 9th.—Course W.b.N.½N. Distance 120 miles. Lat. 48° 12', lon. 22° 29'. This day begins with light breezes; clear and pleasant weather. Exchanged signals with the North German ship Palmerston. Middle part fresh breezes and squally. 11h. 30m. p.m. took in flying jib and gaff-topsails. 3h. a.m. set them again. 4h. a.m. took them in. 9h. a.m. housed fore-topmast and put a single reef in the mainsail. Latter part of the day more moderate; turned reef out of the mainsail and set flying jib.

July 10th.—Course W.b.N. Distance 122 miles. Lat. 47° 34', lon. 25° 20'. These twenty-four hours began with light, variable airs; the weather clear and pleasant. 1h. p.m. exchanged colors with an American ship steering to the eastward. 6h. 30m. a.m. exchanged colors with an American whaler. Night squally; strong breeze from the northward, with heavy head sea. 12h. (midnight) took in gaff-topsail and flying jib. 3h. p.m. double reefed mainsail and took bonnet out of foresail. 6h. 30m. p.m. close reefed foresail and took in fore staysail, it having been split by a heavy sea. 7h. a.m. took in mainsail; while lowering it the jib-boom broke short off in the sheave hole; took in the jib and hove to in order to clear away the wreck. 8h. 15m. a.m. kept away again upon our course. Ends strong breezes from N.; very heavy sea.

July 11th.—Course W.½S. Distance 155 miles. Lat. 46° 24', lon. 28° 38'. This day begins with fresh breezes and heavy head sea. 1h. p.m. set main-topsail. 6h. p.m. took in trysail and set double reefed mainsail. Got jib-boom ready for going out, and bent the old jib for a fore-staysail. 8h. p.m. put bonnet in for foresail, and set whole mainsail. Middle part moderate; set main-gaff-topsail. End moderate breezes; cloudy weather. Got out jib-boom, bent and set flying jib.

July 12th.—Course N.W.b.W.½W. Distance 91 miles. Lat. 46° 23', lon. 30° 11'. This day begins with fresh breezes and heavy head sea. 5h. 30m. p.m. spoke North German brig Bluementhal. Single reefed the mainsail. 7h. p.m. tacked to the westward. Middle and latter part moderate

wind and sea, but thick and foggy. All sails set. 7h. a.m. tacked to the northward. 10h. a.m. tacked to the westward.

July 13th.—Course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Distance 130 miles. Lat., $46^{\circ} 38'$, lon. $33^{\circ} 50'$. This day begins with moderate breezes and thick foggy weather. 1h. 30m. p.m. tacked to the northward. 7h. 30m. the wind freshening, took in gaff-topsails and housed fore-topmast. Middle part fresh breezes, with thick fog and rain. 12h. (midnight) took in the flying jib and single reefed the mainsail. Ends moderate breezes; cloudy weather; all sails set. 9h. 30m. a.m. tacked to the westward.

July 14th.—Course W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Distance 155 miles. Lat. $44^{\circ} 55'$, lon. $36^{\circ} 32'$. This day begins with fresh breezes and dark gloomy weather. 4h. p.m. single reefed the mainsail, took bonnet out of foresail and housed the main-topmast. 8h. p.m. double reefed the mainsail and took in the fore-topmast. Middle part, strong breezes, with heavy squalls and high rough sea. Ends with light breezes and clear, pleasant weather; all sails set.

July 15th.—Course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Distance 148 miles. Lat. $44^{\circ} 58'$, lon. $40^{\circ} 01'$. This day begins with light variable airs and clear pleasant, but cool weather. 3h. p.m. tacked to the northward. Middle part, fresh breezes, with heavy rain. Ends with moderate breezes and thick, foggy weather. All sails set.

July 16th.—Course N.W. Distance 150 miles. Lat. $45^{\circ} 26'$, lon. $43^{\circ} 27'$. All these twenty-four hours fresh breezes. The weather dark and gloomy, accompanied with fog and thin rain. 3h. 30m. p.m. took in gaff-topsails. 10h. p.m. took in flying jib. 2h. a.m. single reefed the mainsail. 5h. a.m. took bonnet out of foresail. 8h. a.m. the wind having moderated, put the bonnet in the foresail and turned the reef out of the mainsail. 11h. a.m. single reefed the mainsail again. Saw two ships standing to the eastward.

July 17th.—Course W.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. Distance 70 miles. Lat. 45° , lon. $46'$. This day begins with fresh breezes, dark cloudy weather and heavy head sea. 1h. a.m. took bonnet out of foresail and housed fore-topmast. 3h. a.m. tacked to the northward. 7h. p.m. put bonnet in foresail, turned reef out of mainsail, and set flying jib. Middle part, calm, with heavy rain. 8h. 30m. a. m. spoke ship Glendower, from Quebec for Liverpool. Ends with moderate breezes cloudy and overcast. Heavy swell from the westward.

July 18th.—Course W.N.W. Distance 68 miles. Lat. $44^{\circ} 08'$, lon. $47^{\circ} 02'$. This day begins with light airs from the S.W. Weather cloudy and overcast. Middle part a dead calm. 8h. a.m. a fresh breeze sprung up from the southward, which gradually increased to a moderate gale. At 12 meridian took in both gafftop-sails and main-topmast staysail. Heavy rain and high, rough sea.

July 19th.—Course W.N.W. Distance 145 miles. Lat. $44^{\circ} 08'$, lon. $50^{\circ} 13'$. This day begins with moderate gales from the southward, heavy rain squalls and high following sea. 12h. 30m. p.m. double reefed the mainsail, took bonnet out of foresail and housed both topmasts. 2h. 30m. took in flying jib. 3h. 30m. the wind shifted to S.W. and commenced to moderate. Turned one reef out of the mainsail, and set flying jib. 10h. p.m.

tacked to the westward, put bonnet in the foresail. 5h. a.m., turned reef out of mainsail, sent up both topmasts and set gaff-topsails. 8h. a.m. boarded fishing schooner Lizzie R. Knight, off Marblehead. Ends with light breezes from S.W. Weather thick and foggy.

July 20th.—Course W.b.N. Distance 225 miles. Lat. $42^{\circ} 53'$, lon. $54^{\circ} 58'$. These twenty-four hours begin with light, variable breezes and thick, foggy weather. Saw several fishing vessels. Middle part, fresh breezes from N. to N.E. Clear, pleasant weather. Ends moderate, smooth sea. Set squaresail, square-topsail, square fore-topsail, studdingsails, &c. Current S.S.W., 40m.

July 21st.—Course N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Distance 110 miles. Lat. $42^{\circ} 25'$, lon. $57^{\circ} 25'$. First and middle part these twenty-four hours, light airs from N. to N.E., with clear, pleasant weather and smooth sea. All sails set. Latter part, fresh breezes from S.E. 11h. a.m. took in squaresail.

July 22nd.—Course W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Distance 191 miles. Lat. $42^{\circ} 12'$, lon. $61^{\circ} 43'$. This day begins with fresh breezes from the southward and squally weather. 3h. a.m. took in both gaff-topsails and flying jib and took one reef in the mainsail. 30h. 0m. turned reef out of the mainsail and set flying jib. 5h. a.m. set gaff-topsails. Passed an English brig steering to the eastward. Middle part, fine steady breeze and smooth sea. All sail out. 8h. a.m. tacked to the westward. Ends calm, thick and foggy.

July 23rd.—Course W.b.S. Distance 52 miles. Lat. $41^{\circ} 41'$, lon. $63^{\circ} 25'$. This day begins with a moderate breeze from the N.E.. Middle and latter part calm. Weather thick and foggy. All sail set. 11h. 45m. a.m. spoke ship Plymouth Rock, from London for New York.

July 24th.—Course W.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. Distance 120 miles. Lat. $41^{\circ} 24'$, lon. $66^{\circ} 08'$. This day begins with moderate breezes from the southward. Thick foggy weather. 3h. p.m. tacked to the northward. 7h. p.m. spoke an English bark from St. John's for Liverpool. Middle part clear and pleasant, latter part fresh breezes, with heavy head sea and thick, foggy weather. 7h. a.m. took in flying jib and housed fore-topmast. 8h. a.m. single reefed the mainsail. 11h. a.m. tacked to the northward.

July 25th.—Course W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Distance 93 miles. Lat. $40^{\circ} 45'$, lon. $67^{\circ} 49'$. This day begins with fresh breezes from the westward. Thick foggy weather; heavy head sea. 2h. p.m. turned reef out of the mainsail. 3h. p.m. sounded in 40 fathoms. 4h. p.m. tacked to the southward and sounded in 43 fathoms. 6h. p.m. sounded in 50 fathoms. 8h. p.m. sounded in 45 fathoms. 10h. p.m. sounded in 40 fathoms. Middle and latter part clear and pleasant. 3h. a.m. tacked to the northward. Set main-gaff-topsail and flying jib.

July 26th.—Course W.N.W. Distance 95 miles. Lat. $40^{\circ} 35'$, lon. $69^{\circ} 55'$. First and middle part these twenty-four hours moderate breezes, clear, pleasant weather, heavy head sea. At 12h. midnight tacked to the northward. 5h. a.m. got soundings on Asia Rip in 10 fathoms water; tacked to the southward. 10h. a.m. was boarded by a boat from pilot boat Isaac Webb, No. 8. Ends in light airs from S.W.; clear, pleasant weather.

July 27th—Course W. Distance 180 miles. First and middle part of these twenty-four hours light baffling winds and calms. 2h. p.m. exchanged signals with ship American Congress. 3h. 40m. a.m. made Montauk, light bearings N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ 4h. a.m. tacked to the southward. 9h. a.m. set square-sail and square-topsail. Passed Sandy Hook lightship at 4h. 47m. p.m.

RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE following is the official announcement of the result of the above contest full particulars of which will be given in our next.

H. Morton, Esq., Sec. New York Yacht Club :—

DEAR SIR :—The undersigned report to you the following official results of the regatta held on the 8th inst. for the possession of the “America” Cup.

Time of starting, twenty-six minutes past eleven a.m., from a line formed by the stake-boat anchored off the club-house, Staten Island.

The yachts arrived at the home stake-boat in the following order :—
Magic, Dauntless, Idler, America, Phantom, Madgie, Silvie, Cambria, Fleetwing, Halcyon, Tarolinta, Madeline, Calypso, Rambler, and Alice.

After correcting for allowance of time, in accordance with the rules of the club, the following is the official order of arrival :—

Names of Yachts.	Arrival at Home Stakeboat.			Actual Time of Making Race.			Corrected Time by Allowance.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
1—Magic	3	33	54	4	7	54	3	58	21.2
2—Idler	3	37	23	4	11	23	4	9	35.1
3—Silvie	3	55	12	4	29	12	4	23	45.3
4—America.....	3	47	54	4	21	54	4	23	51.4
5—Dauntless	3	35	23.5	4	9	23.5	4	29	19.2
6—Madgie	3	55	7	4	29	7	4	29	57.1
7—Phantom	3	55	5	4	29	5	4	30	44.5
8—Alice	4	18	27.5	4	52	27.5	4	34	15.2
9—Halcyon	4	3	8	4	37	8	4	35	0.9
10—Cambria.....	4	0	57	4	34	57	4	37	38.9
11—Calypso	4	15	29	4	49	29	4	40	21.3
12—Fleetwing	4	2	9.5	4	36	9.5	4	41	20.5
13—Madeline	4	14	46	4	48	46	4	42	35.4
14—Tarolinta	4	10	23	4	44	23	4	47	29.2
15—Rambler	4	17	35.5	4	51	35.5	4	48	33.5

The yachts Tidal Wave, Widgeon and Alarm failed to complete the race and are ruled out. The English yacht Cambria lost her fore-topmast, when returning, off Sandy Hook.

M. H. GRINNELL, A. HAMILTON, W. B. DUNCAN, *Judges.*
W. H. MAJOR, S. S. HOMANS, S. M. TAYLOR, *Executive Committee.*
August 9th, 1870.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON YACHT CLUB REGATTAS.

THE week at Cowes is probably looked forward to with greater interest than any other of our aquatic gatherings and coming as it does after the Thames, the Irish, and Scotch meetings, when parliamentary whips are less stringent in their orders and just before the general migration northwards, the entries at Cowes are sure to be far above average and nowhere, not even at Kingstown the great rival of Cowes, is there generally such a muster of our fastest yachts. This year was no exception to the rule and the word *legion* is the most applicable that we can readily find as descriptive of the number of craft at and about the station.

Tuesday, the 2nd of August was to have been the first day of the regatta, but the calms that had been so prevalent in other localities were not likely to leave unvisited the latitude of Cowes, nor to pay more respect to a Queen's Cup and a Squadron fleet than the wretched coaster floating about with the tide off the Land's End and the Calf of Man, and thus it was that though there were yachts to start and yachtsmen to sail them, the "one thing needful," a little wind, was altogether wanting, and ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock came without a ripple on the Solent, until at length the Committee were under the necessity of postponing the match for the Queen's Cup until Wednesday, which broke more hopeful as a light air gradually settled into a breeze and enabled the following yachts to start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
84	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.,	Owner
647	Guinivere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
734	Hirondelle	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox, M.P.	Wanhill
1604	Shark	schooner	175	Duke of Rutland	Wanhill
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
230	Christabel	cutter	52	Earl of Annesley	Aldous

The schooner and cutter rig being represented in equal proportions. The course was the usual Queen's course to go to the eastward, the time, the Yacht Squadron scale, with penalties attached to the winners of previous Queen's cup or cups.

The Vanguard was uncommonly smart with her slips and her canvas and at once went to the front closely followed by Arrow, Hirondelle, Flying Cloud, Egeria, Christabel, and Guinivere which of course with the light air then blowing took longer to get into her swing than the

smaller craft. It was a dead beat towards the Nab, and whether from weatherly qualities of the vessel or good handling on part of the crew, this is the best point of the Vanguard, which increased the lead she got at the start, while Hironnelle weathered on the Arrow and took second place, but before reaching Ryde the wind which was rather variable gave the schooners a slant and rather impeded the Vanguard, while Hironnelle was going remarkably well and took the pride of place, the Nab being rounded in the following order :—Hironnelle, Vanguard, Christabel, Egeria, Arrow, Flying Cloud and Guinivere.

Here sheets were eased off for the run back and spinnakers were hoisted to “woo the fickle breeze,” and most fickle it proved, for before a mile had been gone over a westerly wind drove the easterly wind away and necessitated flattened sheets ; Ryde pier being passed :—Hironnelle, 2h. 50m. 0s. ; Vanguard, 2h. 55m. 15s. ; Christabel, 2h. 58m. 0s. ; Egeria, 3h. 1m. 0s. ; Flying Cloud, 3h. 5m. 10s. ; Guinivere some distance astern.

Shortly after passing Ryde the wind which had been so far baffling gave the Vanguard a good turn, and setting down into a nice N.W. breeze necessitated a dead hammer to windward, and here the most interesting part of the race took place between the leading cutters, and it would be difficult for a yachtsman to have a greater treat than the sight of the Hironnelle and Vanguard turning to windward together, not the oldest salt however jealous of the rising generation could see a sheet on either vessel too taut or too slack, nor was the wind ever allowed to lift beyond the “smallest possible taste” the luff of the sails of these two celebrated cutters, but the Vanguard would not bely her name and eventually caught the Hironnelle off Hurst Castle, and went into first place. But while all interest was taken up with the two leaders the Christabel was being admirably handled and was sailing as well as she ever did in her best days, and being only seven minutes astern at this point was within her time of the Hironnelle, and too near the Vanguard to be pleasant, while the Flying Cloud was going admirably and looking equally if not more dangerous than the 50-tonner. In the run in to Cowes, however the Vanguard crept away from them both, the race eventually terminating thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vanguard	7	41	35	Hironnelle	7	45	50	Egeria	7	49	50
Christabel.....	7	50	30	Flying Cloud...	7	58	30				

And taking the time allowance into consideration a marvellously well contested race was won by the Vanguard by only a few seconds.

Thursday was set aside for the Tradesmen's Cup of £100, which strange to say brought a better entry than the Queen's Cup. It was

open to all yachts above 30 tons, with the same time allowance as on the previous day, only without the penalty attached to the winners of the great prize of the season. The course was from Cowes roads to the Warner light-ship, thence back to Lepe buoy and return to Cowes, twice round. The entries were :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
647	Guinevere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
734	Hirondelle	cutter	60	Lord H. C. Lennox	Wanhill
359	Dione	cutter	44	Captain J. Anderson	Hatcher
809	Julia	cutter	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lient. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
230	Christabel	cutter	51	B. A. Arnold, Esq.	Aldous
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
84	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner

The wind at the time of the start had settled down into a fair whole-sail breeze from the westward, and all except the Julia came to the post and were soon seen wending their way to the Warner with free sheets and any quantity of canvas. As in yesterday's race the first to show in front was the Vanguard, with the quick little Christabel at her heels, while close in her wake again and almost taking the wind out of her sails came Dione and Flying Cloud, with the remainder in a ruck on their tracks. The breeze somewhat freshened shortly after the start when the stately Guinivere took the lead while the Egeria ran past the cutters into second place. Before closing in with the Warner the Arrow passed the Vanguard, and Christabel—which has held her own this year with her class in a remarkable way, and only requires a little more free-board in order to keep the water off her decks to make her a more formidable rival to the Vanguard and the Fiona than she already is—was now sticking to her more powerful antagonist in a very fair breeze in a way that astonished them both. The Warner was rounded in the following order:—Guinivere, Egeria, Arrow, first, second, and third, then came Vanguard and Gwendolin close together, followed by Christabel, Pleiad and Flying Cloud in a cluster, while Fiona, Dione and Hirondelle formed the rear division of as pretty a fleet as ever rounded the light-ship. Balloon jibs and foresails had now to be hauled down below and more serviceable canvas substituted with flattened sheets, a proceeding that did not suit the schooners, and which soon told a tale. The Vanguard seemed particularly in her element, for she first of all

gave the Egeria the go-by, then she weathered the old Arrow, and by the time the flag-boat off Lepe was reached, Ratsey's own had only the Guinivere before her and the first place, and here a piece of jockeying was thought necessary on part of her skipper to do the Guinivere, and by which she was enabled to round the flag-boat first, the time being thus :—Vanguard, 1h. 30m. 50s. ; Guinivere, 1h. 32m. 0s. ; Egeria, 1h. 33m. 30s. ; Arrow, 1h. 33m. 50s. ; Christabel, 1h. 38m. 0s. ; Fiona, 1h. 40m. 10s. ; Hirondelle, 1h. 41m. 40s. ; Flying Cloud, 1h. 43m. 0s.

And here after three hours sailing in an average breeze over part of the ground with free sheets and over part with on the wind, the Vanguard had fairly beaten the Arrow, while the Christabel had been acting the same part towards the Fiona, and was only five minutes and ten seconds behind the once invincible Arrow nearly double her size; but now the third act was to be played as with a free wind they swept along towards Cowes.—First the Guinivere overhauled the Vanguard then Egeria came bowling along and served her the same trick, and as much will have more, *and generally get it*, she ran past Guinivere also and in beautiful style went into first place, Guinivere being second and Arrow, which before reaching the Warner had passed Vanguard, third. After rounding the Warner it was of course a case of taut sheet again and whether the breeze suited her better on this round, as it was somewhat fresher and we suppose power must tell, or whether she was better handled suffice it to say that the Arrow weathered on Vanguard and went away from her into third place, Guinivere in the mean time having secured the first berth. The time round the Lepe boat was :—Guinivere 3h. 46m. 0s. ; Egeria, 3h. 48m. 40s. ; Arrow, 3h. 53m. 0s. ; Vanguard, 3h. 56m. 10s. ; Christabel, 4h. 0m. 15s. ; Fiona, 4h. 0m. 25m. ; Flying Cloud, 4h. 40m.

The schooners having held their own with the cutters in the long reach for the Warner; the race was of course over barring accidents as the run back to Cowes was far too short to alter the present state of things, particularly in the fresh breeze that was blowing, and which left no time for manœuvring, the race terminating :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Guinivere	3 56 5	Vanguard	4 8 0	Flying Cloud ...	4 15 30
Egeria	3 50 25	Christabel	4 14 20	Gwendolin	4 17 10
Arrow	4 4 15	Fiona	4 14 50		

The Vanguard winning by twenty-two seconds from Flying Cloud, but an awkward word called protest was whispered about, and ere long the owner of the Guinivere protested against the Vanguard, for having put his schooner about when they were rounding the flag-boat off Lepe, and after an enquiry by the committee they came to the decision that

the Guinivere was unfairly put about and the cup goes to Count Batthyany's smart little schooner which sailed admirably on both days, while the builder and owner of the Vanguard have the mortification of losing a cup their little vessel had fairly won on her merits. No doubt these Algerines are very smart fellows, but we wish in the interest of yachting that they would be a little less sharp in their practice, however, if committee's act with decision, like the Squadron committee, they will soon learn that after all there is nothing like fair play.

Friday was fixed upon for the £75 and £25 prizes given by the Squadron for cutters above 30 tons and the weather seemed anxious to make amends for the disappointment of Tuesday, as nothing could be better for sailing purposes, and on this occasion doubly welcome as the Prince of Wales's challenge cup was also to be run for. The following

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig,	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
84	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Bontcher, Esq.	Fife
734	Hirondelle	cutter	60	Lord H. C. Lennox	Wanhill
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lient. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
1576	Sea Bird.....	cutter	125	Count F. Moncean	Hatcher
359	Dione	cutter	44	Captain J. Anderson	Hatcher
280	Christabel	cutter	51	Earl of Annesley	Aldous

Were the starters, and at a little after ten o'clock they all got off on even terms with balloon jibs for the Nab, from whence they had to return past Cowes, thence to Lymington Spit buoy and back to Squadron club-house, wind about S.W. nice whole-sail breeze. Arrow and Christabel were first to show in front with Vanguard next, but shortly after the start she returned to Cowes, her owner Col. Verschoyle having been suddenly taken ill, this was a very great disappointment to the spectators who regretted the cause and the effect extremely. The remainder bowled along merrily, Christabel walking away before the wind as if a Phantom steamer was ahead of her tugging her along. Off Ryde she was the leading vessel, next to her came the old Arrow with Sea Bird, Hirondelle, Fiona, and Dione in close succession. Passing the Noman big canvas had to be taken in and a pull at the sheets necessitated, and between this point and the Nab the Christabel had to succumb to the Arrow, and was fast being overhauled by Sea Bird, the Nab being rounded:—Arrow, 11h. 47m. 30s.; Christabel, 11h. 49m. 40s.; Sea Bird, 11h. 50m. 20s.; Hirondelle, 11h. 51m. 30s.; Fiona, 11h. 52m. 0s.; Dione, 11h. 53m. 15s.

Every one now expected in the strengthening breeze that the great

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power of the Sea Bird would enable her to make an example of the others which are so much smaller, but nothing of the sort occurred as though after a hard struggle she was enabled to weather the Christabel, yet the Arrow was going away from both and the Fiona was also standing up to her. Hatcher's big one has never gone particularly well and we suppose he has carried his hobby of power, which he uses with such effect in his smaller boats, in building this large cutter for Count de Monceau, but that such is an error is now proved beyond doubt. In the meantime the old Arrow seemed bent upon mischief, and in the strong and head winds to go away from her competitors, but what seemed a long interval was after all but little considering the difference in tonnage between her and the Christabel, and when rounding the flag-boat off Hurst Castle it was seen that there was but one-minute between them, while Fiona was sailing better than on the previous day and was beginning to look dangerous. The flag-boat by Hurst Castle being rounded :—Arrow, 3h. 55m. 0s. ; Fiona, 3h. 59m. 20s. ; Christabel, 4h. 0m. 0s. ; Sea Bird, 4h. 5m. 50s. ; Hirondelle, 4h. 6m. 0s.

It was now again a fair wind which had lengthened considerably; ballooners and spinnakers were speedily hoisted, under which aid the Arrow was evidently creeping away from Fiona and Christabel, while the latter was rather gaining on the Fiona and had evidently, barring accident the race in hand. The time at the finish was as follows :—

	h	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	5	18	29	Fiona	5	27	0	Christabel	5	27	9
Hirondelle	5	39	34	Dione	5	49	15	Sea Bird	5	34	45

The Christabel thus winning the £75 prize by a little over four minutes of the time allowance from Arrow, which would have taken the £25 prize had she not gone the wrong side of one of the buoys and thus ended as good a race as ever any one could wish to see.

In the meantime another match was going on which was at one time expected to have absorbed the greatest share of yachting interest, but which unfortunately proved to be nothing of the kind. The match was for the Prince of Wales gift of a challenge cup, to be run for yachts of all nations, this idea having originated from the presence of the American yachts in our waters, but seeing that the Yacht Squadron committee into whose hands the management of the contest had been but named a late day in June, which was not at all likely to suit the American yachts, the object for which the cup was given was frustrated. A challenge cup is at all times an invention of the evil one, but this seems to have the essence of sulphur about it, for the same person must win it *three times* before he retains possession of it, a contingency not very likely

to happen. Notwithstanding the conditions the following entered :—
Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
674	Guinevere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
1604	Shark	schooner	175	Duke of Rutland	Wanhill
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
679	Gwendolin	schooner	190	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
892	Egeria	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill

The plan of a flying start as carried out at Kingstown was adopted in this instance, and would no doubt have answered better had not an endeavour been made to improve upon the plan by drawing for stations, which, with all due deference, was a measure not the least calculated to simplify matters but on the contrary was pretty sure to cause confusion.

The course was a long one, from Cowes to the Shambles light, back outside the Isle of Wight, round the Nab, back to Cowes, about 125 miles.

The start took place about four o'clock with a westerly wind of moderately free, and as they stood on a wind the Guinevere was seen to go to windward of the little fleet with Egeria close under her lee, while Gwendolin and Pleiad formed the second division and the Shark the rear guard, this state of things continued without any variation until sometime after passing the Needles, where the Pleiad passed Gwendolin and went into first place. Outside the Wight they fell in with a lop of a sea, but notwithstanding the Guinevere failed to shake off the Egeria, but the Pleiad got the better of Major Ewing's schooner and went into third place. The Shambles light-ship was passed about ten o'clock by the Guinivere, Egeria a good second with Pleiad an indifferent third, the Gwendolin fourth, and Shark last. The wind now failed them and it was a tedious run to the Wight, the leader putting a larger interval between her taffrail and the stem of the Egeria, it was of no avail however as the wind got still more light and variable, and made the race more dependant upon good luck than good management eventually terminating on Saturday afternoon.

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Guinivere	1	17	1	Pleiad	1	26	34
Egeria.....	1	20	20	Gwendolin.....	1	35	0

And thus the Egeria is the holder of the challenge cup, and though we congratulate the owner on the success of his handsome and speedy vessel we cannot in all honesty congratulate him on the possession of the cup.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

FOLLOWING close in the wake of the Squadron festivities come those of the R.V.Y.C. which fixed their first match for Tuesday, 9th August. A strong dash of the conservative element was prevalent in this instance in the councils of the Victoria, as the first cup of the season given by the Commodore was only to be contested for by vessels belonging to the club, the result being a very indifferent entry, with what would have been also a very one-sided match but for the unexceptional state of the wind on that occasion. Now in such large and influential clubs as the Victoria and the Thames this extremely conservative plan of only allowing vessels belonging to the club to sail in the different matches is by no means a good one, it is done with the view no doubt of compelling yacht owners to become members of the club, but when we reflect on the great expense entailed on the owners of racing craft and therefore how unfair it is to put them to greater expense by necessitating them to belong to half-a-dozen different clubs, and how little benefit the clubs themselves derive from the subscriptions of the few racing men that belong to them, and how it narrows their entries, we wonder at the short-sightedness and the policy of "the powers that be," in adopting a system which we can but condemn in the strongest terms. The entries for the Commodore's cup were better even than might have been expected from the conditions.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
392	Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Bontcher, Esq.	Fife
954	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morrice, Esq.	Ratsey
374	Druid	yawl	80	T. Groves, jun., Esq.	Harvey

The course was from Ryde round the Noman, Nab and Princessa, and and the Owers lightship, and back, time allowance according to Victoria rules. The wind was a moderate sailing breeze from north-east, enabling the yachts with eased sheets to make the Noman; Egeria got a good start and with every thread of her beautiful set of canvas drawing to a nicety, she went to the fore and at once commenced to leave the Fiona and Marina which were close at her heels behind. The Gwendolin got a very bad start which sadly interfered with any chance she might have had of the cup, as minutes, where such a schooner as the Egeria

was concerned and such a cutter as the *Fiona*, were precious indeed, notwithstanding her bad start, however, she gave the *Marina* and *Druid* the go-by before reaching the Nab, which was rounded first by *Egeria* then by *Pleiad*, *Fiona*, *Gwendolin*, *Marina*, and *Druid*, with something like a minute and a minute-and-a-half between the different vessels.

And now it was a dead run before the wind to the *Princessa*, and spinnakers came into requisition with the leading vessels, the *Druid* setting a huge squaresail, but the run was too short to make much alteration in the different positions, though the *Fiona* managed to change places with the *Pleiad*, the *Princessa* being rounded :—*Egeria*, 11h. 10m. 15s. ; *Fiona*, 11h. 15m. 5s. ; *Pleiad*, 11h. 15m. 15s. ; *Gwendolin*, 11h. 17m. 15s. ; *Marina*, 11h. 19m. 40s. ; *Druid*, 11h. 21m. 10s.

They now had to luff round and in all sheets with a pleasant reach to the Owers, and as a matter of course away went the *Egeria* from the Scotch cutter, while *Pleiad* also began to improve her position so far as regards the latter craft, still it was wonderful how Mr. Boucher's cutter stuck to the two-stickers, notwithstanding the disparity of size and the fact that the schooners were now on their very best point of sailing, and in a fifteen mile reach they gained but little on her, the time at the Owers being :—*Egeria*, 12h. 56m. 30s. ; *Pleiad*, 1h. 3m. 49s. ; *Fiona*, 1h. 7m. 35s. ; *Gwendolin*, 1h. 7m. 37s. ; *Marina*, 1h. 28m. 10s. ; *Druid*, 1h. 24m. 0s.

Hence to the *Princessa* the wind was on the other quarter, the only alteration in position being that *Fiona* got further away from *Gwendolin* while *Egeria* again was going away from all. From the *Princessa* to the Nab the cutters got the only chance of the day, but the time was too short to retrieve the fortunes of war, and though in the dead beat to the Nab the *Fiona* improved her position very much, the *Egeria* had the Victoria cup safe enough before the flattened sheets began to tell against her, the race finishing at Ryde :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Egeria</i>	4	24	50	<i>Gwendolin</i>	4	45	16	<i>Marina</i>	5	29	0
<i>Fiona</i>	4	41	55	<i>Pleiad</i>	4	54	18	<i>Druid</i>	5	30	10

The wind throughout was singularly favourable for the schooners as with the exception of the short beat from the *Princessa* to the Nab it did all it could for them giving them either a reaching or leading wind all over the course, so that the *Egeria* had it all her own way and gained the Commodore's cup.

The next day, Wednesday, was given up to the manœuvring of the fleet in the morning under the able guidance of flag-officers, while the evening was given up to other manœuvres under the able guidance of the dowagers.

Thursday, the club offered a prize of £100 for vessels of any rig and any club, the first to receive £75, the second £25, and if anything could, would, or should prove to the Victoria Yacht Club the difference between an ultra conservative and a liberal policy, we think the difference between the entries of Tuesday and to-day would do so. On Tuesday under ordinary circumstances it was a horse to a ten on the Fiona, on Thursday we would defy even old Vanderdecken himself were he still in the land of the living to prognosticate the winner. Never was a better entry registered before, even in "Nunquam Dormio," which has been some time at work, composed as it was of:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builder.
647	Guinivere	schooner	308	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
1406	Pleiad	schooner	205	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
1782	Tartar	yawl	53	C. B. Greenhill, Esq.	Hansen
1289	Oimara	cutter	159	J. Wylie, Esq.	Steel
1083	Muriel	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Butcher, Esq.	Fife
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
1520	Rose of Devon ...	cutter	137	E. Johnston, Esq.	Harvey
392	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
734	Hirondelle	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox, M.P.	Wanhill
230	Christabel	cutter	52	Earl of Annesley	Aldous

Harvey, Wanhill, Hatcher, Aldous, Ratsey, Camper, Steele, and Fife, all represented, and each had every reason to be proud of his offspring. The course was the same as on Tuesday, and the wind not far from the same quarter of north-east, with a fine cloudless sky. It was a reach from the starting post off Ryde to the Warner, and the Oimara and Egeria getting a fine start led the fleet, and went along at a slashing pace, with Vanguard, Muriel, Rose of Devon, Fiona, Guinevere, Christabel and Tartar in Indian file. It was a splendid race to the Noman between the Oimara and Egeria, the cutter being unable to get rid of Mr. Mulholland's schooner, and the latter finding it impossible to get the weather gage of the huge mainsail of the Scotch boat, and together they reached at the Noman which they rounded neck-and-neck. Shortly after passing the point the Guinivere carried away her fore-topmast bringing everything attached to it a shapeless mass on the cross-trees, and of course impeding her most frightfully, if not indeed losing her the cup, her crew, however, were very sharp in getting rid of the wreck, and in spite of the disaster she improved her position to the Nab which was rounded :—Oimara, 10h. 46m. 30s. ; Egeria, 10h. 47m. 0s.; Guinevere, 10h. 48m. 0s. ; Vanguard, 10h. 51m. 0s.; Fiona, 10h. 53m. 0s. ; Rose

of Devon, 10h. 58m. 30s.; Christabel, 10h. 54m. 0s.; Muriel, 10h. 55m. 0s.; Tartar, 10h. 57m. 5s. The sheets were now eased by getting off for the Princessa and a little jostling took place between Rose of Devon and Vanguard whose skipper by luffing up endeavoured to prevent a vessel double her size and greater speed from passing her, a piece of folly that met its own reward by not only having to see his cutter passed by the Devonshire Rose, but also by the Scotch thistle which in the scrimmage came quickly up and slipped by the Vanguard. From the Princessa it was a long reach to the Owers, and the Egeria managed to get away at last from the Oimara, and Guinevere which had set a square-topsail on the stump of the topmast came up to both, while Rose of Devon, Fiona, and Vanguard were having their little match and Christabel and Muriel doing the same a little astern, until nearing the Owers, when somehow the latter lost ground sadly, Tartar whipper in, the turn round this point being:—Egeria, 1h. 15m. 30s.; Oimara, 1h. 18m. 0s.; Guinevere, 1h. 22m. 0s.; Rose of Devon, 1h. 29m. 0s.; Fiona, 1h. 30m. 28s.; Vanguard, 1h. 31m. 10s. ; Christabel, 1h. 32m. 0s.; Muriel, 1h. 34m. 50s.

A free wind and fair tide soon brought them back to the Princessa from whence it was a beat up to the Nab and a fine opening for the cutters which they were not slow to take advantage of, and the Oimara and Rose of Devon weathered the Egeria, though they failed to catch Mr. Thellusson's large schooner, the turn round the Nab being:—Guinevere, 3h. 39m. 0s. ; Oimara, 3h. 39m. 15s. ; Rose of Devon, 3h. 40m. 0s.; Egeria, 3h. 42m. 0s.; Fiona 3h. 44m. 0s.; Vanguard, 3h. 48m. 30s.

From this point it was once more free sheets for the run home, the Egeria going past Rose of Devon, and closing in with Oimara, but what was worse the Fiona was bringing up a little better wind, or was running better than usual and getting unpleasantly near to her as the finish proved :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Guinevere	4	32	27	Rose of Devon...	4	38	12	Vanguard	4	59	55
Oimara	4	35	52	Fiona	4	49	25	Christabel	5	1	10
Egeria	4	37	5								

Muriel and Tartar not timed.

The Egeria having to allow Fiona 15 minutes lost the £75 by 32 seconds, but just secured the second prize from Vanguard by three minutes and twenty-four seconds, and one reads that the Fiona here sailed very differently with the Vanguard to the way in which she did on the Squadron days, one marks that skippers sail their boats but indifferently at times, and one learns that if you want to win cups you must put a Fordum up whose hands and eyes must be here, there and everywhere.

Friday was the last day of the meeting when the Vice-Commodore gave £100 open to all comers, £60 to first vessel and £40 to vessel that had never won £20, which have been applied to the entries of yesterday might with equal truth be applied to-day as the entry was even better than on Thursday, and we fancy is the largest ever known to sail for a cup, comprising eighteen of our fastest craft, at the same time it is possible that the fact of the race being to handicap, besides being open to all comers, may have contributed to the large entry. Course round the Isle of Wight :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
647	Guinivere	schooner	284	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Nicholson
1289	Oimara	cutter	161	J. Wylie, Esq.	Steel
392	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
253	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1526	Rose of Devon ...	cutter	137	E. Johnson, Esq.	Harvey
1406	Pleiad	schooner	181	J. D. Gibb, Esq.	Camper
734	Hirondelle	cutter	60	Lord H. C. Lennox	Wanhill
1347	Pantomime	schooner	145	J. F. Starkey, Esq.	Ratsey
679	Gwendolin	schooner	179	Major W. Ewing	Nicholson
954	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
905	Load Star	yawl	64	C. F. Allison, Esq.	Aldous
1782	Tartar	yawl	54	B. Greenhill, Esq.	Hansen
513	Fenella	schooner	86	E. S. Potter, Esq.	Nicholson
23	Albatross	schooner	110	J. R. Tetley, Esq.	Can. I. Wks.
2063	Zelia	schooner	201	J. Richardson, Esq.	Inman
763	Ione.....	schooner	129	F. Willan, Esq.	Harvey
509	Fenella	schooner	80	J. G. Crace, Esq.	Inman
1425	Prima Donna.....	schooner	30	Major Tharp	J. White

Guinivere and Oimara were weighted even, and had to allow Fiona and Rose of Devon 7 minutes 30 seconds; Pleiad, 11 minutes; Pantomine and Gwendolin 15 minutes; Marina 22½ minutes; Loadstar and Fenella 25 minutes; Albatross and Zelia 27½ minutes; Ione and Fenella (Crace) 30 minutes; Prima Donna, 35 minutes.

The morning dawned fine and bright, while the north-east wind seemed nailed to the compass and flattened the yacht's sheets as they stretched to the Noman. It was a flying start and Fiona, Gwendolin, Oimara, and Rose of Devon having hit the time to a nicety, led the others. Fiona went into first place, but before coming to Bembridge she was obliged to knock under to power, in a freshening breeze the buoy being rounded in the following order :—Guinevere, Pleiad, Gwendolin, Pantomine, Oimara, Fiona, Rose of Devon, Albatross, Zelia, Fenella, Ione, Fenella, Marina, Prima Donna, a name by the way that takes us back almost to the days when "Noah entered into the Ark," and when the Thames and not the Solent was the great aquatic sporting

ground. However, we are now off Bembridge on the 12th August, A.D. 1870, when spinnakers were in request with the fleet now running before the light north-east wind, which by the way had somewhat freshened since the start. Off Culor Cliff the Guinevere was still leading, but the Rose of Devon and Fiona had gone away from the big schooners and the Oimara and are gone into second and third place. The wind now became very variable so far as strength was concerned, and partial in its treatment, Fiona and Rose of Devon coming in for rather more than their share of its benefits, and after many changes and some few mishaps the fleet reached the Needles thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Guinevere	12	58	0	Pleiad	1	7	25	Albatross	1	16	30
Fiona	1	2	45	Oimara	1	8	26	Marina	1	25	0
Rose of Devon	1	4	0	Pantomime ...	1	10	0	Fenella	1	28	0
Gwendolin.....	1	6	25	Zelia... ..	1	10	50	Remainder tailing off			

But the tide which had been favouring them along the back of the Island was now dead against them, and was running against their bows like a mill stream while the wind got lighter and being dead on end made the getting over the ground a very tedious process. Of course every effort was made by all to shirk the tide as much as possible, and while doing her best in this respect, the Rose of Devon got ashore and left the Fiona with one less antagonist. The wind now got still lighter and it was all they could do to make anything against wind and tide, the Fiona and Oimara of course at such work going away from the schooners which seemed to cling together under their misfortunes. At last the wind died away altogether, but the young flood having made, they were enabled to drift into Ryde, the Fiona winning as she liked at 7h. 38m. the Prima Donna coming in more than an hour after her winning second honors from Pleiad, which ran into the Fenella when the latter was on the starboard tack, and thus ended a race which though begun under the most favourable auspices was brought to a termination in a most unsatisfactory manner.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE above club held their annual gathering on the 3rd of August, but the want of the element so essential to yachting, a want that was felt elsewhere besides in Wales, prevented anything but the very small class from getting under way. What however, is "one man's meat is another man's poison" and thus it was, that though the day was most unpropitious for yachting men, it was perfection for the gentlemen amateurs'

prize of £30 for four oared gigs which brought a crew from Liverpool to try the merits of the Welshmen. After a very spirited contest the Carnarvon crew gained the victory, reaching the winning post a boat's length and-a-half before the Mersey crew. A slight breeze about one o'clock having sprung up the race for yachts belonging to the Menai Straits, for ten tons and under was decided to take place, when the following took up their stations :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1250	Water Witch.....	cutter	9	— Jones, Esq.	Hughes
	Nimble Thimble	cutter	6	F. Taylor, Esq.	
	Dudu	cutter	6	T. Wynn Eytton Esq.	
712	Helen	cutter	5	Rice Thomas, Esq.	
	Sybil	cutter	6	Hon. C. Wynn	
	Myth	cutter	8	Captain Mitchell	
	Fiona	cutter	6	J. W. Griffith, Esq.	
	Lena	cutter	9	E. Humphreys, Esq.	

The Dudu made an excellent start and with her Mersey reputation was the favourite, but the boats belonging to the Straits stuck to her tack and tack, and the Water Witch particularly sailed remarkably well. On nearing the flag-boat off Belan, Water Witch just weathered the Dudu and went into first place, and then making a judicious slant into the slack went away from the others who got drifted out with the tide and were dragged to leeward, while the Water Witch was running up to win, which she did.

The next day, the 4th, was a little more propitious for the larger yachts, a light air having set in from the S.W., and at 12h. 30m. the yachts belonging to the Royal Welsh Yacht Club started for a cup value £25 presented by the Prince of Wales. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
	Glide	cutter	15	J. W. Griffith, Esq.	Fulton
831	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Captain Iremonger	Owner
12	Agnes	cutter	14	S. Platt, Esq.	Owen
59	Anemone	cutter	18	T. Turner, Esq.	Robinson
	Lapwing.....	cutter	15	J. Hayward, Esq.	Hurst

Agnes and Glide were the first to slip and get away but the Kittiwake weathered on both of them after a few tacks and went into first place, at Belan the wind completely failed her and she was obliged to drop her kedge, here the others came up and had to follow her example. A light air again rippled through the waters and once more enabled

them to stem the tide, but in a short time a flat calm again prevailed when a drifting match commenced but not very long, as once more the S.W. wind came in from seaward and sent them on their journey. On the run home an unlucky puff was just a few pounds too many for the Kittiwake's topmast, which besides a balloon topsail had her spinnaker to carry and one board in went, enabling the Glide to get away from her ; the race finishing thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Glide.....	6 16 0	Anemone	6 43 0
Kittiwake	6 34 0	Rest not timed.	

Half-an-hour after the start for the Royal Welsh Yacht Club cup the race for the £50 started and attracted a very good entry :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
1390	Phryne	cutter	55	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
463	Eveleen	cutter	40	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Fife
1083	Muriel.....	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	Hatcher
902	Lizzie	cutter	21	H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher

The wind was far too light for vessels of the weight of the Phryne class and the Lizzie at once went to the front, and tack after tack took the lead to Belan, and must have made those on board the Muriel tremble for the result, however, on the Bar the breeze freshened a little and in the reach to the Fairway buoy which was the rounding point, the Muriel went into first place, and the Lizzie was obliged to knock under to weight and power and was successively passed by Eveleen and Phryne. On the run back the Muriel kept the lead she had established, the race terminating thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Muriel.....	5 25 30	Eveleen	5 32 0
Phryne	5 28 29	Lizzy	5 38 0

So that the Muriel won by some three minutes to spare on the Lizzie which would have secured second honour had there been any, as to the Muriel Storr and Mortimers' boards must be a joke to her accumulations in the plate way.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB (IRELAND) REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of this club, which was originally fixed for the 2nd inst., was postponed until the 9th, but in consequence of want of wind the various events were not finally decided until the 13th. The attend-

ance of strangers was not so large as usual, owing to the numerous fixtures in the south of England during the preceding week. As it was several of the competitors from a distance were caught in the breeze of wind on the previous Saturday night off the Tuskar, and sustained considerable damage. The Enid carried away her bowsprit, the Eveleen met with a similar mishap, in addition to which the mortice of her tiller went just at the rudder head, and the iron work at the gooseneck of her boom giving up she had to bear up for Dunmore. There were three races for yachts on the card. The first for 60 tons and under, prize £60 for the first yacht, and £15 for the second. The second match, £80 prize, for yachts under 30 tons. The third, £15, for yachts of 15 tons and under. The race for the second prize did not fill, so that Kilmeny and Torpid, who had entered for it, joined the first-class match, and the committee added a third prize of £5 for the third yacht in. Shortly before 12 o'clock the following yachts took up their stations at the starting buoys, No. 1 being to the southward :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
956	Marinetta	cutter	59	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Payne
428	Enid	yawl	42	G. Putland, Esq.	W anhill
95	Avalanche	cutter	52	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Wheeler
826	Kilmeny	cutter	30	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	Fife
1809	Torpid.....	cutter	28	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Day & Co.

Course, round Spit, keeping it on starboard hand, and thence round flag-boat moored three miles southward of Guileen, thence round Daunt's Rock bell buoy, and back round lighthouse on Spit, leaving it on port hand ; yachts to win passing the Admiralty pier ; only half the usual time allowance to be given. The Eveleen had entered, but did not arrive from Dunmore..

There was a light air from the southward at the start, which was effected at 12h. 15m., that enabled the yachts, as they canted to port with all their large canvas set, just barely to stem the flood tide that had been making for about an hour. Marinetta moved off first, followed by Avalanche, Kilmeny, Enid, and Torpid last, and hanging considerably before she stirred. Avalanche keeping along the edge of the bank caught a light air over the eddy tide, and went in front, getting first past the Spit, where Marinetta, who had gone about on port tack to round that mark, meeting Enid on starboard tack, the latter held on, striking Marinetta on the starboard quarter, and letting the sunlight through her new mainsail only bent the day before; the lightness of wind

however, prevented any serious consequence beyond a slight fracture on her rail where it came in contact with the yawl's bobstay. Just after passing the Spit Torpid got into the doldrums, which afforded her the opportunity of watching the yawl freeing herself from the *Marinetta's* embraces, which, however, she effected in a few minutes. Meantime *Kilmeny* had got a slant of wind from the westward, that enabled her to lead down the man-of-war roads, and *Avalanche* standing away a long reach towards East Ferry got a wind she was looking for away from the eastward, and going about on port tack, headed down for the forts. *Marinetta* soon patched up her mainsail, and got in with her boats again, and she, *Enid*, and *Torpid* reached along the west side of the Channel with the wind from the westward, *Avalanche* and *Kilmeny*, who had followed her, going along on port tack, and ploughing through the water. *Marinetta* passed her opponent, but *Torpid* kept lagging, and fell astern altogether, despite the proportions of her enormous but beautifully-fitting balloon-topsail.

Off Corkbeg the wind headed the leading yachts, coming away more from the westward, as they brought the forts abeam, *Avalanche* being the first to get Camden Fort on her starboard, then *Kilmeny*, and they both had a formidable lead of the fleet. The former stood into White Bay, to avoid the strong flood, followed by *Kilmeny*, with the wind something freer, so that in tacking again to the westward, *Avalanche* was scarcely a cable's length a-head of her on meeting. After a short reach *Avalanche* tacked and stood into White Bay again, and on reaching out of it was followed by *Kilmeny* with a much better breeze, which carried her up just on top of the leader off Roche's Point, where it fell a flat calm, without the smallest prospect of an air rippling the sea outside, and she and *Kilmeny* hung in the tide for more than half-an-hour, without being able to head off outside.

Meantime the hindmost boats crept up to the front in the light air that was flickering about in the channel between the forts, and *Enid*, with spinnaker jib, stole out in front of *Avalanche*, who anchored at 2h. 35m., and *Marinetta* and *Torpid* drifted past *Kilmeny*, who commenced a retrograde movement in the tideway. The *Enid* made astonishing progress in the light air, and imperceptibly increased her lead of all the boats; but as she did not round the flag-boat of *Guileen* until 4h. 30m., it was quite evident the race would not be concluded within the prescribed time, 9h. 30m., without a fresh breeze, of which there was no chance from the appearance of the sky.

The match possessed no further interest, Captain Seymour, one of the sailing committee, with his usual good nature, sent out a tug boat, which

took the yachts, eight altogether, in the first and third-class matches in tow shortly after 8h., saving their crews the annoyance of being outside all night; but it was not until midnight that they reached their moorings.

Three of the yachts entered for the third race declined to start against the Queen, on the grounds that they would have no chance with her according to the ordinary allowance of time. The old and obsolete rule of three yachts to start or no race, being one of the articles under which the entries had taken place, a handicap became the consequence, and the time having been left to the decision of two well-known yachtsmen belonging to the club, they decided that the Queen should give twenty-five minutes to each of the yachts entered against her. The following then started at 12h. 45m.:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1439	Queen	cutter	15	W. R. Johnson, Esq.	Hatcher
1064	Misty Morn	cutter	15	W. S. Crawford, Esq	Davis
438	Esk	cutter	12	Captain Beatty	Harvey

The Queen leading out, and keeping her position in front all through until the race was given up. She was, however, hunted rather closely in the evening by the Esk, which goes remarkably fast under spinnaker, on the run from the eastern flag-boat to Daunt's Rock, when she had only-seven minutes' time off her out of her twenty-five minutes allowed. This race did not finish either. It was rather a curious circumstance that the Queen picked up the yachts in the first-class match at 4h. 15m., on the run out to the boat off Guileen.

It was arranged at a meeting of the sailing committee that both matches were to be sailed again on Friday, August 12th; the course for the first-class to be round the Sovereign Islands, leaving them on the starboard hand, back into the harbour, leaving Spit Lighthouse on port hand, finishing off the Admiralty Pier; full time allowance, according to the St. George's Yacht Club scale.

There being no wind on Friday, the race had to be again postponed until Saturday, August 13th, when the same yachts in the first-class match took up their stations as on the previous occasion. There was a nice air from the E.S.E., which gave the yachts a beat down to weather the Spit, and they carried large working topsails, with the exception of the yawl which sent up her balloon. The hour fixed for the start was 10 o'clock, but there was a delay of nearly a quarter-of-an-hour to enable Kilmeny to repair some damage she had sustained in getting foul of the Enid in shearing about in the tideway, so that the gun was not fired

until 10h. 15m., when Kilmeny was the first to move, and canted to port into the Queenstown shore, followed by Avalanche, Enid, Marinetta, and Torpid. Avalanche tacked first, and weathered on the lot, but was weathered in turn, by Kilmeny being obliged on port tack to give way to her. The Spit was rounded by her first, followed by Avalanche, Enid, Torpid, and Marinetta, in the order of their names; wind being now free down the roads, and out through the forts, jib-topsails were given to the Avalanche, Kilmeny, and Marinetta, and the yawl set a spinnaker jib; but not finding it to draw it was soon taken in. Mr. Wheeler's cutter set a balloon-jib also approaching the forts, and commenced making a considerable gap between herself and Kilmeny, in whose wake the yawl was now sailing with Marinetta on her lee quarter, Torpid being astern; wind freshened up as the yachts reached between the forts, and they all lay well over to the breeze, which was still better outside, and more from the southward.

Marinetta had closed up something on the yawl as the boats got to sea, and Torpid began to tail off in a most unmistakable manner, Avalanche, who kept nearest the shore, had a good lead abreast of Daunt's Rock, and was followed by the yawl, who had drawn abeam of Kilmeny when Marinetta, who had come up on Kilmeny, jammed her tiller down and tried to luff up on Mr. French's weather quarter, and the usual jockeying match ensued, after which Marinetta bore away again without passing. Spinnakers were now got into requisition, and set on all.

At 11h. 30m. Torpid got the first of a better breeze astern, and came rattling up towards the ruck, which were now sailing nearly abeam, and catching it also they began to shorten their distance from the leader, who, however, went off again when she caught it. At 12 o'clock Kilmeny took a sudden spurt, and went away from Marinetta, sailing abreast of Enid, and the western point of the Sovereigns, at which all the yachts had to jibe, was rounded as follows:—Avalanche, 12h. 8m. 0s.; Enid, 12h. 12m. 0s.; Kilmeny, 12h. 12m. 25s.; Marinetta, 12h. 13m. 10s.; Torpid, 12h. 20m. 0s.; and they close-hauled into the shore for a dead muzzler back to Cork Head.

The leader, after a short board over the last of the ebb tide, was first to tack to the southward to sea, and the others standing well into the shore to cheat the last drain of tide that was going, got the first of the flood off the shore, which sent them up to windward, the result being that when they met Avalanche standing into the shore again, they had pulled up considerably on her, Kilmeny holding a fair wind and looking up a point higher than the yawl, who, however, was slipping along through the water very fast. Avalanche now took a long reach to

the southward, while the others made short boards along the shore, getting a better breeze and less tide, so that when *Avalanche* met her boats again coming out, she was weathered by them in succession, and at one o'clock the yawl was leading boat. Mr. French's cutter second, *Marinetta* third, *Avalanche* fourth, and *Torpid* a very lazy fifth, letting her boats get away from her as they liked. For some time after the four yachts in advance kept pretty well together, and *Enid* and *Kilmeny* had a grand tussle between them for the leadership.

Off Robert's Head the yawl was in advance, still followed by *Kilmeny*, *Marinetta*, and *Avalanche* going tack and tack for it on and off the shore. *Enid* was first to reach off to weather Cork Head, but standing out on port tack too far for that purpose, lost considerably, while *Kilmeny* hit it off to a nicety, as well as *Avalanche*, who set balloon fore-sail and jib in rounding, as the wind was now free for the reach up through the Channel to the Spit, and she and *Marinetta* had a capital race of it all the way up to the finish, the latter drawing away from her while setting her canvas, and they both kept well in the run of the flood tide, the leaders, however, preferred keeping the west side of the shore aboard. Nothing occurred to change the relative positions of the boats till the conclusion of the match. All set spinnakers on booms after passing the Spit, it being a dead run in to the finish, and booms had to be jibed over to port before reaching the flag-ship, but although *Enid* fought every inch of water to the last, she was not able to take the time off Mr. French's smart and admirably handled cutter, and he was loudly cheered as the winner in passing the flag-ship, when the time was :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Enid	3	11	31	Marinetta	3	17	11
Kilmeny	3	15	8	Avalanche	3	19	9

Enid taking second prize and *Marinetta* third.

ISLE OF MAN REGATTA.

THIS annual regatta took place at Douglas on the 28th of July last, the principal event being the challenge cup, value £50, which has been in existence for many years and passed through numerous hands, as the original conditions made it necessary that it should be won twice in succession by one yacht before it became the property of the winner. This year, however, the committee, determined to make a bold effort to get rid of what, though a handsome piece of plate in its time had become somewhat obsolete in taste and had hung so long on hand that all parties had got tired of it, with the avowed determination of replacing it by

another cup of greater value, to be offered on new and more modern conditions. They accordingly added £20 for the winner and £10 for the second vessel, and allowed the words *in succession* to be erased from the former articles, so that any vessel which had previously won the cup and this year repeated her victory, should become its final possessor, and this proceeding brought a good entry to the post, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
683	Glance	cutter	35	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	Hatcher
1487	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Murney, Esq.	Fulton
2045	Xema	cutter	34	Robert N. Batt, Esq.	Fife
1890	Phryne	cutter	55	Tinley Mason, Esq.	Hatcher
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	Hatcher
428	Enid	yawl	57	G. Putland, Esq.	Wanhill

It being arranged that the latter, from her yawl rig, should be allowed to go and give racing time as a cutter of 42 tons.

The time allowed was whole Acker's scale, rather a heavy weighting for the larger competitors, especially as the course, though nominally thirteen was really only about ten miles round, and this was to be traversed three times, making some thirty-two miles in all. The morning rose with a stiff N.E. breeze which brought such a sea into the roads that the Ripple declined going against such heavy metal as she would have to encounter, and on the representation of the owners who lay outside, of the difficulty which would ensue from an attempt to lie at stations and slip from anchors as provided by the sailing regulations, (those of the Royal Western of Ireland) the committee were induced to substitute a flying start, the yachts to round the Derwent schooner and leaving her on the starboard hand to pass between her stern and the red buoy off the end of the new breakwater now in course of construction. It appears, however, that the instructions were not very perfectly conveyed to the competitors, and the Phryne mistaking hers reversed the order and left the Derwent on the port and the buoy on the starboard hand, gaining however nothing by the error.

When the second gun fired, which it did some thirty seconds too late the Lizzie was over the line and had to gybe round and come back, which lost her some minutes and a good lead, Xema jumping off in front with Glance and Enid together in her wake, Phryne baffled by both. All stood in on the starboard tack under the Castle Mona Hotel, and the Xema, most skilfully piloted by Mr. Joseph Hogg who had been in her when she won before, went close in to cheat the tide, closer indeed than those who were in her quite liked, as in this and the succeeding

three tacks in working out to weather the boat off Clay Head, the rocks were seen most visibly beneath her bottom, but the old gentleman who had fished for lobsters all his life amongst them was quite confident and all went well. Xema drew out a good lead from Glance who sailed well, all being under second gaff-topsails except Lizzie who had a jib-header, the wind gradually lightening but the sea as they opened Clay Head getting up a little and in the jump Phryne passed Glance and drew on Xema.

At the mark-boat it was out spinnakers on the starboard side for a time, with all except Glance, who set hers to port and thus had not to gybe like the rest, and she lessened her distance much, but lost again to Phryne who came tearing along like a mad horse in the reach from the Eastern boat back to harbour, which was rounded thus :—Xema, 1h. 11m. 15s.; Phryne, 1h. 11m. 34s.; Glance, 1h. 12m. 30s.; Enid, 1h. 15m. 4s.; and Lizzie, 1h. 20m. 45s.

The wind on second round being lighter Xema and Glance shifted their gaff-topsails for bigger ones during which operation Phryne drew on the leader and fought with her to pass to windward all the way out to the first flag-boat, failing, however, in getting by, but each hampering the other so that Glance gained much on both and was close astern at the boat, Enid, who had taken a fancy tack of her own out into the tide, falling astern of Lizzie and soon after retired from the contest.

All again set spinnakers on different hands as suited their skipper's fancy, the wind being dead aft and now very light Xema soon after gybing all standing, and with her spinnaker boom topped up, to the great danger of her spars, but giving herself thereby a decided lift upon Phryne, who now appeared her most dangerous opponent. She got round the second boat before her, but when it came to the reach in, Xema could no longer stave off Captain Pittock's rush and Phryne came through her lee like a shot and took the lead, the time round the harbour buoy, (second time), being:—Phryne, 3h. 2m. 0s.; Xema, 3h. 3m. 15s.; Glance, 3h. 5m. 20s.; and Lizzie about 3h. 12m. 0s.

The third round was much as before, though Phryne drew out her lead, and after setting their spinnakers, Xema's being belayed with a slippery hitch, came down and catching the water, all but dragged her topmast away, but fortunately split right up and let the water out, so was hoisted again with a Dungarvan reef in the centre and did good service in the run. The race finished :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phryne	4	26	0	Xema	4	34	35

As Xema received 13m. 55s. from Phryne she won easily by 5m. 20s.;

Glance came in 4h. 36m. 17s., and also saved her time as second and bagged the 10sovs., while Lizzie who tired at the finish, as small ones almost invariably do, arrived at 4h. 55m. 5s.

The Isle of Man Cup, value £50, with £20 went accordingly to Ireland, and we trust will be replaced by even a handsomer trophy, and would suggest to the good folks of Douglas either to give it to be won out and out at once, or to purchase a truly handsome piece of plate which shall remain as the Champion prize of the Island, and go from hand to hand *for ever*, such a purse of sovereigns being added each year as will be worth while contending for, even without the honour of holding the Champion cup, as Challenge cups to be won two or more times, whether in succession or otherwise are not, even when the gift of royalty, appreciated in these go a-head times.

Several other races followed both for sailing and rowing, but as they were entirely of local interest, we have omitted them.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE race for schooners and yawls which remained undecided on June 7th, was resailed on July 11th, the day before the commencement of the Royal St. George's Regatta, but was not productive of a very exciting contest, as the Enid early showed her great superiority over her rivals. The prize was £30 in cash and the usual locket for the helmsman, and the entries were:—Amberwitch, yawl, 39 tons, R. J. Alexander, Esq.; Minna, yawl, 30 tons, B. Hone, Esq.; Enid, yawl, 42 tons, G. Patland, Esq.; Aquiline, schooner, 38 tons, C. H. Meldon, Esq.; Phantom, yawl, 20 tons, D. W. Finlay, Esq.; Kilmeny, yawl, 22 tons, P. S. French, Esq. Time allowance; Enid allowed Kilmeny 11m. 41s., Phantom, 13m. 6s.

Of these the Amberwitch, Aquiline, and Minna withdrew, not thinking the day favourable to their chance, and the chief interest was to see whether the Kilmeny or Phantom would do best under the new rig, which they only assumed the morning of the race. When the gun fired at 11h. 30m. the Phantom was first away, the Enid next, and the Kilmeny (which had been late in taking her station owing to the time necessary for shipping her "dandy" gear and bending her mainsail) last, she having no spring on her breast rope to cant her. In this order they rounded the South Bar, the breeze being a nice light one from the southwest, the water smooth, and the sun bright and warm. After rounding it was "out spinnakers," and the Enid ran into the first place, a position

she never again forfeited, drawing more and more ahead, while the Kilmeny, whose mizen stood so badly that it was taken in and never reset, did not appear able to do anything with the Phantom, whose small displacement and great length seems to fit her especially for the new rig. The atmosphere was misty about the Kish, which prevented accurate timing, but the flag-boat off harbour mouth was passed :—Enid, 1h. 5m. 7s. ; Phantom, 1h. 15m. 0s. ; Kilmeny, 1h. 15m. 15s. The South Bar was reached the second time :—Enid, 2h. 1m. 2s. ; Phantom, 2h. 16m. 4s. ; Kilmeny, 2h. 17m. 50s.

The Enid drawing out her lead, and as the wind now westerned more, and became stronger, she began to walk through the water splendidly, and to show that, with a reaching wind and a good deal of it, she would be a most dangerous opponent to any of the crack cutters of her own class. She fetched the Kish for the second time at 3h. 29m. 30s., her opponents resigning the contest ; and then standing well for the centre of the bay to avoid the strong ebb tide, came in a gallant winner at 5h. 18m. 40s., having gone over the course (thirty-two miles) in a very short time, considering the lightness of the wind at first, and the strong adverse tide in returning.

The race for the Champion prize, which had been unfinished on the 9th of July, was resailed on the 15th under very different conditions of wind and weather, as there was a regular snorting south-east breeze blowing, and the disturbed state of the waters of the bay promised a good soaking to the the hardy craft which ventured to do battle for the £35 and the honour of holding the Champion trophy for the first year of its institution. Out of an entry of eleven only four came to the post, but these were strongly manned, as many members who had been *sold* of their regular engagements, by the non-starting of their own or their friends' boats came round to look for berths and were eagerly welcomed, as it was plain to handle the mainsheets in such a blow would require strong and willing muscles.

No. 1 was the Xema, 34 tons, with her orange and black stripes aloft, and her old helmsman Mr. A. H. Orpen, at the tiller, but with his usual opponent, though fast friend, at his side to assist in the expected heavy work ; still in such weather there could be little hope for her against the heavy metal she had to encounter. She had one reef down, and her topmast housed. No. 2, the Enid (rated as 42 tons for her yawl rig, but really 57), and with her fine long side and light gear aloft was held to have a chance second to none by the *cognoscenti*, and she tossed her azure flag with the silver moon in defiance of all her antagonists, and evidently meant going under whole lower sails, but no topmast. No.

3 was the Phryne, 55 tons, once the best craft ever put together of her class, but latterly by no means exhibiting her old form even in a reach, which used to be her strongest point. She showed red with a white Solomon's cross, and had two reefs in her mainsail, and a reefed foresail, No. 4 was the old "Ironsides," commonly known by her numerous friends as the "dear old lady," looking fit to sail for a man's life under her present skipper, Dan Luke, whose herculean form was to be seen moving about the deck as he brought her skilfully to her buoy under a single reef, and directed her owner, who himself took charge of her tiller.

There was a little delay in starting, but at 10h. 31m. the gun went off and the Xema jumped to the front, but at the first heads was caught by the Phryne and the Enid, who slightly fouled the boom of the former, coming on board and threatening the topmast, stay and bowsprit of the latter, no harm was done, however, and they reached away over the latter part of a strong spring flood at a tremendous pace to the South Bar Buoy, weight and length already beginning to tell their tale on the little Xema, though she went beautifully for her inches, with the wash of her big opponents foaming into her in every direction. It was nearly a run to the buoy, and Phryne showed some of her old powers, and went round at eleven o'clock exactly, the Enid at 11h. 0m. 28s., the Mosquito at 11h. 0m. 33s., and the Xema at 11h. 2m.

Main sheets were now hauled partially in, and it was a reach with the wind two points before the beam for Rosbeg Bank buoy. The curl over the bank was very short and nasty, and the way it came on board some of the craft a "caution." No time could be taken at Rosbeg, but the Enid came first round and shot right up in the wind, taking in her balloon foresail before she went off on the port tack towards Dalkey, to stem the flood-tide for a sufficient distance to enable her to weather the Kish Light on the other tack—an example which was followed by the Phryne and Mosquito; but the Xema, wisely judging that in such weather it was of no use following her opponents blindly, reached on on the starboard tack, hoping to get the wind a little more southerly on that tack, or northerly on the other, and so steal a march on her rivals. The Mosquito soon began to walk to windward of the others, and when she tacked and met the Phryne, the latter had to bear away to let her go clear; but following the orders of her pilot, she reached on instead of tacking, and lost a good ten minutes, as at exactly twelve o'clock the Mosquito weathered Kish in grand style, the Enid being next at 12h. 3m. 45s. The Phryne met the Xema close to the ship, and, being on the right tack, just weathered her, but having to

go about, the little ship slipped through her lee, and took the mark from her at 12h. 6m. 15s., the Phryne following at 12h. 6m. 30s.

It was now "out balloon foresails" with the big ones for a reach back of six and-a-half miles to harbour, but the Xema, who will not stand pressing with head canvas, would not do so, but boldly swayed up her topmast and set a jib-headed topsail, which sent her along in splendid style, though with little chance of doing more than saving her time on Phryne, who had gone by her on the way back.

At the harbour's mouth the Mosquito jibed at 12h. 32m. 10s.; Enid 12h. 35m. 40s.; Phryne, 12h. 41m. 10s.; Xema, 12h. 44m. 30s.; and away they went as before, but in the close haul to the ship the strong ebb now hove them windward, and all fetched it out without a tack or rounding, which they did—Mosquito, 1h. 40m. 15s.; Enid, 1h. 46m. 50s.; Phryne, 1h. 53m. 45s.; Xema, 1h. 57m. 45s. It became plain that with 1m. 50s. to spare of her time allowance, the Enid would be a very ugly customer for the "old lady," and both set to work to get up their topmasts and topsails. With a run the Enid was first, but just as the Mosquito got hers sheeted home, the Enid's topsail sheet burst, when one of her hands went out on the gaff-end, in spite of the heavy jump, and bent it again—a feat he had to repeat in about ten minutes, when it again went, and finally carried away for the third time when about a-mile from home, who, seeing she had her opponent safe, she hauled down the sail, and the race finished :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	2	20	35	Phryne	2	34	35
Enid	2	27	25	Xema	2	42	35

The Enid thus winning by exactly one minute to spare of her time allowance of 7m. 50s., and carrying off her second prize in the week, amidst the loud cheers and great rejoicing of the boatmen and people of the harbour, with whom her owner, as the father was before him, is most popular; while the vessel's being manned and owned in Kingstown made it by no means disagreeable that the Champion trophy should remain in home quarters for a year at least.

The rain, which had held off well, now began to come down in earnest, and the question with the sailing committee was whether or not it would be safe to send out the single-handed race, which had been fixed for the same evening, though the wind had considerably lulled, and the sea gone down. Many Liverpool gentlemen had come over, however, for the express purpose of sailing in this match, so that it was determined to persevere, but as the North Burford was out of the question, the course was changed to round South Bar, only a dead run and a dead beat, and the time allowance was reduced to one-third. The

following hardy little fleet started, each with one member of the club alone on board, who had to steer and sail his boat by his own unassisted endeavours :—Naiad, cutter, 10 tons, A. Richardson, Esq., (crew owner) ; Queen, cutter, 15 tons, W. R. Johnson, Esq., (crew, owner) ; Frolic, cutter, 12 tons, R. Wilkinson, Esq., (crew, W. Richardson, Esq.) ; Saraband, schooner, 14 tons, W. G. Holland, Esq., (crew, H. M. Hughes, Esq.) ; Alexandra, cutter, 15 tons ; H. J. Dudgeon, Esq., (crew, A. Bald, Esq.) ; Peri, cutter, J. E. Rogers, Esq., (crew, W. Power, Esq.).

The Queen, whole sails, took the lead, followed by the Naiad and Frolic—the former with two reefs, the latter with one ; Saraband, with a reefed mainsail and staysail, and no foresail, fourth ; the Peri fifth ; and the Alexandra last. When at the buoy the Queen luffed up, but her main sheet overtaxed the power of her crew, and the Naiad slipped through her lee, as did some of the rest ; but the Queen repassed all except the Naiad in the beat back, the Saraband pluckily setting her foresail as if she had twenty men on board ; and in a heavy descending rain they returned :—

	h. m.s.				h. m. s.		
Naiad	4	46	45	Frolic.....	4	53	39
Queen	4	50	40	Peri	4	53	40

A protest was however lodged by the Queen against Naiad, on the ground of her having hands on board after the gun fired which was referred to the sailing committee who decided that it was null and void.

The third cross Channel match of this club for 1870 was sailed on Tuesday, 19th July, the day after Bangor regatta, for two prizes, given respectively by John Mulholland Esq., owner of the Egeria, and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and John M'Curdy, Esq., owner of the Wave-crest, and was open to all yachts of the Prince Alfred and Royal Ulster and to be steered by members of the same. “ Paid hands allowed only at the rate of one to every ten tons or fraction of ten tons, exclusive of cook and steward, who were not to assist in working the vessel. All other persons on board to be members of these clubs, or of a royal, foreign, or recognized yachting club, or their sons. N.B.—This rule not to apply to ladies or their maids.”

Sailing directions :—Yachts to muster to westward of a line between the Egeria and Coastguard Station, which is not to be crossed until the second gun fires. To win on a line between the white house on Holy Island and the steamboat pier at Lamlash, leaving the Cornelia, screw steamer, the property of Earl Vane, who had kindly undertaken to take the time, on the starboard hand. Double the allowance of time per club scale given. First gun, 9h. a.m.; second, 9h. 5m. precisely.

Entries :—Phryne, cutter, 55 tons, Tinley Mason, Esq., red with Solomon's cross ; Xema, cutter, 34 tons, R. N. Batt, Esq., black and orange stripes ; Naiad, cutter, 11 tons, A. Richardson, Esq., red and white quar-

tered burgee ; Kilmeny, cutter, 31 tons, Pascoe S. French, Esq., tricolor ; Foxhound, cutter, 24 tons, Murquis of Ailsa, white with pink chevrons ; Heroine, cutter, 51 tons, S. H. Close, Esq., blue and yellow diagonal ; Phantom, yawl, 21 tons, D. W. Finlay, Esq., blue with red centre. Hadassah, schooner, 45 tons, Major Waring, white with black bar ; Persis, schooner, 45 tons, T. Steven, Esq., blue with yellow St. Andrew's cross ; Torpid, cutter, 28 tons, G. B. Thompson, Esq., blue red, and blue horizontal ; Enid, yawl, 42 tons, G. Putland, Esq., blue with crescent ; L'Eclair, cutter, 34 tons, H. Crawford, Esq., blue and white diagonal ; Eveleen, cutter, 39 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq., blue with red St. Andrew's cross ; Raven, cutter, 11 tons, T. Workman, Esq., white and blue diagonal ; Boreas, cutter, 11 tons, J. Reid, Esq., red burgee with yellow Maltese cross.

The morning dawned propitiously for the match, there being a nice light large gaff-topsail breeze from N.E. and a bright sun, but the wind fell of a little just at the start, which caused some of the large number of vessels engaged to find some difficulty in rounding the Egeria, which lay to on the starboard tack off the coastguard station, owing chiefly to a small yacht not in the race, which got obstinately into the way; and was nearly rewarded by being crushed like an egg-shell amongst the larger competitors. The first gun was fired exactly to time, but the second some 30 seconds too soon, owing to a mistake of the man who held the linstock, but luckily there were none of the vessels raking down to the line, so no harm was done. In such a crowd it was difficult to distinguish particular yachts, especially as the wind was a-head, and each went off on the tack which best suited him ; but the Commodore of the club, in the pretty little Torpid, singled himself out and went off towards the Antrim shore, to clear his wind of the ruck—an example followed by Foxhound, Hadassah, and two or three more, while the rest stood over towards Grey Point and the inner Sound of the Cope-lands. Enid was very unlucky; she was on the wrong side of the line when the gup was fired, and could not gather enough way to get round the Egeria, who, with her staysail sheet to weather, was forging through the water at rather a considerable rate for the light wind, and Enid had to swing round on her heel and gibe her mainsail and mizen, which lost her much time. The Egeria as soon were off, filled her sails, and went off after her flock expecting to reach Lamlash well in front of all, and to help to take the time of arrival. She was, however, rather heavy in ballast for such light wind, and her first and second tack being unlucky, and the wind heading her on each, she was soon a good deal astern, and it was impossible from her decks to make out what was leading, as all went off as their fancy or the capricious puffs of wind happened to take them. In company was the Oimara, whom all rejoiced to see in safety after the perilous situation she had been in the night before, and who moved and went under easy canvas as if none the worse for the hammering she had had on the reef at Point Ballymacormac.

The Fiery Cross, Phantasy, schooners, Gertrude and Amber Witch, yawls, and Glance, cutter, also accompanied the racers, and the bay was soon

divested of all its yachts except the Mosquito, who, although entered, and with her racing flag aloft, remained idly at her anchor, and did not condescend to join in the race. By 10h. 30m. the competitors had settled into three divisions—Foxhound, Enid, Hadassah, Persis, and one or two small ones, with Oimara in company, being under the Antrim shore, and apparently well to windward of all; Kilmeny, Torpid, Heroine, L'Eclair, Eveleen, and some more equally far over to the southward; while Xema, Phryne, and Boreas worked the centre of the Bay, followed by Egeria, who fell more and more into the rear, even the little Boreas of 11 tons, with a balloon-jib, weathering her in the light cats' paws which prevailed, and broke her off continually.

At 11h. 30m. a little stronger air came from N.E.b.E., and Egeria began to go five knots, heading E.b.N. close hauled on starboard tacks, and reaching out, Foxhound under the Black Head leading, Eveleen on the beam of Egeria, Torpid and Heroine a-head of her, and Xema and Kilmeny a-head of all; but Phryne came out on the starboard tack and laying well up forced Xema about, blanketing her in the most approved fashion, and reaching on served Persis the same trick. At 2h. 30m. the breeze freshened much from N.E., and Egeria began to go along some eight knots, close hauled under big balloon jib, first main, and fore-topsails, balloon-staysail, and jib-topsail; Phantom was on her weather bow where she had been hopping along gaily for two hours, Oimara on weather quarter, and holding a fine wind; Hadassah on lee quarter, Boreas lee beam, Persis, L'Eclair, and Torpid to windward; Xema two miles a-head on lee bow, and going away from everything, with Glance, who had started before the match, abreast of her, and showing the Mersey smoke on her canvas; Xema then set jib-topsail, an example also followed by Phryne and Enid; Persis a long way to leeward, and apparently not likely to fetch the Craig, which was now seen well a-head; Foxhound and Enid far astern under the Gobbin's Head. At 6h. Egeria was abreast Corswill Light, going N.E.½N. close hauled, with Ailsa Craig on her lee bow, Torpid on her lee quarter, having shifted her favourite balloon-topsail for a jib-headed one; Xema dead a-head, Phryne, Eveleen, Gertrude yawl (not in race), and Kilmeny together; Persis, L'Eclair, Heroine, and two small fellows to leeward. At 8h. 30m. Egeria abreast of Ailsa Craig going eight and-a-half knots, and setting her main-topmast staysail, instead of her jib-topsail, which threatened her fore-topmast, coming fast to Oimara, which was a-head under easy canvas, and reaching up on Xema 1st, Phryne 2nd, Eveleen 3rd, Kilmeny 4th, Gertrude 5th, Persis 6th, L'Eclair 7th, like hauling on a line. At 9h. she was off Pladda light with only Xema a-head, and she almost within hail, when it fell flat calm, which continued two hours. At 11h. Xema felt a little draft aft, and set her spinnaker, an example followed by Phryne, but it was too dark to see the rest.

At 11h. 30m. Egeria and Xema gybed over to starboard, and hauled in for the buoy at Kinross point, the entrance to Lamlash, and at 12h. 15m. were stealing up the sound, Xema half-a-mile or more a-head, and burning blue lights to attract the attention of the flag-ship, which were answered from

the *Cornelia*, which lay anchored on the run between White House, on the north-eastern end of Holy Island, and Lamrash Pier. The gun fired for her at 12h. 58m. 30s., thus securing the first prize, Mr. Mulholland's cup, without time; but it was evident it would be a close thing between Phryne and Kilmeny, who were stealing up the strait with a very light breeze, which ever and anon drew ahead, and broke them off, so that they could hardly fetch *Cornelia*, which lay with *Egeria* hove to close by. At last Phryne got by at 1h. 53m. 30s., followed by Kilmeny at 2h. 0m. 33s., only seven minutes three seconds astern, out of twenty-four minutes thirty-two seconds she had to receive at double time, so first and second prizes went to the two old rivals, who have been so close often before this year in the club races, Kilmeny winning by fifty-nine seconds the second-class champion cup, while she lost second place to *Xema* in the Corinthian match by twenty seconds only. The others timed were:—*Persis*, 2h. 11h. 3s.; *L'Eclair*, 2h. 14m. 15s.; *Eveleen*, 2h. 15m. 10s., of the rest some straggled in during the night, and others bent their way direct to Blairmore, Holy Loch, and Dunoon, without coming into Lamrash.

The closing match of this club for the season, being the thirteenth they have sailed, took place on Saturday, August 13th, being intended as a sort of windup or "consolation scramble," in which, by handicapping the boats according to their rig, size, and previous performances, all should have a chance; it was expected there would have been a large entry. Various causes, however, tended to prevent this, chiefly the postponement, and afterwards the delay in carrying out the regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, which detained some yachts at Cork, while the extreme fineness of the weather and the want of wind, which rendered it very doubtful if it would be possible for any vessel to get round the course, deterred others, especially such as were unprovided with the extremely large and light extra sails now indispensable in a racing yacht, and which drag them along when literally there seems not a breath of air to fill them. Five owners, therefore, only put down their names for the match, which was to be "a sweepstakes of two sovs. each, with £10 added by the club. Vessels to be handicapped as to tonnage by a person named by the committee, handicap not to be announced until the morning of the race, and any vessel not starting to pay £1 forfeit." Isaac Williams, Esq., most kindly undertook the difficult task of pleasing everybody, and also the duty of starter and flag-officer for the day, and at 11 o'clock the following vessels anchored in line at the mouth of the harbour, their stations having been fixed by black flags, with numbers attached to them, showing where each was to drop anchor; the tonnage affixed being that at which each was handicapped and the time allowance was then according to the club rate.

Alexandra, cutter, 15 tons, H. J. Dudgeon, Esq., red, with white cross; *Xema*, cutter, 45 tons, R. N. Ratt, Esq., black and orange stripes; *Syren*, cutter, 35 tons, D. Corbett, Esq., blue and white stripes; *Eveleen*, cutter, 50 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq., blue, with red St. Andrews's Cross.

The *Belle*, schooner, 35 tons, James Kennedy, Esq., was also entered, but

the weather was far too light to give her any chance, so she wisely paid the forfeit, and was content to cruise in the bay and watch the race.

At 11h. 30m. the first gun fired, the second five minutes afterwards, when Xema went at once to the front under all plain lower sail and first topsail. Alexandra canted the wrong way, and was nearly into her neighbour, which threw her a long way astern,—Syren going out second, under a balloon foresail, Eveleen with an immense gaff-topsail, with jack-yard, third, Alexandra last. It was an easy reach over the last drain of flood or first of ebb, to the South Bar buoy, wind about S.E., and Xema with Syren on her weather bow, drew rapidly away, rounding the mark five minutes ahead of Eveleen, who passed Syren, and led her one minute at the buoy,—Alexandra far behind, Xema tacked short to starboard on rounding the buoy, and stood out into the bay, an example followed by Eveleen, and Alexandra when she came up, but Syren reached in under Sutton. Wind was then very light, but soon a nice little breeze came stealing in from N.E., which catching the Xema first gave her an immense advantage over the others, and she went away with such a lead as speedily reduced the race merely to a question of whether she could get round at all before 9h. p.m. or not. Eveleen now shifted her balloon topsail for another, and in doing so was dragged much to leeward by the strong spring ebb, which was now tearing to the southward. Xema, after two or three tacks weathered, Rosbeg and the Kish Light, and it was then out spinnaker and water sail under it, and she ran merrily for the harbour, Eveleen being some 40 minutes astern, the others nowhere, Alexandra, however, having got a-head of Syren. Xema gybed round harbour buoy at about 4h. 30m., and went off on the second round with a nice breeze, which carried her quickly as far as the North Burford, which, instead of the Kish, was to be rounded the second time, but here her troubles began, as it fell a dead calm, and unless she got round the South buoy before the flood made, it was clear she would finish the race outside the Bailey, going to Belfast, instead of into the harbour. By the nicest of handling and good luck she just did it, however, and, aided by the young flood in shore, she crept up to the flag-boat by 8h. 30m., and landed her fourth prize this year, the Eveleen having given up, and the Syren and Alexandra by dint of hard rowing getting in for their first round just a-head of Xema on the second. This race was rather a lame and impotent conclusion to a most successful season, but what can be done in such unprecedented weather? The club have now sailed 13 matches, and distributed £472 in prizes to the winners and to the helmsmen who steered, and the crews which navigated them; and though the results have been before given in *Hunt's Magazine*, we now repeat them, and wish our readers a good day until May, 1871, brings the high-mettled racers once more to the starting buoys.

1st match:—21st May, 4th class, Alexandra, £12; helmsman, H. Dudgeon, Esq. 2nd match:—21st May, 5th class, Peri, £7; helmsman, W. Power, Esq. 3rd match:—24th May, 3rd class, Wavecrest, £15; G. Putland, Esq. 4th match:—28th May, 2nd class, Kilmeny, Second class Champion cup,

value £60, with £30 added; helmsman, P. S. French, Esq. 5th match:—2nd June, double-handed race, Queen, two tankards, value £8; helmsman, P. S. French, Esq.; crew, W. R. Johnson, Esq. 6th match:—4th June, to Holyhead, first prize, Xema, £25; Amberwitch, £10; helmsmen, A. H. Orpen, and D. T. O'Connell, Esqrs. 7th match:—6th June, from Holyhead, Torpid, £25; helmsman, G. B. Thompson, Esq. 8th match:—28th June, Corinthian, Torpid, £30; helmsman, G. B. Thompson, Esq. 9th match:—11th July, schooners and yawls, Enid, £30; helmsman, G. Putland, Esq. 10th match:—15th July, 1st class, Enid, 1st Class Champion Cup, value £120, with £35 added; helmsman, G. Putland, Esq. 11th match:—15th July, single-handed race, undecided. 12th match:—19th July, Bangor to Lamlash, 1st prize, Xema, £21; 2nd, Kilmeny, £10; helmsmen, A. H. Orpen, and P. S. French, Esqrs. 13th match:—13th August, handicap sweepstakes, Xema, £19; helmsman, A. H. Orpen, Esq.

The sailing committee met on the 11th of August to consider the protest of the Queen against the Naiad, in the single-handed match on the 15th July, when it was decided that the race should be considered null and void, and be re-sailed next season, only the yachts which started on the 15th being admitted.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE above club held its regatta at Dunoon on July 22nd and 23rd; the first match being for a prize of £75 and one of £25, course from the club yacht moored to the westward of Dunoon Quay round a flag-boat off Innellen thence round buoys off Kempoch and Strone and back, thrice round. Vice-commodore Sir M. R. S. Stewart, Bart., officiated in the absence of the Commodore, the Earl of Glasgow.

There were four entries, viz:—the Mosquito, Egeria, Oimara, and Enid, but only Mosquito and Oimara started, the Enid not arriving in time and the Egeria declining to compete. The starting gun fired at 10h. 51m. 24m., when Mosquito went off with a lead, but the Oimara passed her in going to windward, a position she kept throughout the wind was very light—and the Mosquito kept her close company.

On passing the club yacht in the first round the time was:—Oimara, 1h. 54m. 48m.; Mosquito, 2h. 0m. 50s. In the second round the yachts merely drifted, there being a total absence of the motive power, and the time was:—Oimara, 5h. 52m. 7s.; Mosquito, 6h. 5m. 0s. The vessels were unable to complete the final round, and at 8h. 30m. were towed into Dunoon.

The second match was for cutters for a purse of £40—twice round same course—when the following entered:—Foxhound, 84 tons, Marquis

of Ailsa; Kilmeny, 30 tons, P. S. French, Esq.; Muriel, 40 tons, H. Bridson, Esq.; Phantom, 27 tons, D. W. Finlay, Esq.; Eveleen, 39 tons, Vice-Commodore T. D. Keogh, Esq.; Lelia, 33 tons, R. Ferguson, Esq.; Maria, 35 tons, A. Paterson, Esq.; Glance, 35 tons, J. Rushton, Esq.; Xema, 34 tons, R. N. Batt, Esq.

All started at 11h. 24h. 10s. on the starboard tack, with the exception of the Lelia, who was on the port-tack and went away with the lead. The Kilmeny and Muriel soon headed the fleet, but the former in the second round carried away her topmast stays, which deprived her of all chance. The final round was completed:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Muriel	6	33	42	Kilmeny	6	52	10	Phantom	7	2	30
Xema	6	48	53	Glance.....	6	58	23	Eveleen	7	5	59
Maria	6	51	1	Foxhound	7	1	10	Lelia	7	6	40

Muriel taking the prize.

The match for yachts of 20 tons fell through for lack of entries. There was one for a prize of 10 sovs., started at 12h. 10m. 43s., once round the buoys, between the cutters Naiad, 10 tons, — Richardson, Esq.; Vision, 9 tons, M. Carswell, Esq.; Raven, 9 tons, T. Workman, Esq.; Ripple, 9 tons, J. M. Forrester, Esq.; Thetis, 8 tons, A. Stuart, Esq.; and Fairy Queen, 9 tons, J. Harvey, Esq., which concluded at:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Naiad	4	15	25	Ripple	4	50	22	Thetis	5	2	0
Vision	4	29	25	Fairy Queen ...	4	57	36				

Naiad taking the prize.

There was a lugsail match won by the Vanilla, Mr. Mc'Laren; and a variety of rowing matches and other aquatic sports eked out the day.

• Saturday the 23rd inst. remained calm till noon, when a slight breeze sprang up, and the first match for schooners was started at 12h. 24m., for a first prize of £75, second, £25. Course the same as on Friday, thrice round, between the Aglaia, 45 tons, F. Powell, Esq., Egeria, 152 tons J. Mulholland, Esq. Persis was entered but did not sail.

Aglaia led off, but was overhauled by Egeria in the run to the Innellan buoy, and was afterwards gradually dropped throughout the race. The first round was completed—Egeria, 3h. 21m. 27s.; Aglaia, 3h. 31m. 15s.; and the second—Egeria, 6h. 39m. 59s.; Aglaia, 6h. 56m. 57s.; but it then fell so calm that, as the race could not be finished before 9h. p.m., it was deferred until Monday.

The next match was between cutters for a prize of £30, the same entries as on previous day for £40 race, all of which started but Muriel.

Glance led off, but was soon passed by Maria. It was quite a drifting race, and the final round closed:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Kilmeny	6	46	22	Maria	6	51	3	Xema	7	1	36
Foxhound	6	49	26	Glance	6	54	57	Phantom	7	2	29
Lelia	6	50	51	Eveleen	6	55	41				

Kilmeny winning the prize.

There was then a well contested match for £10, between the cutters :—Lizzie, 20 tons, C. H. Coddington, Esq.; Vampire, 19 tons, T. Cuthbert, Esq.; Ripple, 9 tons, J. M. Forrester, Esq.; Waterwitch, 17 tons, W. Lewis, Esq.; Vision, 9 tons, N. Carswell, Esq.; Naiad, 10 tons, A. Richardson, Esq. The race closing :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lizzie	5	36	49	Vision	7	3	58
Naiad	6	20	49	Ripple	7	4	43

Lizzie carrying off the prize :—

The unsailed matches were resumed on Monday, the 25th inst., the course being round the Skelmorlie Buoy, the Powder Buoy, off Raunworth, round the Selene moorings, the Cove, and back.

Oimara, Mosquito, and Enid were started at 10h. 38m., with a light wind from N.E.b.E. The yachts set balloon canvas and spinnakers for the run to Skelmorlie, and in the beat back Oimara and Mosquito worked tack and tack, and as the breeze freshened off the land, hugged the shore to get a favourite slant out of the tide. They passed the Cloch Lighthouse —

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara	12	36	18	Mosquito	12	42	19	Enid	12	47	48

And then made short tacks along the Kilcreggan shore. Spinnakers were set again after rounding the buoy, and the Oimara continued to do well, when the wind suddenly failed, she lost way, and hung across the tide abreast of Kern Quay. Some men lay out on the bowsprit to try and cant her, in vain, and Mosquito, with a spinnaker-jib set, came up with and passed her, and rounded the Red Buoy at 4h. 37m. 56m., taking the first prize, followed at 4h. 58m. 45s. by Enid, which took the second.

The renewed match between the Egeria and Aglaia was started at 10h. 55m. 43s. Aglaia led off, but was soon overhauled by Egeria, which won the prize at 5h. 8m. 41s.

The Channel Match, for the Ailsa plate, value £10, presented by the Marquis of Ailsa, for yachts of any rig, of any recognized club, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 40 tons; second yacht to receive entry-monies; entrance, £1 10s. Course from Dunoon Bay to a flag-boat off Culzean, round Ailsa Craig, and winning off Culzean Castle. Flag-boat and Craig to be left on starboard hand. Started at 9h. 24m. 37s.

The following started and got off in order thus:—Foxhound, Maria, Xema, Muriel, and Dinorah, with a light breeze from the eastward.

Spinnakers were set, and Dinorah kept the mid-channel, whilst the other vessels edged towards the southern shore. The yachts ran through the Heads, and were abreast of Lamlash by 2 p.m. But there was scarcely a breath of wind, and they drifted into the Bay. They however arrived at Culzean the same evening, as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Muriel	5	53	12	Xema.....	5	55	13	Dinorah	6	1	55
Maria.....	5	54	52	Foxhound.....	5	55	41				

Maria was winner by time by a few seconds.

THE RANELAGH YACHT CLUB.

THE above club held its first match on June 11th. Course, from Erith to Chapman and back, the prizes being three silver cups; time allowance 2m. per ton. The following cutters started :—Lulu 6 tons, J. W. Banks. Esq; Rifleman, 7 tons, W. Antill, Esq.; Dagmar, 5 tons, J. B. Fleuret, Esq.; Novice, 6 tons J. Gardner, Esq.; Ellen, 4 tons, J. Gardner, Esq.

The start took place at 12h. 56m., with a fine breeze from south-west, at a quarter ebb. The Ellen took a decided lead, followed by Novice, Rifleman, Dagmar, and Lulu, in Erith Rands the Novice passed the Ellen, on fetching Long Reach Tavern the Novice still lead followed by Ellen, Rifleman, Dagmar, and Lulu, and from thence to Northfleet Hope in same order with the exception of Rifleman, which had gradually drawn upon and passed the Ellen off the Town of Gravesend, the five boats were in a cluster neck-and-neck. Off the Ship and Lobster the Ellen again took the lead, which position she held until the steamer was rounded thus :—Ellen, 2h. 58m. 30s.; Rifleman, 2h. 58m. 34s.; Novice, 2h. 58m. 38s.; Lulu, 3h. 1m. 30s.

They then turned to a dead noser and ebb tide standing over to the southward; the Dagmar never rounded the steamboat, and after a few boards to windward struck upon the Blythe Sands. The Lulu did the same within a few yards of her; off Holy Haven the Novice had a slight lead, and when on the starboard tack was fouled by Rifleman on the port tack, carrying away Novice's bobstay, thus crippling her, a protest was hoisted and duly acknowledged by the club steamer, but was afterwards withdrawn in consequence of the late arrival of the yachts at Erith, and the Rifleman was challenged to resail the Novice. The yachts finished thus :—Rifleman, 8h. 20m. 0s.; Novice, 8h. 22m. 0s.; Ellen, 8h. 52m. 30s.

NEW BOOK.

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT KATE.—Messrs. Longman & Co, Paternoster Row, London.

OUR readers will doubtless remember the fate to the little Kate, a boat of only twenty-three feet in length and a beam of seven feet, having circumnavigated

England last summer in safety under the guidance of her owner, Mr. Middleton, who represented the crew on the occasion. Messrs. Longmans' have just published an account of the voyage which cannot fail to be interesting to those who are acquainted with the various places visited by the owner of the *Kate*, as bringing them back to their recollection, while it will be instructive to others who have not visited the different locales but who may on some future occasion, either through stress of weather, or bent on pleasure, look in to the different harbours described by Mr. Middleton. The voyage was attended with no small amount of danger and with very considerable hardship; and what will ye say some of ye racing men who consider claret or champagne cup, chickens, salads and sundries as indispensable addendas to a six or eight hours race to the fare of the crew of the *Kate* on more than one occasion? We may quote his own words once when anchored off Lundy. Island after having been out twenty-fours from Boscastle, "I ate my last piece of bread, about one-fourth of a sta'e loaf, without a drop of drink of any sort, I then sat down in the well with my head resting on my arms and slept for a couple of hours," again on the run across to Ireland "a heavy squall at five o'clock, p.m., compelled me to heave-to again and double reef the mainsail; I therefore indulged in a glass of sherry my first drop of anything since the coffee at six a.m." A bill of fare that would somewhat startle the aforementioned racing men. On arrival at Kingstown Mr. Middleton passes some severe and totally unmerited strictures on the Irish Yacht clubs, which are admirably arranged and are most lavish in their hospitalities to all strangers who arrive at Kingstown in their yachts. There are a few illustrations and though one of them "The *Kate* when struck crossing the sand," trespasses on the marvellous, the others are very truthful and clever, and altogether we can safely recommend the perusal of this diary of an aquatic crusoe to all our yachting friends.

Editor's Locker.

REGISTRATION OF YACHTS.

August 25th, 1870.

Sir:—A yacht built at Southend and not registered for owner residing near Barking, and subsequently sent to him, there remaining with him up to the present time. Whence does she hail, or which place does she belong, Southend or Barking?

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

"PLAISTOW."

[The owner can register his yachts as belonging to any port in the Kingdom, no matter where built, or can change the port if he think fit by applying to the General Register and Record Office of Shipping and Seamen, Adelaide Terrace, London Bridge, E.C.]

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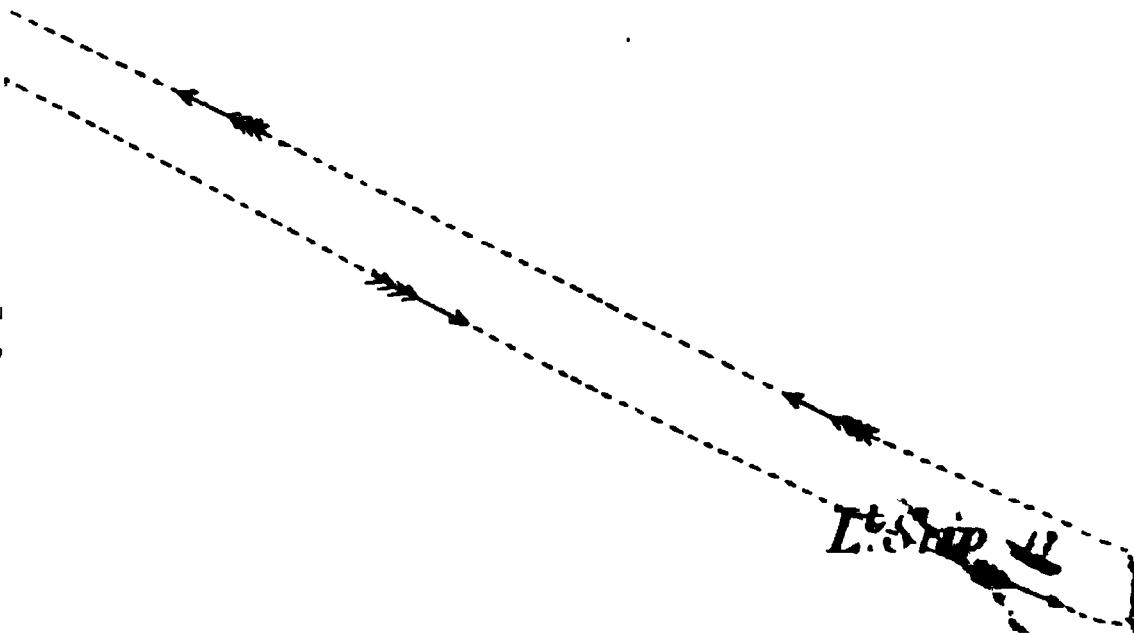
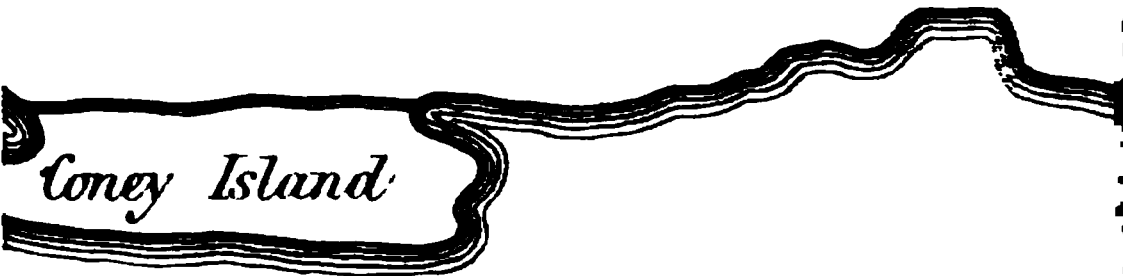
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MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE N.Y.Y.C.
FOR THE CUP RACE,
AUG. 9TH. 1870.

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Lt. Ship

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1st, 1870.

THE CAMBRIA IN AMERICA.

THE long talked of, long pending race in which Mr. Ashbury was to try and bring back to England the cup won by the America in 1851 is now a matter of past history, and though we have no congratulations to offer the owner of the Cambria on a victory which would have far exceeded any yachting triumph on record, and would have amply compensated him for all the trouble and expense incurred in the enterprise, yet we may fairly congratulate him on the way in which the Cambria acquitted herself on other occasions when pitted against the fastest yachts of a nation so celebrated as the Americans have been for building the fleetest of crafts from the time when the first Baltimore clipper left the stocks and astonished all creation.

In reporting the Trans-Atlantic proceedings of the Cambria we have of course to publish, probably to all our readers, what is commonly called *stale news*, but such is unavoidable and must inevitably be the case with a monthly Magazine in these days when so many weekly journals report, immediately after their occurrence, the different sporting events that take place. Notwithstanding this dis-

advantage it would be but a poor compliment to the owner of the *Cambria* if we did not devote the best part of our space this month to the doings of his vessel in American waters.

It will be remembered that the English schooner's visit to New York, was originally undertaken with the view of regaining possession of the cup won by the *America* at Cowes in '51, and which was given to the New York Yacht Club by Commodore Stephens as a perpetual challenge cup. A "happy thought" suggested a race across the Atlantic by way of adding a little excitement to a voyage which, under the most favourable circumstances, was not likely to be a very agreeable one, and the *Cambria* defeated the *Dauntless* by the narrowest of shaves in reaching New York a little more than an hours before her. Arrived at New York, Mr. Ashbury set to work with a will to get his schooner ready for the great event, and after a thorough overhaul on the gridiron and the fitting of a brand new suit of cotton sails the *Cambria* seemed in first-rate fettle.

The day fixed for the race was the 9th of August, and although no doubt the crew of the *Cambria* would have preferred a far stronger breeze, yet we may fairly say that it was a very tolerable specimen of a summer regatta day. In the most praiseworthy way the committee of the N.Y.Y.C. gave the choice of stations to Mr. Ashbury, who took the weather berth, which however, by an extraordinary shift of the wind, after all proved to be the leeward one, the entries comprised:—

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Cambria</i>	schooner	227	J. Ashbury, Esq.	London
<i>America</i>	schooner	178	W. Morse, junr., Esq.	New York
<i>Phantom</i>	schooner	123	H. & C. Stebbins, Esqrs.	"
<i>Madgie</i>	schooner	182	R. F. Loper, Esq.	Stonington
<i>Sylvie</i>	schooner	106	E. Dodge, Esq.	New York
<i>Tidal Wave</i>	schooner	153	W. Vorohis, Esq.	Nyack
<i>Madeline</i> ..	schooner	148	J. Voorhis, Esq.	New York
<i>Rambler</i>	schooner	160	J. Banker, Esq.	"
<i>Idler</i>	schooner	133	T. Durant, Esq.	"
<i>Dauntless</i>	schooner	262	J. Bennet, Esq.	"
<i>Magic</i>	schooner	92	F. Osgood, Esq.	"
<i>Fleetwing</i>	schooner	206	G. Osgood, Esq.	"
<i>Calypso</i>	schooner	109	A. Hatch, Esq.	"
<i>Widgeon</i>	schooner	105	C. Dodge & G. Haven, Esqrs	"
<i>Halcyon</i>	schooner	121	J. B. Smith, Esq.	"
<i>Tarolinta</i>	schooner	204	H. & H. Kent, jun., Esqrs.	"
<i>Alarm</i>	schooner	225	A. Kingsland, Esq.	"

Of these the *Calypso*, *Widgeon*, *Sylvie*, *Magic*, *Halcyon*, *Idler*, *Madgie*, *Phantom* and *Madeline* are centre-boards, and had of course

a great advantage in a course partly in a river, and in light summer weather, over vessels of the Dauntless, Cambria, and Fleetwing class. One thing rather surprised us, and that was the non-appearance of any sloop to contend against the Cambria, but the fact of the New York club having no sloop on its list above 60 tons, fully accounts for this class of vessel not being represented. The most interesting feature perhaps in the day's proceedings was the appearance of the old America, which with an entire new fit out came to the post in very good order, though in the opinion of some not with such a good suit of canvas as might have been put upon her, and it is now that we can form some opinion as to the improvements that have been made since she first came to our waters in '51, but whether these improvements have or have not been such as they might have been we will not now discuss. The course appointed by the N.Y.Y.C, was from Clifton, Staten Island, to Sandy Hook light-ship, about 18 miles, and back; the wind was moderate at about south, necessitating a turn to windward on the way out. At 11h. 27m. the signal gun was heard and the various crews turned to with a will to get the canvas up as they had to start with all sails down, an arrangement which gave the lighter rigged vessels an advantage the Magic and America were not slow to avail themselves of and away they went to the front. In the beat down the Narrows, what with a bad start occasioned by the greater difficulty of getting her heavy canvas up, and what with being dreadfully hampered by other vessels, the unavoidable result of her leeward position, the Cambria did very badly, and to make matters still worse the Tarolinta on the port-tack held on so long when meeting Mr. Ashbury's schooner on the starboard tack that the latter was obliged to go about to prevent her cutting her down, but even as it was a collision occurred resulting in considerable damage to the Cambria's fore rigging. All this of course was very mortifying to the crew of the Cambria as it had the effect of placing her absolutely last off Fort Richmond, and many we believe were the not very flattering remarks as to the capabilities of the English schooner. On opening the Narrows however, matters began to mend with her as the water here became broader and she was less hampered by others, and she successively passed those yachts that had been forming the rear guard of the fleet, which had by this time broken into three divisions.

The America had meanwhile been behaving nobly and had now assumed a commanding position. She was, perhaps, half-a-mile astern of the Magic, with the Idler in the wake of the Sylvie next, and the Phantom working up admirably. Close to the Lower Quarantine the

Dauntless came next, and following were the Madgie, Tidal Wave Calypso, Fleetwing, Madeline, Cambria, Widgeon and Tarolinta; the Magic carried her three jibs and fore and main-sail, the America the same, and the Idler her two jibs, stay, fore, and mainsails; the majority of the yachts did not carry their topsails until after they had rounded, the South-west Spit. Up to this time not the slightest accident had occurred and the glorious anticipations that had characterized the event still prevailed.

It was yet on a wind to the South-west Spit and the cry on board the Cambria was more wind and sea, but it was not fated to be according to her wishes, though the wind freshened a little and the South-west Spit was rounded:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Magic	12	47	0	Madgie	12	59	0	Cambria }	1	7	0
America	12	48	0	Tidal Wave ...	1	0	45	Widgeon }			
Idler	12	53	0	Calypso	1	2	0	Tarolinta	1	7	55
Sylvie	12	56	0	Halcyon	1	2	10	Alarm	1	3	30
Phantom	12	56	15	Fleetwing	1	4	5	Alice	1	9	0
Dauntless	12	56	20	Madeline	1	6	50	Rambler	1	10	0

To the light-ship the course had to be altered and the yachts were able to lay up to it, the Magic still holding the lead while the Cambria overhauled Fleetwing, Calypso and Tidal Wave, and began to take a still better place in the match, but as to the Cup it was now evident that nothing but the dismasting of the Magic, Idler, America, &c., could bring it into the Cambria's locker for a voyage to England, still she struggled on manfully and was heartily cheered on coming to the light-ship which was rounded:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Magic	2	8	16	Sylvie	2	17	23
Idler	2	8	40	Phantom	2	19	15
Dauntless	2	9	48	Madgie	2	21	14
America	2	15	25	Cambria	2	27	19

From the ship it was free sheets away for home and as the breeze had somewhat freshened something like railway speed was attained, but of course the Cambria's chance of even improving her place in the race was gone, as she could not hope to hold her own off the wind with vessels of much lighter draught of water than herself, but the crew on board of her were not likely to throw away a chance, or to make their position worse for want of energy and activity, so that all available canvas was heaped upon her directly the sheets were eased off, but hardly had everything been properly set for the run up, when a sudden crash was heard, all eyes were turned aloft, and the fore-topmast was seen to have gone by the cap, bringing all the gear and sail with it, this of course was a sad

delay, but in spite of this catastrophe she rather gained than lost ground during the run home on her opponents, the flag-boat off Clifton being rounded:—

	Actual Time.			Regulated Time.				Actual Time.			Regulated Time.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Magic	3	33	54	3	58	21	Fleetwing	4	2	9½	4	41	20
Dauntless ...	3	35	27½	4	29	23	Halcyon	4	3	8	4	35	1
Idler	3	37	23	4	29	35	Tarolinta	4	10	23	4	47	2
America	3	47	54	4	33	51	Madeline	4	14	46	4	42	36
Phantom ...	3	55	5	4	30	44	Calypso	4	15	29	4	10	6
Madgie	3	55	7	4	29	57	Widgeon	4	15	30	4	38	2
Sylvie	3	55	12	4	23	46	Rambler	4	17	35½	4	43	33
Cambria	4	0	57	4	40	8	Alice	4	18	27½	4	34	15

The Alarm did not complete the course.

And thus ended the celebrated race and though some contend that it was not on the whole so satisfactory a test as could have been wished, yet that part of it between the South-west Spit and the light-ship was as fair a trial of a vessel's speed on a wind as could be desired ; the distance run with taut sheets was nine miles ; the yachts were what might be termed out at sea ; and the fact of the Magic having covered the space in one hour and sixteen minutes shews that the force of the wind was by no means inconsiderable. During this stretch the Cambria lost four minutes with the Magic, and she lost seven minutes with the Dauntless, on the other hand she gained seven minutes on the America in the same stretch which showed that though others were leaving her she was also doing the same by the once formidable America, and we must now leave our readers and the owner and builder of the Cambria to draw their own conclusions.

We now publish in an abridged form other matches which took place after the cup race, and which we copy from the *New York Herald*.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AND MR. ASHBURY'S CUPS.

THE much talked of race for two of the cups presented by Mr. Ashbury, one for schooners and the other for sloops, came off on August 16th. In connection with these prizes there was also a cup given by the New York Yacht Club. A more favorable occasion could not have been selected, and the contest was throughout a splendid affair, resulting in a victory for an American craft that has already distinguished herself, as well as in a triumph for the British yacht Cambria. It was perhaps the closest race between two schooner yachts on record, for the judges hesitated long ere they could determine which of the two was first at the goal. That the capacities of the competitors were brought to a

test there can be little doubt, and although fore and aft sails were allowed, all had a fair opportunity for the exhibition of their qualities. It was a good dead beat to windward, a race always hailed with satisfaction by thorough yachtsmen, and the Magic in winning Mr. Ashbury's cup, has assuredly won a glorious reputation ; while the Cambria in carrying the one given by the club, has proved herself to be a vessel worthy the renown she has deservedly gained.

The race was to be sailed according to the rules and regulations of the New York Yacht Club, giving time allowance, and the course was from a line between Fort Adams and the Dumpling to and around the buoy off Black Island, on the starboard side, flying start. The following were the entries :—

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Cambria	schooner	227.6	J. Ashbury, Esq.	London
Phantom	schooner	123.3	H. & C. Stebbins, Esqrs.	New York
Madgie	schooner	132.2	R. F. Loper, Esq.	Stonington
Tidal Wave	schooner	153.5	W. Voorhis, Esq.	Nyack
Madeline	schooner	148.2	J. Voorhis, Esq.	New York
Rambler	schooner	160.0	J. H. Banker, Esq.	"
Idler	schooner	133.5	T. C. Durant, Esq.	"
Magic	schooner	97.2	Franklin Osgood, Esq.	"
Palmer	schooner	194.2	R. Stuyvesant, Esq.	"
Alice	schooner	83.3	S. W. Kidd, Esq.	"
Calypso	schooner	190.7	A. S. Hatch, Esq.	"
Halcyon	schooner	121.0	J. R. Smith, Esq.	"
Alarm	schooner	225.3	A. C. Kingsland, Esq.	"
Gracie	sloop	54.5	Johnson & Krebs, Esqrs.	"
Elaine	sloop	37.9	G. B. Durfee, Esq.	"
Addie V.	sloop	44.0	W. Langley, Esq.	"
White Cap	sloop	17.5	L. Livingston, Esq.	"

After waiting for a favorable opportunity to cross the line after the second whistle, the following is the order in which they started :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Elaine	12	16	39	Palmer	12	22	42	Madeline	12	31	6
White Cap ...	12	18	50	Gracie	12	23	0	Madgie	12	34	2
Tidal Wave ...	12	19	35	Cambria	12	23	24	Phantom	12	35	35
Halcyon	12	21	41	Magic	12	24	10	Idler	12	37	11
Addie V.	12	22	5	Calypso	12	25	26	Rambler	12	41	9
Alarm	12	22	37	Alice	12	29	10				

And as the wind was freshening a splendid race was anticipated. At 12h. 18m. p.m. the first whistle blew to prepare. There was now a strong ebb tide. At 12h. 23m. p.m. the signal was given and the race commenced. Just prior to this the Cambria had stood out from the line, but finding none of her competitors coming along she ran back to the lee of some of the vessels, consisting of the Halcyon, Palmer,

Magic, Calypso and others, and, keeping to the leeward, the contest was commenced. Meanwhile the 'Tidal Wave, as soon as the second whistle was blown, passed the line, and standing to windward she was considerably a-head. Behind the Palmer came the Alarm, Alice, Phantom, the Madeline to the windward next the fort, the Madgie on the Dumpling side, the Idler on the starboard quarter of the Madeline, and the Rambler last. Only fore and aft sails were used.

The Tidal Wave was the first to tack, but the Cambria, working to windward of her companions, advanced to the front, closely chased by the Magic, which had also worked over to the windward. Then the Cambria came up with the Tidal Wave and weathered her in two tacks. The Magic then came up and also passed the Tidal Wave, and as the Magic and Cambria were heading for Point Judith the former weathered the latter and went a-head, and from thence to the buoy there was very little change in their positions. The Magic retained the lead, passing the sloops Elaine, Addie V., Grace and White Cap on the way. The Cambria chased her closely, followed her every move and tacked when the Magic tacked. The Tidal Wave was a good third, and lost but little ground in her pursuit after the others. The rear batch of schooners were considerably astern.

As already mentioned the Magic was the first schooner yacht off Point Judith, the Cambria about a few cable lengths' astern, and the positions of the others showed that the Tidal Wave was third in the wake of the Cambria, the Palmer being next, the Halcyon fifth. The Madeline had now tacked close in shore, intending to make long stretches to the buoy. She was followed by the Idler, the Madgie and Rambler on the same course, some distance behind. The Madgie tacked on the lee side of the Madeline, and in company with her was the Phantom.

The race between the Magic and Cambria was watched with the deepest anxiety, and the interest in the contest seemed to be centred upon them. After passing the Cambria off Point Judith the Magic slowly widened the gap between them, and when about a mile from that light both evidently held their ground. The Magic stood up beautifully, as did also her formidable adversary, and both bowled along in splendid style. The sloop yacht Gracie was on the starboard quarter of the Magic, but was soon overhauled by the Cambria. The Alice sailed very well, having been completely set to rights since her late accident. She occupied a good position in the wake of the Phantom. Off Judith Point some excellent manœuvres were made, but there were not a few miscalculations, which placed several of the competitors away astern. The Idler and Rambler stood far out to windward, and ap-

proaching the buoy the positions of the yachts might be placed as follows :—Magic a-head, tacking to southward off Point Judith ; the Elaine, Cambria, Tidal Wave, Gracie, Addie V., Palmer, Phantom, Alice, Madeleine, Madgie and Alarm. The Halcyon had taken a northerly course, intending doubtless, to make the buoy in one stretch across off the west end of Block Island. The wind was quite fresh and varied very little during the race for the buoy, and after a splendid run the yachts rounded it as under :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Magic	4	0	0	Tidal Wave ...	4	24	10	Madgie	4	47	0
Cambria	4	2	2	Addie V.	4	27	30	Idler	4	44	30
Elaine	4	11	15	Palmer	4	28	15	Alice	4	48	0
Gracie	4	27	15	Phantom.....	4	34	30	Madeline.....	4	52	15

There was a good run before the wind, and, after rounding the buoy, the Magic proceeded homeward, still closely pursued by the Cambria. The former did not gain anything, and when coming towards Point Judith the Cambria crept up somewhat, and the interest which had hitherto marked the contest began to increase. All hope of their fellows overhauling either of them was abandoned, as both the Magic and Cambria were over three miles a-head. After turning the buoy it was a regular stern chase to the home stake-boat, and with the exception of the two leading yachts, which were now struggling hard, the race did not possess any features of interest.

The sloops had quite a lively little contest between themselves, the Elaine still keeping the lead ; but the schooners held almost the same positions from the buoy to the stakeboat. At times the wind decreased considerably, but again freshened up. The run home was very rapid. Approaching the Beaver Tail Light the Cambria came closer to the Magic, and, amid the most intense excitement, they both sailed down together almost bow and bow. None of the other yachts underwent a change of position during the entire run to the stakeboat, and after a capital race the following is the official record of the contest :—

	Home Stakeboat.	Total Time.	Corrected time by allowance.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Magic	5 54 20	5 30 10	5 24 37
Cambria	5 54 0	5 30 36	5 32 9.1
Phantom	6 16 15	5 40 40	5 41 37.1
Idler	6 25 54	5 48 43	5 47 40.8
Tidal Wave	6 19 15	5 50 40	5 48 4 4
Palmer	6 11 0	5 48 58	5 54 1 1
Madgie	6 28 5	5 54 3	5 54 2
Alice	6 34 45	6 5 35	5 55 5
Madeline	6 39 40	6 8 14	6 4 3
Gracie	6 15 50	5 52 50	6 35 1
Elaine	6 14 45	5 58 6	6 36 1
Addie V.....	6 25 4	6 2 59	6 39 1

The time of the Alarm, Halcyon, Rambler, Calypso and White Cap was not taken. As will be seen, the Cambria started 46 seconds before the Magic and arrived at the stakeboat 20 seconds ahead, making the victory for the Magic by 26 seconds on the actual arrival at the stakeboat. To the corrected time, by allowance, the Magic won by 7 minutes and 32 seconds.

Thus ended the race. The Magic was declared the winner of the first schooner prize and the Cambria of the second, while the prize for sloops fell to the Gracie, which by the way, carried away her bobstays.

DEAD TO WINDWARD RACE BETWEEN THE CAMBRIA AND THE PALMER.

A MATCH between the Cambria and Palmer for a cup value 50 guineas, took place on August 17th, and resulted in the defeat of the British craft by ten minutes-and-a-half, actual time, over a course of twenty miles to windward and back. It was one of the prettiest contests since the commencement of the cruise, as indeed it was one of the closest on the wind. The victory of the Palmer created universal surprise, since few imagined that she could compete to advantage with such a formidable opponent as the Cambria. Indeed the race was not looked forward to with much interest, for the Palmer's defeat was a foregone conclusion, she having been beaten by the Cambria on two prior occasions. As it was, however, the Palmer won the race with honor, while it also demonstrated that she is a yacht of excellent capacities.

According to the terms of the contest the vessels were to start from a line between Fort Adams and the Dumpling, and proceed to and around the buoy off Block Island on the starboard side and return. To be sailed according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, by which the Palmer allowed the Cambria about three minutes nineteen seconds. The Phantom was stationed near the fort as a stakeboat, Commodore H. S. Stebbins and Messrs. C. H. Stebbins and Sheppard Homans officiating as judges. Prior to the contest the racers cruised about and appeared to be in splendid trim. The Cambria carried a jib working staysail, foresail, mainsail and working fore and main-topsails, and the Palmer jib, flying jib, mainsail, foresail, fore-topsail and main-topsail. The greatest activity was observed on board both vessels and a fine race was anticipated. Several yachts left the harbour to accompany them. Their respective measurements were as follows :—

Name.	Owners.	Tonnage.	Area.
Cambria	J. Ashbury, Esq.	227.6	2.105.0
Palmer	R Stuyvesant, Esq.	194.0	2.371.9

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At start the wind was fresh from the south-west and the tide at the first of the ebb. Precisely at fifty-four minutes past eleven, both vessels passed the line, and each immediately tacked in-shore. The Palmer was the first to go about, her example being followed immediately by the Cambria; and now the race fairly commenced. The Palmer stood over on the Dumpling side, the Cambria keeping in the centre of the channel. The breeze freshening, the contestants went away beautifully. They were almost bow and bow the entire way, both pointing for Bateman's Point. When near the shore the Palmer again tacked towards Beaver Tail light, the Cambria still holding to her course to windward. Both made directly across bow and bow, about two hundred yards apart. Once clear of the channel the Palmer headed towards the Narraganset shore, the Cambria tacking on her weather quarter. In this manner the yachts proceeded and passed a line between the light-ship and Beaver Tail light about half-past twelve o'clock. When opposite Narraganset Bay the racers were hailed with salutes, and the appearance of the schooner yacht America added interest to the scene. The contestants were opposite Narraganset at a quarter to one o'clock. The yacht America accompanied the racers under two jibs, fore and mainsail during a portion of the race. The Palmer and Cambria continued in company, the latter still to windward and about three cable lengths apart. Close by Narraganset pier the Palmer went about, the Cambria immediately following, still on the weather tack.

The contestants were now on a long stretch to the southward, and kept bow and bow. The next tack was made by the Palmer at ten minutes past one o'clock, the Cambria again following on the weather side. They made directly towards the shore again, both in the same relative positions as when they cleared the channel. The Palmer tacked at thirty-five minutes past one o'clock, and the Cambria a few seconds later, still keeping to the windward. On this tack, however, the Palmer began to head reach the Cambria when about three miles off shore, and kept gradually going a-head, though very little. The wind moderated somewhat, and the speed of the vessels was checked. At eight minutes past two o'clock the Palmer made another tack, followed by the Cambria; but this time the Palmer, being very rapid in her movements and well handled, gained a little, and finally outsailed the Cambria and got on her weather side. The wind continued S.S.W. Gradually the Palmer widened the distance between her and the Cambria, the latter pursuing her course of S.S.W., while the Palmer shaped towards the north of Block Island, intending to weather the buoy on the next tack. The wind freshened as the yachts neared the island, and the contestants bowled along in beautiful style.

At half-past three o'clock the Palmer was over a quarter-of-a-mile to windward, and made one straight tack for the buoy, the tide setting to the north-east. She was unable to weather it, and had to make another tack. The Cambria continued on her course, and tacked at thirty-nine minutes past three, making directly for the buoy. Another short tack for the buoy on the part of the Palmer was successful, and she rounded it in good style. The Cambria had made good calculation and weathered the buoy in one tack, after parting with the Palmer four minutes astern, as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Palmer	5 42 30	Cambria	5 46 30

After rounding the buoy the beeeze freshened still more, and there was now a splendid race before the wind. The Palmer winged out with great rapidity, and as her best powers were now brought into requisition the prospects of the Cambria were considered slim. But the Cambria was by no means dilatory, and just after quitting the buoy boomed out her lug-foresail and fore-staysail and hoisted an American staysail, which wonderfully increased her speed. If anything the Cambria gained on her opponent, but not to any great extent ; and once regularly to work, the stern chase began. But a stern chase is a long and a tedious one, and all hopes on the part of the Cambria to win the race were abandoned when near Point Judith, for the Palmer when passing the lighthouse had gained two minutes, the time of both being then as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Palmer	4 35 0	Cambria	4 41 0

Although the Palmer was to allow the Cambria 3m. 19s, it was evident to those who witnessed the race that the latter could not come within such distance of her opponent that would save the race. The Palmer gradually widened the gap and seemed to gain every moment when approaching Bateman's Point. The Cambria nevertheless sailed exceedingly well, her American suit of sails doing much to favor her, and, truth to say, her American pilots on board did not lose a point, while her admirable crew worked royally to a man. Beyond question the Cambria made a capital race. When between Brenton's reef light-ship and Bateman's Point the Palmer was full seven minutes a-head and kept on increasing the distance until she finally rounded at the home stakeboat the winner by ten minutes and-a-half actual time.

As usual, the vicinity of Fort Adams was crowded with pleasure craft, whose occupants hailed the yachts with the customary greetings. A large crowd cheered the contestants as they went past Bateman's

Point, and gave vent to their feelings by many friendly gesticulations. The official time, taken at the home stakeboat was as follows :—

	Start.	Return.	Corrected time by allowance.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Palmer	11 54 0	5 34 0	5 44 46.8
Cambria	11 54 0	5 44 30	5 51 55.7

Thus ended a race, the result of which astonished many, as very few anticipated the Cambria's defeat. Both yachts sailed remarkably well, the Palmer far exceeding any of her previous performances, and the Cambria showing to advantage her splendid qualities on the wind.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE CAMBRIA AND IDLER.

ANOTHER match race came off on August 18th, the contestants being the schooner yachts Cambria and Idler. The race was twenty miles to windward and back, and the prize a cup valued at 50 guineas. It was decidedly the finest race that has taken place since the squadron arrived here. The British craft won by 8m. 48s. on time, the Cambria having allowed the Idler 2m. 50s. The very best qualities of the yachts were brought into requisition, and the Cambria, in carrying off the cup unquestionably proved herself to be a splendid vessel on the wind, which was more favorable for the contest to-day than for any event that had previously taken place. In fact it was just strong enough for the display of the weatherly qualities of both vessels, and in defeating the Idler the Cambria has added much to her reputation, especially in this country, since the former was regarded by most yachtsmen as one of the ablest yachts in the squadron. Indeed, the feeling prevailed generally that the Idler would have easily out-sailed her adversary, even beating to windward ; while it was supposed by those who seemed to know both vessels that the Cambria would stand little chance with her on the homestretch before the wind.

The result of the contest caused some surprise, as it was generally anticipated that the Idler would win. She was the favorite at odds, just as much as the Cambria was the previous day, and when it was announced that the Cambria had won the cup considerable astonishment was manifested, and not a few were disappointed.

The wind was extremely favorable. The course was the same as that sailed over the previous day, namely, from a stakeboat stationed at a line between Fort Adams and the Dumpling to and around the buoy off Block Island and return, the entire distance direct being over forty miles.

It was the intention of the Commodore to proceed to New Bedford with the fleet, but as the wind was fresh and the parties anxious to race, the squadron remained in the harbour here. By the terms of the race, the yachts were to sail according to the regulations of the New York Yacht Club, time allowance being given ; and as the Cambria was the larger vessel the Idler received two minutes fifty seconds and six-tenths of a second. The respective measurement of the yachts was as follows :—

Name.	Owners.	Tonnage.	Area.
Cambria	J. Ashbury, Esq.	227.6	2.105
Idler	T. C. Durant, Esq.	133.5	1.934.6

At mid-day the yachts left their anchorage in the harbour and proceeded towards the fort. The Cambria carried the same sails as on yesterday, namely, flying jib, fore-staysail, foresail, mainsail, and working fore and main-topsails. The Idler carried the usual fore and aft sails, with the exception of the fore gaff-topsail, which was hauled down. A gun was fired from the Phantom for the yachts to get ready, and a few minutes later the contestants crossed the line on a flying start, in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Cambria	12 29 30	Idler	12 30 0

It was now the first of the ebb, and the wind was fresh from the south-west. Starting out in advance the Cambria got to the windward and first tacked towards the Dumpling, the Idler being immediately on her lee and following in the wake of her adversary, but went over very close to the shore. The Idler was the first to go about, but the Cambria made a pretty long stretch close to the land, and on making the first tack she was pretty well to the windward. The Idler was tacking from the fort side, and the Cambria making towards Bateman's Point, and when midway in the channel the Idler passed under her stern, going in the opposite direction, both being equi-distant from the shore on either side. A short tack, however, on the part of the Idler again brought her in the wake of the Cambria.

The positions of the vessels now much resembled those of the Palmer and Cambria when quitting the harbour. The Cambria on making her second tack was 45 sec. in stays, on her third 50 sec., and on her fourth about 40 sec., her average being about 47 sec. Just as the yachts cleared the channel the wind freshened and the sea was rolling somewhat. The Cambria weathered Bateman's Point on her sixth tack about half-a-mile, and took a south-easterly course, the Idler still following in her wake, and while the former was gradually outsailing her, the latter worked to windward in good style. This was a very long

stretch, and as the Cambria, close-hauled, was rushing swiftly through the water, the Idler managed to get a very good windward position, and so they parted company. On this stretch the wind altered two points, which in some measure accounted for the strides to windward being made by the Idler.

The course now pursued by the Cambria was S.b.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., far out from but opposite the Narraganset shore. The Cambria gradually widened the gap. At ten minutes to two o'clock the Idler tacked and headed towards Point Judith. This is the time the accident is said to have occurred to the stem of the Idler. It was split open and the chain of the anchor seized on the bobstay and hove to it, which secured the bowsprit, and enabled her to continue the race, her course then being about W.b.N.

At half-past two o'clock the Idler was about three miles and-a-half on the Cambria's lee. The wind was very fresh, and both yachts proceeded at a lively pace. The Idler tacked at 2h. 25m. p.m., the wind altering slightly in favor of the Cambria. The former again tacked at 3h. 33m. p.m., and the Cambria at 3h. 29m., the Idler being about three miles on her lee beam. This was the prettiest part of the contest, and the time when the yachts went fastest.

After a magnificent run the Cambria rounded the buoy at 3h. 54m. 30s. p.m., running past it within three or four feet. It was a wonderful performance, but was attended with great risk, for had she touched the buoy she would of course have been ruled out of the race. The Idler was now about two miles to the leeward of the buoy, and had to make four tacks to round it, the following being the time of each vessel :—

	h. m. s.	 		h. m. s.
Cambria	3 54 30	 	Idler	4 13 10

The run home before the wind possessed no features of interest. It was a long stern chase the whole way, and the race was evidently with the Cambria. Both vessels went along with great rapidity, the Cambria hoisting her balloon topsails and booming out her lug foresail. Shortly after rounding the buoy the hull of the Idler was scarcely perceptible, but she gained somewhat on the run. The Cambria, however, got in too far to the westward, and in order to clear Point Judith, which she did at 4h. 48m. p.m., was forced to gibe over, and had to gibe a second time after passing it, by which movements she lost a good deal of time. After being sufficiently clear of Point Judith the yachts continued on their way, there being scarcely any perceptible gain by either.

The Cambria passed Brenton's Reef light-ship at 5h. 27m. p.m., and on passing Bateman's Point was loudly cheered and was received with

friendly salutes. She finally passed the stakeboat the winner of the cup at 5h. 47m. 20s., to the surprise of the majority of the spectators. The Idler was also saluted as she arrived and passed the stakeboat 12m. 4s. behind the Cambria. The official time of their return is as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cambria	5	47	20	Idler	5	59	21

Altogether it was a splendid contest, marked, as it was, by excellent sailing and great speed, whilst the capacities of both yachts were brought to a capital test. According to the time allowance the Cambria won by 8m. 43s. and 4-10ths., and taking into account that the Cambria got 3ls. start, she beat the Idler on actual time by 11m. 35s. The Cambria made the race in 5h. 17m. 20s., and the Idler in 5h. 29m. 24s.

A FINE RUN FROM NEW BEDFORD TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

ACCORDING to the orders issued the evening previous the yacht squadron sailed, on August 20th, for Martha's Vineyard, and the run was in every respect a satisfactory one, the yachts being favoured throughout by a splendid breeze. More than fifteen schooners started, and the sight presented as they left the harbour was extremely beautiful. Thousands of spectators lined the wharves and piers, and under the the most favourable auspices the fleet set sail. The signal gun was fired from the Vice-commodore's yacht precisely at one o'clock, and and shortly after the vessels were under weigh. The Dauntless was towed out near the New Bedford lightship, where she lay-to until the the fleet passed. The sloops Gracie and Coming also sailed and had a fine contest between them on the way.

A fresh breeze was blowing from the south-west and the tide was at the first of the ebb. The Magic had started ahead under jib and and mainsail, and in advance of her was the Halcyon. No topsails were set, nearly all the vessels carrying only their jibs, fore and main-sails. The Cambria got under weigh quickly and got well to the front. The Sappho started off under jibs, foresail and mainsail. It was thought she would not accompany the fleet, owing to the accident which happened to her the evening previous when coming into harbour, but a diver having examined her bottom it was found that only a portion of her copper had been torn off when scraping against the reef off Palmer's island. The Palmer got a good start and followed in the wake of the Cambria; next came the Madeline, and then the Josephine to windward, next came the Phantom, then the Madgie; the former was

on the starboard quarter of the Madeline, behind her came the Fleetwing, Fleur-de-Lis and Alarm.

The Cambria and Sappho were now close together, the former on the lee. After a lively little brush between them the Sappho put her jibs to windward and waited for Dauntless, the Cambria also delaying somewhat, and between the three vessels a very interesting run took place. The Madeline made her first tack and weathered Phantom. The Palmer occupied a very good position on the lee quarter of the Cambria, when she carried away her jib-boom and she was compelled to lay-to for a while. Shortly before two o'clock the Dauntless set her jibs and foresail, and the breeze freshened considerably, she started in the wake of the Cambria and Sappho. The Madeline now came up with the latter and followed in the track of the Cambria. There was no alteration in the positions of the Fleetwing, Fleur-de-Lys and Alarm, they just keeping close to the sport, the Alarm in the centre and the Fleur-de-Lis over to the leeward. At this stage the Magic and the vessels starting with her were considerable ahead, but the positions of the others were about as follows:—Cambria, Josephine to the leeward, Madeline, Phantom, and Madgie. The Dauntless now came upon the Sappho, and both headed towards Naushou shore. The two vessels, not very far apart, went splendidly together, the Dauntless to the windward, rather out-sailing her, as they approached the shore tacking towards Quickshoal. To the windward was the Cambria, but she lost that position when wearing Cuddy hunk. The run between the Sappho and the Dauntless to windward was watched with considerable interest from all the yachts. At a quarter past three o'clock the Dauntless and Sappho tacked almost simultaneously, and the Cambria shortly afterwards, the Josephine, Phantom, Madgie and Madeline following in their wake. The Cambria had the lead, the Dauntless following her up closely and still holding her position to the windward of the Sappho. After leaving Robinson's Hole and Quickshoal, and once into the entrance of the entrance of the Vineyard Sound, the Dauntless passed the Cambria which was also dropped by the Sappho. The Phantom saved considerable distance by luffing up near Westchips and crossing the middle ground, by which she also succeeded in getting by the Cambria. After going through Quickshoal, the vessels got the wind on the quarter and the Sappho quickly hoisting her main-topmast staysail, in advance of the others got slightly ahead, the Dauntless near West Chop lighthouse, and in this order the vessels proceeded to their anchorage off the camp ground. The Sappho arrived at 4h. 35m. 0s., Dauntless at 4h. 37m. 1s., Phantom at 4h. 37m. 0s., Cambria at 4h. 38m. 0s., Madgie at 4h.

39m. 0s., and Madeline at 4h. 41m. 0s. p.m. The time of the others was not taken. It was altogether just a pretty run to windward as far as Robinson's Hole. The wharf opposite the bluffs and near the camp ground was thronged with thousands of spectators, who welcomed the crafts in their united enthusiastic manner.

RACE FOR THE VICE-COMMODORE'S CUP AT NEWPORT.

THE race for the Vice-commodore's Cup took place on Sept. 8th, and was a splendid affair, resulting in a victory for the schooner yacht Palmer, the Cambria carrying off the second prize. But while every credit must be given to the winners, it is right to mention that the honors were within the grasp of the Sappho, and had it not been for an unfortunate accident—to wit, the loss of her main-topmast and peak sail yards—there is but little doubt that she would have been the successful contestant.

The course is a triangular one—from Brenton's Reef light-ship to around the buoy off Block Island, thence to the light-ship off the Sow and Pig Rocks and return, a distance of over eighty miles. The race was sailed according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club in regard to canvas, but there was no allowance for difference in size.

At early morning the breeze which had prevailed during the night had somewhat decreased, and at seven o'clock the prospect was not at all encouraging. Half-an-hour afterwards the smooth waters of harbour began to ripple, and towards eight o'clock a welcome breeze from the south-east gladdened the hearts of the numbers who earnestly looked forward to the result. One by one the competitors weighed anchor and cleared for the light-ship, whence the start was to take place. The following started:—Cambria, Sappho, Palmer, Vesta, Tidal Wave, Idler, Madeline, Halcyon, Phantom, and Madgie who passed in company by Fort Adams, and ran out to the light-ship. Wind south-east, tide half-ebb.

The gun was fired at 8h. 54m. 15s., a.m., and the yachts went off on a splendid flying start. The Madeline and Tidal Wave showed up in front, the former to windward. A good position was occupied by the Cambria, Halcyon following in her wake almost bow and bow with the Palmer. Then came the Phantom, on the lee quarter of the Sappho, and Idler the Vesta behind her and the Magic out to leeward. Five minutes after the start had been effected the breeze freshened considerably and the prospect was truly delightful. A little way on the Palmer began to gain somewhat and draw up on the Halcyon. The Madeline

and Tidal Wave kept well together, the latter on the lee side making excellent way.

Being fairly in race, the yachts, with a free wind, made for the buoy off Block Island. The Palmer kept well to windward, and soon coming up with the Halcyon, which, by the way sailed very well, was bow and bow with the Cambria, the Madeline still holding on the starboard quarter of the Tidal Wave. In this order the competitors went for the honours, and the run to the buoy was characterized by some excellent sailing. At ten minutes past nine o'clock the Palmer was the leading vessel, all the yachts proceeded at nearly ten knots. The Phantom and Idler kept together, the Vesta being close behind. At half-past nine o'clock the positions of the different yachts were as follows:—Palmer ahead, Cambria immediately in her wake, Tidal Wave on her lee quarter, the Halcyon on the weather quarter of the Cambria, the Sappho coming between them, and Madeline and Phantom in her wake, the Idler and Magic still to the leeward, and the Vesta in the wake of the Idler.

The Sappho sailing beautifully passed the Halcyon on the lee side, and drew up on the weather quarter of the Cambria. The Sappho carried her three jibs, mainsail, foresail, main-topsail, fore-topsail and staysail. At about a quarter to ten o'clock, she passed the Cambria nearly a quarter-of-a-mile to windward. Up to the present the vessels had been going at a good rate of speed and the wind still increasing, and their motion was much accelerated. The Phantom now joined the Halcyon; in her wake was the Idler, and between the three vessels quite an interesting struggle ensued. Meanwhile the Tidal Wave, which stood on the lee quarter of the Cambria, shot past her and followed in the wake of the Sappho, which stood out to windward of the Palmer. Behind her came the Cambria in good style. With one or two exceptions all the yachts sailed-splendidly, and it was evident that alterations and improvements recently made on most of them had not been without effect. Some of the yachts did not sail as well as many anticipated, and it was apparent that the contestants, which for about an hour kept pretty close together, must soon part company. Until ten o'clock no important change took place in the positions already alluded to. The interest in the contest soon began to centre in the leading yachts, the Palmer, Sappho, Tidal Wave and Cambria. As the Sappho drew to windward of the Palmer the Tidal Wave came up on her quarter and a pretty race ensued between the three, the Cambria meanwhile holding her own of the other yachts. The Phantom was probably doing the best, having got to windward, the Halcyon being next, and

after her the Idler, Madeline and Vesta. The last mentioned vessel, which attracted much attention, subsequently retired from the race.

After a capital struggle for first place the yacht finally rounded the buoy off Block Island as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Sappho	10	9	0	Cambria.....	10	10	45	Idler	10	18	0
Palmer	10	9	8	Phantom	10	16	0	Madeline	10	10	0
Tidal Wave ...	10	12	0	Halcyon.....	10	17	30	Vesta	10	23	0

They were now about to windward of the light-ship, off Sow and Pigs Rocks, and a prettier sight could not have been witnessed. The Cambria had an excellent turn at the buoy, and managed to creep up rapidly on her adversary. The Sappho and Phantom were not more than a cable length apart, but the Tidal Wave began to drop astern somewhat, and, to all appearances, the race lay between the Sappho, Palmer, and Cambria, the first mentioned vessel being still the favorite. The other vessels began gradually to divide, and twenty minutes after rounding the buoy they were all far apart. At a quarter past eleven a.m. the Cambria tacked off Point Judith, the Palmer being then on her weather bow and the Sappho considerably a-head. After a very long stretch the Cambria succeeded in getting to the windward of the Sappho, and, being sailed admirably, retained that position for some time. At 11h. 35m. the Palmer tacked, and the three vessels stood out on their courses for the light-ship. There was not much excitement in regard to the other vessels, as their chances even at mid-day were extremely slim, being some miles behind the foremost yachts. Towards two o'clock the Sappho began to regain her position to the windward and finally succeeded. She gradually widened the gap between her and both the Cambria and Palmer.

In this order the vessels proceeded. At 3h. 25m. p.m., the Sappho tacked and crossed the Cambria's bows, but scarcely had she done so when she carried away her main-topmast and peak balyards and split open her mainsail. Thus crippled and disabled, when her prospects were so brilliant the noble craft pursued her way, the accident giving rise to feelings of sincere regret. It was evident that the mishap robbed her of the victory ; but she nevertheless maintained the struggle, and for a time held good her position, over half-an-hour being spent in trying to make repairs, but the delay was fatal to her.

The Cambria came along with a good scupper breeze and winded her, the Palmer meanwhile doing well on her lee quarter. Some of the other yachts had quite an interesting struggle, including the Phantom, Idler, Halcyon, Tidal Wave, Madeline, Madgie, and others, the first mentioned vessel still leading them, with Idler considerably in her wake.

At 4h. 25m. p.m., the wind breaking off somewhat the Palmer came on the lee quarter of the Cambria, and the two kept together for some minutes, when finally the Cambria, failing to fetch the light-ship on the straight, was compelled to go about for another attempt. The Palmer was coming up rapidly and guarded against any mistake.

The Cambria finally rounded the light-ship off Sow and Pigs at 4h. 29m. 15s. p.m., the Palmer one minute and eighteen seconds later. The time of the other vessels was not taken being a good distance behind. Notwithstanding the unlucky mishap that befell the Sappho she sailed wonderfully, and rounded the light-ship some ten minutes later than the Palmer. With a good run before the wind the race was brought to a close. The very best point of the Palmer's sailing was fully proven, and within three-quarters of an hour after leaving the light-ship she came up on the starboard side of the Cambria, and, after a well contested struggle passed her.

This was the end of it; that the Cambria should again overhaul her seemed impossible. Winged out, the stern chase commenced. On came the Sappho, after her the Phantom, then the Idler, and the others in the order already mentioned, for but few changes took place in the positions of the vessels in the rear. The Cambria was overhauled after a splendid run. The Palmer passed Brenton's Reef light-ship at 6h. 34m. p.m., the winner of the cup, the Cambria arriving four minutes later, and consequently the winner of the second prize, which consists of a subscription cup. The Sappho passed the light-ship twenty minutes astern of the Cambria, the Phantom and the Idler next. Thus ended the race. It was a well contested affair among a few of the foremost yachts, while the fleet altogether showed evidences of increased speed and excellent sailing. Had there been an allowance in regard to size the Cambria would in all probability have taken the cup. She sailed better than in any other race in which she has participated, and her fine qualities to windward were satisfactorily displayed when going from the buoy off Block Island to the light-ship. The accident to the Sappho robbed the contest of much of the excitement that would otherwise have characterized the event. The winning yachts completed the distance in little more than ten hours, and as they passed along Bateman's Point towards the fort were enthusiastically cheered.

THE MATCH RACES AGAINST THE CAMBRIA.

BY THE consent of the owners of Phantom, Madeline and Cambria three separate matches were sailed together, and it was therefore two matches in one, which took place on Sept. 9th.

There was a long delay before any of the yachts could start, owing to the entire absence of wind. Towards half-past eleven o'clock a slight breeze sprung up from S.S.E., and the prospects of the contestants were accordingly rendered more favourable. The Cambria was the first to clear the harbour, and soon occupied a good position in the vicinity of Fort Adams. Next in order was the Madeline, which weighed anchor a few minutes afterwards. The Phantom was the last to leave and by the time she approached the starting point the breeze had freshened considerably. The Cambria, with her two separate competitors, each about to contend for a fifty guinea cup, got well to windward and was the first to move towards the starting point.

The race was to be sailed according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, and the course was from a line between Fort Adams, where was stationed the steam yacht Minnehaha and the Dumpling, to and around the buoy off Block Island and return. The tide was commencing to run at the flood.

At 12h. 36m. p.m. the first whistle was blown to prepare, and five minutes later the signal was given to depart.

Captains Nichols and Palmer officiated as judges. The Cambria, still holding on the windward position, close by the fort, got off first, the Madeline following closely in her wake. The Phantom, after two or three tacks, got somewhat near the fort side, and the three vessels passed the line as follows:—Cambria, 12h. 36m. 26s.; Madeline, 12h. 37m. 30s.; Phantom, 12h. 39m. 37s.

The breeze freshened again and the contestants beat up the channel, the Phantom assuming a good position on the weather quarter of the Madeline, and the Cambria still maintaining the lead. The first tack was made towards the Beaver Tail light, the Madeline being the first to go about, shortly before one o'clock, the Cambria immediately following her example. Five minutes later the Phantom was in stays and the three headed for Bateman's Point. When midway in the channel the Madeline again tacked, and the Phantom got well in the wake of the Cambria. There was now almost a good ten knot breeze, and as the racers left the channel the prospect was magnificent. All the contestants were in splendid trim, and, although great speculation and not a little betting were indulged in, it was a matter somewhat difficult to conjecture what the result would be. The Madeline, which assuredly sailed better than in any other race in which she has participated this season, weathered the Beaver Tail light and continued on her course, the Phantom meanwhile pursuing the Cambria in splendid style.

At seven minutes past one o'clock the Cambria tacked from the shore,

the Phantom gaining all the while. The Cambria now stood out on a southern course, and the Phantom, seeming to relish her company, was unwilling to part with her, and therefore held on the same course.

Half-an-hour later the Cambria headed towards Point Judith, the Madeline all the time hugging the Narraganset shore. The Phantom followed the Cambria on her lee quarter, and evidently determined to stick close to her. A beautiful struggle took place between them. For over twenty minutes the two yachts held the same relative positions, when at length the Phantom gradually outsailed her, and from her windward position the Cambria fell into the wake of the Phantom. Even then the Cambria did splendidly, and although the Phantom was somewhat out-pointing her she made excellent way. When opposite Narraganset, however, the Cambria tacked towards the shore, and events subsequently proved that that manœuvre was perhaps fatal to her success. At 2h. 12m. p.m. the Madeline, which all the while kept aloof from her competitors, tacked from the shore, her single opponent, the Cambria, being nearly two miles ahead to windward. Prior to tacking the Cambria was pinched up, but finding the Phantom outsailing her she parted company for better luck. It was now 2h. 25m., but, although the Cambria endeavoured to get away, she was still held close by the Phantom until finally when nearly a mile ahead to the westward, a course which under the circumstances the Phantom did not care to pursue. The Madeline held her own beautifully. She gained something on nearly every tack after leaving Point Judith, and her many excellent points were shown to the very best advantage. Her recent improvement must have had the effect of increasing her swiftness, and although apart from her adversaries, it was evident that she was gradually gaining. The Cambria, after a long stretch, stood out from Point Judith on the weather quarter of the Phantom, in whose wake the Madeline now appeared. The Cambria evidently did better on this tack than on any previous one, and as the breeze was increasing she made rapid advances on the foremost competitor—the Phantom. Apparently not content with her progress, she again headed towards the westward, but did not improve her position.

At 3h. 30m. p.m. the Phantom headed for the buoy off Block Island, the Madeline meanwhile following in pursuit of the Cambria. The Phantom came very near making her long stretch sufficiently good to round the buoy, but as the tide was very strong she was unable to weather it. A short tack, however, brought her around it, the Cambria being then at least two miles to leeward. The Madeline—which, by the way, was improving her position all the time—now headed for the

buoy, about half-a-mile on her lee quarter. Both were compelled to tack, and the three vessels rounded the buoy in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom	3 51 15	Cambria	4 8 0	Madeline	4 13 0

The home stretch was not characterized by any special feature of interest. It was a splendid run before the wind. The Phantom rushed on like a racehorse, and the long distance between her and the Cambria rendered it pretty safe to predict that the British craft could not win. The Madeline, moreover, a famous craft before the wind now began to exhibit her capacities in that respect. The Phantom passed Point Judith at 4h. 43m. p.m., the Cambria nearly three miles astern. After a capital race, and one which undoubtedly brought the capacities of the vessels to an excellent test, the Phantom came in the winner by nearly half-an-hour, the Madeline also defeating the Cambria 9m. and 30s. by allowance of time. The following is the official time at which the three yachts passed the home stakeboat :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom	5 48 7	Cambria	6 5 40	Madeline	6 9 22

It was decidedly one of the finest races of the season. The Cambria lost two cups, but she nevertheless sailed admirably throughout the contest. The victory of the Madeline was scarcely anticipated, more especially as she met with several mishaps during the race, having carried away her bowsprit shrouds shortly after the start. As the two winners entered the harbor they were greeted by salutes and other tokens of welcome.

It was in every respect a fair race and one in which all had ample scope for the exhibition of their powers.

RACE FOR THE NEWPORT CITIZEN'S CUP.

TEN schooners entered for the race for the Citizen's Cup, which came off on Sept. 11th, viz:—Cambria, Palmer, Phantom, Dauntless, Idler, Calypso, Madeline, Madgie, Halcyon, and Tidal Wave. The course was the same as that sailed over in the previous match, from a line between Fort Adams and the Dumplings, to and around the buoy off Block Island.

The hour fixed for the start was eleven o'clock, a.m., and although a magnificent breeze prevailed several of the yachts experienced considerable delay in leaving the harbour. Finally, however, the contestants appeared in force in the vicinity of the fort. The race was of course, to be sailed according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club,

and the yachts were to commence the race on a flying start, the time of each vessel being taken as she passed the stake boat, and to be computed on the return. The breeze began to freshen, and, what with the crowds on either side of the channel and the large numbers of persons on the committee boat and the bustling on board the yachts, the excitement was very great. Collector Macey of Newport, tendered the use of the revenue cutter, Captain Baker, for the benefit of the sailing committee, which consisted of Captains Nichols, Palmer, and Loper. After tacking for some time the vessels left the starting point in this order, the following being the official time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Madeline	11	47	8	Phantom	11	50	6	Idler	11	55	27
Calypso	11	48	53	Magic	11	50	35	Halcyon	11	56	32
Tidal Wave ...	11	49	0	Dauntless ...	11	51	38	Madgie	11	57	40
Palmer	11	49	27	Cambria	11	51	56				

The wind was blowing fresh from the south-west and the tide was at ebb. The Madeline, Palmer, Phantom and Calypso crossed over in close proximity, the Magic tacking directly towards the Beaver Tail light, the Dauntless and Cambria left in company, followed by the Idler, Halcyon and Madgie. Some of the yachts had a reef in their mainsail but the majority carried two jibs and foresail, and mainsail all full.

The Dauntless weathered the Cambria on her first tack, and both subsequently made towards the Beaver Tail light. It should be mentioned that the Sappho was expected to have participated in this race, but not having her main-topmast ready in time she was unable to start with the others. When clearing the channel the Magic weathered the Cambria on her second tack. There was now a prospect of one of the finest beats to windward that could possibly be sailed, and though at times the breeze decreased, still the anticipations of many were realized. The leading vessels in the line from Bateman's Point to the other side were the Palmer, Phantom, Madeline and Tidal Wave, the last mentioned being to the windward of the Dauntless, and the Magic and Madgie following in the wake of the Madeline, which pointed well. The vessels bringing up the rear were the Idler and Halcyon. Once clear of the channel it blew big guns, and topsails were quietly let alone. Most of the vessels having tacked towards the Narraganset shore they went about for an even course, the Palmer and Phantom still leading the latter on the weather quarter. The Dauntless succeeded in passing several of her opponents while on the starboard tack with the Cambria. She was temporarily detained by the Calypso crossing her bows on the port tack, the Dauntless having kept off to prevent accident. In consequence of this circumstance the Cambria got well up on the w a-

ther quarter of the Dauntless. The latter tacked at twelve o'clock, the Cambria immediately following her example, and the Palmer, Phantom, and other leading vessels still keeping on the eastern course. Madeline was the first to tack from the the Beaver Tail light, following in direction of the Palmer but tacked again soon afterwards and winded the Tidal Wave.

At 12h. 14m. p.m., the Cambria weathered the Calypso and subsequently the Magic, near the Beaver Tail light, the Dauntless meanwhile rapidly out-sailing the Cambria, and recovering the time she had lost. Both the Cambria and Dauntless kept close to the Narraganset shore, the latter still working up to windward of her. At half-past twelve o'clock the relative positions of the contestants were:—Phantom to the extreme windward, half on the weather quarter of the Palmer, and the Dauntless still on the weather quarter of the Cambria, which at 12h. 40m. tacked towards Point Judith. The contestants were now beginning to separate, each pursuing various courses, the Magic, Idler and others starting far out to the eastward. The Dauntless still remained in company with the Cambria, and finally weathering her moved up to the lee quarter of the Palmer, which had assumed a decided lead.

The Madeline now made another tack from the Narraganset shore, and at a quarter to one o'clock she came up with the Cambria and kept on her lee bow for some time, but finally tacked and left her. Hitherto the Magic had made a long stretch on the eastern tack, and, again tacking in shore, passed under the stern of the Cambria at about five minutes past one o'clock. The Dauntless kept in pursuit of the Palmer, the Phantom being well on her weather quarter. At this time both the Palmer and Phantom hoisted topsails. Between these three vessels the race now apparently lay, as the Cambria was rather falling back, and the other schooners to leeward, were a good distance. The Cambria was about two miles to leeward of the Palmer, which with nearly all fore and aft sails set, was proceeding in capital style. The Madeline was at this time, half-past-one, the fifth vessel in the regular order, the Magic being still to leeward of the Cambria. When passing Point Judith, a few minutes later, the Phantom ran up her fore-topsail and sailed splendidly on the weather of the Dauntless, which now held a better position in regard to the Palmer. Towards two o'clock the Cambria worked somewhat better to windward, but her chances of even second prize appeared to be entirely lost. The Idler was on the lee quarter of the Cambria and the Magic away to the eastward. At 2h. 20m. p.m., nearly all the schooners on this tack had weathered Point Judith and made a very long stretch on the north-west course. The

Phantom went about at half-past two o'clock, the Dauntless following a few minutes later. Up to the present the relative positions of the yachts had varied but very little, with the exception of a change among those leading. After tacking it was found that the Phantom had got pretty well on the weather quarter of the Palmer, the Dauntless following closely in her wake, and the Cambria about two miles astern.

The Palmer was the first to make the straight tack for the buoy, but as the tide was running very strong in that direction it was thought she could not fetch it. She crossed the Phantom's bow at 2h. 50m. p.m. and one minute later the Dauntless went about, the Phantom almost simultaneously adopting the same tactics, and the three yachts now headed for the buoy, the Palmer well a-head to the leeward, the Phantom next and the Dauntless third. It was now blowing fresher than at almost any period during the day, and the race to the buoy was extremely exciting. The Cambria followed up in good shape nearly three miles astern. After a fine race to windward the leading yachts rounded the buoy as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Palmer.....	3	13	45	Dauntless	3	19	40
Phantom.....	3	18	0	Cambria	3	30	0

The other yachts were now considerably astern, the Madeline apparently having the lead of them.

For a time it was a run before the wind, and it is needless to say that once around the buoy the Palmer's favorite point of sailing was brought into active requisition. She made great way, and before the Phantom had turned she was over a mile a-head. The Phantom came next in good style, followed by the Dauntless, but neither winged out for a time, then came the Cambria, but the majority of the others were out of sight.

Half-an-hour after rounding the buoy the wind suddenly chopped round to the N.N.E. to the great disappointment of many. The rapidity with which it came created not a little disappointment on board some of the contesting yachts, and the race which a few moments before was a run before the wind was now a dead beat to windward. The sea ran pretty high and the wind kept increasing, and thus quite a new aspect was given to the race.

When half way between the buoys and Point Judith, and at a time when she was pretty well up to the windward of the Phantom, the Dauntless carried away her fore-topmast. A drizzling rain came on and the prospects were not at all pleasant. Subsequent to the change of the wind both the Phantom and Dauntless gained somewhat on the Palmer. Being unprepared for such a freak of the elements the Cam-

bria, now perhaps over three miles astern, was put to some disadvantage. She, however, recovered herself, and was soon in position to commence her beat to windward. The yachts bringing up the rear were now well separated, and their time was not taken when rounding the buoy. Tacking along the Narraganset shore the Phantom and Dauntless bettered their relative positions, and after one of the very best races to windward that has marked the whole season, the three leading vessels passed down the channel amid some welcome demonstrations. The Cambria was some miles astern. The following was the official time taken as they passed the home stakeboat :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Palmer	6	8	25	Dauntless	6	17	25
Phantom	6	10	23	Cambria	7	0	45

The Phantom was declared the winner of the cup by one minute and-a-half on allowance of time, while the subscription cup fell to the lot of the Palmer. The Dauntless allowed the Cambria nine minutes and defeated her by over three-quarters of an hour. The Cambria may have been somewhat unlucky, but she did not, as in the case of the Dauntless, carry away any spars.

The wind was stronger during this race than any other during the season, and there is no question but that the qualities of the several vessels were brought to an excellent test. Both the Phantom and the Palmer sailed beautifully, and more or less confirmed their previous victories. The Magic and some other vessels were disabled and came back. The Cambria did not sail so well as on previous days, but the breeze was nevertheless stiff enough for most of the vessels that contested. Shortly after her arrival in the harbour the wind moderated, and a calm subsequently prevailed.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

[We thank our correspondent for calling our attention to the omission of the report of the following matches, for which we cannot account, and much regret, and as the *Magazine* is a work of future reference we take the liberty of copying from the *Field*.—Ed.]

On Monday May 30th, the regatta of this club took place, and everything in the morning looked promising for the matches. A nice sailing breeze from S.S.W. was blowing, and the yachts likely to contest the prizes included some of the crack racers of the day. The schooner match, however, did not prove a very interesting affair, as nothing

entered against the Flying Cloud but the Anita, whose chance of winning against such a smart schooner as Count Batthyany's with a ten seconds time allowance was a very remote one. The Egeria went out of harbour at daylight for the Thames; and the other schooners present—the Amy, Ariadne, and Gloriana, were not in racing trim. Two protests were evolved out of the matches, but only in one instance did the protests avail.

The course this year for the larger yachts was from the harbour round the Shipwash Sand, back to the harbour, making a triangular course of forty miles. This is a great improvement upon the harbour course of last year, and the alteration was thoroughly appreciated by the yachtsmen engaged in the matches. The only point we would suggest is that the buoys laid down in the chart between the Beach-end Bell Buoy and the Shipwash should be left out altogether, as some difficulty might be experienced in picking them out in thick weather.

The dinner of the club took place in the evening, under the presidency of the Commodore, and about fifty sat down.

Cutter match of 50 sovs. for first yacht, and 15 for second; course from the Harbour between the Beach-end and Cliff-foot Buoys, round the Shipwash Light and South-west buoy; 20sec. per ton time allowance. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Bulder.
523	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1853	Vanguard	cutter	60	Lieut. Col. Verschoyle	Ratsey
1739	Surge	cutter	52	H. Bessemer, jun., Esq.	Fife

The Vanguard had the weather berth, and the Fiona was to leeward; but the latter had taken a station a couple of lengths in advance of the Vanguard; the consequence was that when the starting gun was fired at 11h. 5m., and they filled off on the starboard tack for a short board on the shore, the Fiona was able to tack clear of the Vanguard, which she could not have done had the stations been properly appointed. To the Beach-end Buoy the wind was dead on end, and the yachts worked along the Landguard shore by short boards, to shun as much as possible the last quarter flood still making up the harbour. In working out, the Fiona just kept clear a-head of the Vanguard, and both were leading the Surge as they weathered the Bell Buoy by a quarter-of-a-mile. They tacked round this buoy, and could fetch the next mark (the Platters Buoy) half a point free on the starboard tack. The breeze was just a fair topsail one, and the Fiona took every advan-

tage of it, sending up her balloon topsail at the start, whilst the Vanguard and Surge were content with their working ones. In the reach from the Beach-end to the Platters the Fiona increased her lead very rapidly, and as they bore up a point round the latter buoy was a quarter-of-a-mile a-head of the Vanguard. The latter had set her balloon foresail, and now, like the Fiona, sent up a jib-topsail for the reach to the Cutler Buoy. The Surge set a balloon jib, but could not keep in company with the others. The Fiona's pilot did not recognise the Cutler Buoy, and took his charge a long way to leeward of it. This error was only made apparent to those on board when they saw the Vanguard making for a buoy high to windward of the course the Fiona was steering. The latter at this time was half-a-mile beyond the buoy, and had to haul her wind, go about, and return. Just as the Fiona was in stays the Vanguard's weather topmast backstays burst in the eyes, and the topmast went over to leeward ; but a sharp shake up in the wind brought the stick upright again, but in a very crippled state, as it was badly sprung. Her topsail, of course, was sent down, and the topmast unfiddled ; new eyes were then made, and the spar, newly rigged, got on end again ; but it would bear no jib-topsail, and big working one and even a snug jib-header made it give an ominous crack or two. Whilst the Vanguard had thus her wings clipped, the Surge, who at the time of the mishap was half-a-mile astern—had come up to and passed her, and before she had got her jib-header up the Fiona had fetched round the Cutler, and, with every inch of canvas on her she dared carry, was rapidly making up the mile she had lost. The Vanguard soon repassed the Surge, and they hauled round the Shipwash Light at :—Vanguard, 1h. 18m. 0s.; Surge, 1h. 18m. 30s.; Fiona, 1h. 19m. 30s.

The Flying Cloud, that had started a quarter-of-an-hour later than the cutters, rounded the light-ship at 1h. 23m. 15s., and the Anita at 1h. 31m. 15s. Having made a board of about three-quarters of a mile to the south-east, they went about and stood along the edge of the Sand. The wind was now from S.b.E., with a course of about S.b.W.; but, as the ebb tide making over the edge of the Sand took the yachts under their lee bows, they were able to make their course. Hand leads were kept going, and it was just a risk whether or no soundings would not be got aboard. The edge of the bank on their lee was plainly defined by the breakers that boiled over it, and the pilot of the Surge evidently did not like the look of it, as he hove her about and stood off for some time. The Fiona had previously to this reached through her lee, and was fast coming up to the Vanguard. She came up under the latter's lee quarter off the Middle Sand buoy, and presently reached out

to windward of her just as they bore up a point for the south-west buoy. The Surge was now a long way astern, and bearing up a couple of points or more, as she had over-reached herself a lot in the board she made off the Sand. From the Shipwash Light along the Sand to the south-west buoy is seven-and-a-half miles, and so hotly did the tide run that the yachts were nearly two hours in getting over the distance. They bore up round the buoy for home at :—Fiona, 2h. 51m. 0s.; Vanguard, 2h. 51m. 30s.; Flying Cloud, 3h. 13m. 30s.; Surge, 3h. 14m. 0s. Anita, 3h. 14m. 0s.

The Vanguard had set a balloon foresail before getting to the buoy, and now, like the Fiona, had got her spinnaker gear ready ; but the wind was only abeam, and balloon jibs were set instead. The Fiona now reached away from the Vanguard very fast, although she could not do so coming along the back of the Sand close-hauled ; but now her balloon-topsail, as against a jib-header, had its full effect, and it seemed likely that the Fiona would get her time (six minutes) off her rival. At the Cork Light she was five and-a-half minutes a-head, and as they now came dead before the wind spinnakers were set ; but the Vanguard was obliged to botch the head of hers up, and set it no higher than the mast-head, so all the chances seemed against her. They ran back to the harbour with sheets right off, and finished the match thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	4 23 20	Vanguard	4 30 30	Surge	5 11 9

The Fiona thus won the first prize with 1m. 10s. to spare.

Schooner match for the Commodore's cup, with 25 sovs. added ; course the same as cutters, with 10sec. time allowance.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
547	Flying Cloud.....	schooner	75	Count E. Batthyany	Inman
60	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons

They were started at 11h. 20m. and worked out of the harbour under similar conditions to the cutters. When standing on the beach on the starboard tack, the Flying Cloud was compelled to go about or get ashore, but in doing so she could not quite clear the Anita, and the latter's jib-boom caught the former's mainsail. The pilot of the Anita was under the impression that he ought not to give way, as he was on the right tack, and the Flying Cloud at the time of the foul on was wrong, and consequently made a protest ; but the sailing committee decided that the Anita ought to have gone about when hailed, as she

Flying Cloud would have run into danger had she done so. The match terminated at :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Flying Cloud	4 48 25	Anita	5 27 45

Cutter match for yachts not exceeding 25 tons, for a prize of 20 sovs. and cup value 10 sovs. for second vessel :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
749	Ildegonda	cutter	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	Fife Hatcher Hatcher
217	Chlora	cutter	6½	W. F. C. Masterman, Esq.	
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	
1849	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	

The Vampire, after the first round, had things all her own way, and the match ended as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	4 35 20	Ildegonda	4 44 10
Lizzie	4 41 10	Chlora	5 31 55

The owner of the Ildegonda lodged a protest against the Vampire on the ground that when both were on the port tack—the Vampire to leeward—the latter luffed up across the Ildegonda's stern, and a foul was the result. The committee decided that the Vampire should be disqualified, and awarded the first prize to the Lizzie and the second to the Ildegonda.

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—NOVA SCOTIA.

THE annual race for the Prince of Wales' challenge cup came off on the 1st of August, and created a great deal of interest among the members of the club. The weather was magnificent, and a fine breeze from the south-west rejoiced the hearts of the yachtsmen. The following yachts took up position in obedience to the starting signal, which was hoisted at 11h. 30m. a.m.

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Squirrel	sloop	19½	John T. Compton, Esq.
Falcon	schooner	7½	F. W. Bullock, Esq.
Petrel	sloop	14½	William Hare, Esq.
Spray	sloop	8	C. E. Brown, Esq.

The starting gun was fired at noon precisely, when the yachts got well under way together, making the start one of the prettiest ever

witnessed in any of the club matches. The wind being south-west, course No. 2 was given. The return was as follows:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.			
Squirrel	2	36	5	 	Petrel	2	38	0

The Petrel beating by time for tonnage, with about four minutes to spare.

The Club House and piers were crowded with members of the club and their friends to witness the start. The view from this point was particularly fine, forming a marine picture that could not be surpassed.

In the afternoon the club celebrated the inauguration of their new Club House by a lunch, which was attended by a large number of members and their guests. The success of the morning's proceedings was even surpassed by that of the first re-union of the club at the festive board under their own roof. On this occasion the ordinary dining rooms were made reception rooms, and the tables were laid in the spacious club room, in the second story of the building. This apartment, which is a commodious one, being 37 feet in length by 30 feet in width, was beautifully decorated with portraits of the most celebrated English and American clipper yachts, among which were very fine ones of the "Cambria" and "Dauntless," the competitors in the recent Anglo-American Ocean Yacht Race. Prominent also was the beautiful painting by O'Brien of the yachts belonging to the club in 1857. The Commodore, J. T. Wylde, Esq., presided, ably assisted by the Vice-Commodore, W. Myers Gray, Esq. After due justice had been done to the excellent lunch provided by the club steward, Mr. Bannister, (who by the way is entitled to much credit for his admirable arrangements, perfected under the disadvantage of a very short notice), the Commodore, with a few appropriate remarks, proposed the health of "Her Majesty the Queen," which was drank amid great enthusiasm, the whole company singing the National Anthem. The health of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Patron of the club, was received with equal enthusiasm. "Our Guests," given by the Vice-Commodore, completed the regular toasts. To this His Worship the Mayor first responded in his usual happy and witty style. He was followed by Professor Shaw and Doctor Maypothor, two distinguished Irish gentlemen, connected with Trinity College, Dublin, who while spending a few days in Halifax preparatory to an extended trip through the dominion and the United States, had an opportunity of enjoying the hospitality of the club. The speech of Professor Shaw was replete with wit and interest, delivered with just enough of a very rich brogue to give it an irresistible charm. He alluded to the cordial hospitality extended to himself and his fellow traveller on his arrival in

Halifax ; spoke of the advantages for yachting afforded by its unrivalled harbour ; congratulated the club on the progress already made, and trusted that its prosperity would continue until it was upon an equal footing with the finest clubs at home or abroad. He concluded by proposing the health of the officers of the club, which was responded to very happily by Commodore Wylde, who assured those present that nothing would be left undone by himself and the other officers, to raise the club to that high position he felt they were destined to attain.

Several Volunteer toasts were then given. The "Army and Navy" responded to by Dr. Clarke of the 84th Regt. and Mr. Brown, R.N. Our "Sister Yacht Clubs," responded to by Mr. Hodder, R.N., H.M.S. Royal Alfred, a son of the worthy Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Our "Absent Members," proposed by the Commodore, who, in the course of some very appropriate remarks, referred to the kindness of Dr. Charles Cogswell, of London, to whose generosity they were indebted for the ground upon which the club-house stood. The applause with which the Commodore's remarks were received, showed the high esteem in which Dr. Cogswell is held by the club.

The toast of the "Building Committee" given by the Vice-Commodore was received with loud cheers. The chairman, A. Pilsbury, Esq., responded. In the course of an admirable speech he referred to the obligations the club was under to their present energetic secretary Alex. W. Scott, Esq., to whose indefatigable exertions and indomitable pluck, which neither illness nor difficulties could daunt, the club owed the privilege and pleasure of being enabled to assemble under their own roof. In compliance with an unanimous request Mr. Scott made some appropriate remarks. He referred to the difficulties which they had happily surmounted, and asked for the cordial co-operation of all the members in aiding the officers to carry out the views already explained by the Commodore.

Several excellent songs were given by different gentlemen, among which the "Norseman," by his worship the Mayor, and others by Messrs. Robert Gray and John Muir, were greatly admired. The party separated at an early hour, delighted with the afternoon's entertainment.

We again add our best wishes for the welfare of the Club, and sincerely trust it will attain that degree of prosperity so earnestly hoped for by its warmest supporters.

RACE BETWEEN HER MAJESTY'S TRAINING BRIGS IN TORBAY.

A RACE of an unusual and most interesting character took place in Torbay on Thursday, the 18th Sept.—it being no less than a sailing match between four of Her Majesty's training brigs:—Squirrel, Lieutenant Commanding Waller; Sealark, Lieutenant Commanding Bedford; Martin, Lieutenant Commanding Tandy; Liberty, Lieutenant Commanding Karlake. The Racer was entered, but declined to start. These five vessels had been at anchor for some days in Torbay during the regatta there, and had attracted much attention from the numerous body of yachtsmen who were assembled in the splendid new harbour of Torquay, which was formally opened on Saturday, the 20th August, by Sir Lawrence Palk, M.P.

Yacht racing has gradually developed during the last few years; Ocean Matches, or, as they are now properly termed "Channel Matches," are far from novel; Corinthian Matches are equally common, and Atlantic Races are fast coming into fashion. A yachting match, however, between Her Majesty's ships has never before been contemplated, and such a novelty could not fail to excite the greatest interest. The idea, we believe, originated with the Rear-Commodore of the Dart Yacht Club, and was at once warmly taken up by the yacht owners present. A committee speedily formed, consisting of C. Thelluson, Esq., Commodore, R.V.Y.C., Guinevere yacht; H. Bridson, Esq., Derwent yacht, Rear-Commodore Dart Yacht Club; Connt Batthyany, of the Flying Cloud; J. Mulholland, Esq., Egeria yacht, F. Gardiner James, Esq., kindly officiating as secretary, and within a very few hours a sum of about £60 was raised in the yacht fleet.

It was proposed to offer a first and second prize to be sailed for, and to set apart a certain sum to be divided amongst the boys of the two winning ships only, but it was subsequently decided to distribute the money in certain proportions to the boys of all the brigs who raced.

The following instructions were issued by the committee:—A red ensign will be hoisted at the fore-topmast head of the flag-vessel, (the Derwent, schooner) as a preparatory signal, and at ten o'clock a gun will be fired as a warning gun, and precisely 15 minutes after, the starting gun will be fired. The ships to start from single anchor, with one shackle of cable—the shackle awash. Capsterns only to be used. The rules of the Torbay Regatta Club to apply where practicable. The course to be from starting point round a mark-boat displaying a red ensign, stationed about five miles south-east, from thence to a similar mark-boat off Berry Head, thence to flag-yacht Derwent, leaving all marks on the starboard hand. This course to be sailed round twice, and is not less than twenty miles.

The brigs were placed in admirable line by Staff Commander T. Hulme, R.N., who gave valuable assistance throughout, in carrying out the arrangements of the committee. The flag-yacht was the Derwent schooner, H. Bridson, Esq., from which vessel the preparatory gun was fired at 10h. 15m.

a.m., and precisely at half-past the starting gun was fired, and instantly the gallant vessels were covered with canvas as if by magic, and anchors were hove up with marvellous rapidity.

The Sealark was first away in three minutes after the starting gun, running her anchor up in good style, followed speedily by the Squirrel; the Martin came, three or four minutes astern of the Sealark; the Liberty being rather behindhand in starting.

All sail, including standing sails on both sides, were now set, in which performance the Sealark again distinguished herself; but the others quickly followed her example. The course was now a dead run to a mark-boat four-and-a-half miles to leeward of the station vessel. In rounding this boat, studding sails were taken in by all the vessels, and braced up on the starboard tack; as thick and squally weather prevailed at the time, it was difficult to be very accurate in taking the time from the starting vessel, but it was nearly as possible as follows:—Squirrel, 11h. 7m. 0s.; Martin, 11h. 7m. 15s.; Sealark, 11h. 7m. 30s.; Liberty, 11h. 11m. 45s.

Royals were taken in immediately on rounding, the two leading vessels taking in top-gallant sails, which with the royals were soon re-set. From the first to the second mark-boat (a distance of four miles), the vessels were nearly close-hauled. The Sealark coming up on the weather of the Martin, here took second place and passed her hand over fist, rapidly drawing up to the Squirrel. This vessel however again drew a-head and retained the first place. The three leading vessels stood towards Derry Head, the Squirrel going about at 11h. 20m., shortly after followed by the other two, but the Liberty at this period of the race was a long way astern. It was now a dead beat back to the station vessel, and at noon the Squirrel passed the Sealark to windward on the starboard tack, but could not weather the Martin, which crossed her on the port-tack, the latter vessel having stood well in to shore towards Brixham and taken a final breeze. The weather was now improving, the sun made its appearance, and as the breeze freshened the brigs began to near the flag-ship.

At 12h. 30m. the Martin, on the starboard tack, again passed to windward of the Squirrel, off Brixham Harbour. In the meantime the Sealark, after weathering the Squirrel, made a long bend to the eastward, and went about at 12h. 25m., with a view probably of stemming the tide on the next tack. The Martin, however, keeping close to the western shore, evidently took the winning course (which example was followed by the Squirrel and Liberty), and after making several short boards, passed the flag-ship at 1h. 11m. 50s., rounding to an inch, in true yachting style. Previous to this, the Squirrel took in her fore royal and passed the station vessel at 1h. 35m. 45s., there being a long gap between her and the leading vessel. At 1h. 35m. the Sealark on the starboard tack, and about a quarter-of-a-mile from the Derwent crossed on the weather of the Liberty. Soon after, her main-royal sheet got adrift, but was set right without delay.

At this time the Martin rounded the first mark, at 1h. 40m. 0s., and hauled up for the Berry Head boat, carrying top-gallant studding-sails.

The breeze at this time freshened rapidly, indeed the Liberty lowered her fore-royal and seemed to be in difficulties with her flying jib, which was lowered but speedily re-set. The day which had previously been wet and lowering was now all that could be desired, a rattling breeze, smooth water, and a bright sun overhead made the scene one of most exciting interest. All eyes were directed to the sternmost brigs, which were making a capital race together, the Sealark rounding at 1h. 52m. 0s., and setting port studding-sails, including her main-topmast studding-sail. The liberty soon afterwards followed, passing the Derwent at 1h. 59m. 0s., but to the disappointment of the spectators bore up, probably considering that she was quite out of the race : a mistake in the opinion of most yachtsmen, whose maxim is that " a race is never lost till it's won." The Martin passed to windward of the mark-boat off Berry Head about 2h. 12m. before the Sealark had rounded the first mark, which was accomplished by her at 2h. 18m., and at the same instant the Squirrel (which was not timed at the first boat) passed to windward of the Berry Head boat.

As before, the leading vessels kept the western shore aboard, working short tacks, at which game the Squirrel appeared to be rapidly drawing up to her antagonist, and off Brixham Roads the two were closer than they had been since the start. The race now became very exciting, the Squirrel evidently holding a much better wind than the Martin, was decreasing the distance between them in wonderful style ; the wind, however, being puffy and variable, may have given her a slight advantage, but as a set-off against this the Martin carried her fore-royal and flying-jib, which were not carried by the Squirrel. When within a quarter-of-a-mile from home the Squirrel went about, the Martin, watching her as a cat does a mouse, instantly following suit ; the former vessel, however, seemed to work more handily than her opponent, and it was evident that the distance between them was rapidly lessening, and that the race would be a close one. After two short boards, in which some remarkable smartness was displayed in working the two brigs, they both stood on to weather the flag-vessel, but were obliged to go about within half a cable's length to enable them to fetch.

At 3h. 32m. 30s. they again went round for the last time, but the Martin hanging longer in stays and gathering stern way had the mortification to see the prize snatched from her grasp as the Squirrel ran through her lee, and after one of the best contests ever witnessed the race between them terminated by the Squirrel winning by scarcely ten seconds. The following times were taken :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Squirrel	3	37	55	Martin	3	38	5	Sealark	4	23	14

This concluded this most unique race, which was in every way most satisfactory to all concerned. It was a pleasure, thoroughly enjoyed by all who witnessed it, to note the way in which these ships were handled, and it was remarked that their gallant commanders were quite as much *au fait* in every yachting dodge and manœuvre as the most experienced racing yachtsman, and it must have been a sufficient reward for any trouble

committee might have had, to see the faces of the bright young lads as they crowded the decks and gave three ringing cheers as each ship passed the flag-yacht. It was also highly satisfactory to think that the day's healthy excitement for the young tars was not only a capital bit of drill for them, but, beyond this, it served to show how admirable must be the mode of training adopted in these vessels—the nurseries of our future A.B.'s and petty officers.

A very gratifying compliment was paid to the committee at the conclusion of the race, as the Squirrel soon after rounded the Derwent and saluted her with seven guns, the boys manning the rigging, and giving three cheers for the yachtsmen.

GLEN CALADH REGATTA.

On SATURDAY, August 27th, the fourth Glen Caladh annual regatta took place at the expense of G. R. Stephenson, Esq., chiefly in the interest of the fishermen of the West Coast, and so greatly was this gentleman's liberality appreciated that the public buildings, banks and shops were closed, in fact it was a general holiday. There were thirty-one yachts present, many of whom were gaily decked with bunting, besides which there were hundreds of rowing boats, smacks &c. The weather was delightful, with a fine summer breeze, and those present seemed to thoroughly appreciate the liberal treat afforded them.

A purse of 30 guineas for yachts of any rig, belonging to any yacht club, from 20 to 35 tons. Time race. The course was from the "Northumbria," round flag-boat off Ardine Point, thence round the "Snake's" mooring buoy at West Bay, Dunoon, back to flag-boat moored near "Northumbria," leaving all on the starboard hand. Twice round. Four entered for this match, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
1880	Phantom	cutter	27	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
9	Aglala.....	schooner	28	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele
861	Lelia	cutter	30	R. Ferguson, Esq.	
857	Dinorah	yawl	80	W. Fyfe, Esq.	Fife

On the first round the Lelia was leading, but the yachts were not timed, and on the second round the utmost excitement prevailed on board the Northumbria as to the result, for although the Lelia was still leading at a fine rate (as the wind was then blowing pretty fresh), yet the Phantom was but a short way behind, and as she had time to get from the Lelia, it was thought she might be able to win the race. They were timed as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lelia	7 20 39	Phantom	7 21 50	Aglala	7 30 51

The time allowance was half-a-minute per ton, and the Phantom being

three tons less than the Lelia, had thus one minute-and-a-half to get, which made the Phantom the winner by only 19 seconds. D. Finlay, Esq., yacht has thus carried off the first prize in the Clyde Yacht Club Corinthian match on the previous day and also this prize from the Lelia, a success which must be very gratifying to him. On coming in both yachts were loudly cheered.

The second race was for a purse of 20 sovereigns for yachts of any rig, belonging to any yacht club, not exceeding 10 tons; time race. For this race the following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1796	Thetis.....	cutter	8	A. Stuart, Esq.	Fife Reid & Co. Ratsey Halliday
1490	Ripple.....	cutter	8	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	
159	Boreas	cutter	10	J. Reid, Esq.	
1902	Vision.....	cutter	8½	M. Carswell, Esq.	
409	Ellen	schooner	10	J. Ure, Esq.	
914	Louisa.....	cutter	8	W. Campbell, Esq.	

And all of them put in an appearance. An excellent start was made at 12h. 50m. From her position the Vision got best away, and maintained the lead until about Ardine Point, when the others closed up on her. She set her balloon spinnaker and other sails, but on going to windward, she was overhauled by her old rival, the Ripple, who by this time had her large sails taken down and smaller ones set. On going to windward the Ripple sails well, and on rounding Toward Point she had outstripped her other competitors, and passed the Point about three minutes before the Vision. They all set their spinnakers after leaving Toward Point, but made nothing of the Ripple, which still kept a-head, and on rounding the "Snake's" buoy she was supposed to be five minutes a-head of the Vision. On coming near the flag-boat, the schooner Ellen was seen to be making on her very fast, when J. M. Forrester, Esq., set his big spinnaker, and came in winner after a keenly contested race, as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Ripple	5	0	7		Ellen	5	2	47		Boreas	5	11	35

The Ripple, when the gun was fired, was enthusiastically cheered by those on board the Northumbria. Having time to get from the Ellen, the Ripple virtually won the race by 5m. 40s. This is the second time J. M. Forrester, Esq., has won the prize at the Glen Caladh, regatta, having last year beat the Fairy Queen and Vision—two yachts which have proved dangerous rivals in many a well contested race. There was one notable feature in this race of interest to yachtsmen. The Louisa belonging to W. Campbell, Esq., is built upon the American centre-board principle, yet she was nowhere in the race, and the yacht owned by Colonel Campbell, of Blythwood, built upon the same principle, is also said to be a failure.

In addition to the above there were several matches between fishing boats,

herring smacks of various lengths, and numerous rowing matches, the whole of which passed off with *eclat*—and at intervals the silver band of Mr. Stephenson discoursed sweet music.

CHANNEL ISLANDS YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE race for Vice-Commodore St. John Gore, Esq.'s, cup came off on Aug. 19th, open to all yachts of any tonnage belonging to the club. The following entered :—L'Etoile, schooner, 9 tons, Major Tupper; Wave, cutter, 10 tons, Rev. A. Gedge; Fairy, yawl, 9 tons, Rev. P. S. Dobrée; Rover, cutter, 12 tons, S. Barbet, Esq.; Ellen, schooner, 10 tons, G. Scott, Esq.; Marguerite, cutter, 18 tons, W. S. Faber, Esq.; Torch, cutter, 15 tons, S. Barbet, Esq.

This was a handicap race, and the Marguerite had to allow the Torch 1½m.; the Torch to allow the Rover 11½m.; the Rover to allow L'Etoile and Ellen 9m.; L'Etoile and Ellen to allow the Wave 12m.; the Wave to allow the Fairy 4m.; the indifferent sailers to start first.

The place of starting was inside the pool; the signal, a gun fired from the Slaney, the Vice-Commodore's yacht. The course was as usual; three times around the Red Buoy, a boat moored off Las Audames and the Amphré beacon, thence to the Queen's buoy. At early morning the wind blew fresh from N.N.E. and continued so with slight occasional puffs until the hour of sailing. In the interval, the Torch was sailed in the offing, the object being to test her capacity for carrying a certain amount of sail; on her return to the harbour two reefs were taken in. A similar amount of sail was also secured by the Marguerite and the topmasts of both cutters were housed; that of the Rover being for some reason left behind altogether, an oversight which tended to retard her speed considerably when the wind became less, as it did soon after starting.

It was not until some time after eleven—the appointed hour—that the match commenced, the Fairy, Wave, Ellen, L'Etoile and Rover being slipped without exciting at first much attention; of these boats it was speedily evident that only L'Etoile and Rover were a match, the weatherly qualities of L'Etoile exhibiting themselves immediately after clearing the harbour. Her breadth also enabled her to carry her gaff-topsail from the commencement of the match to its close, an advantage not participated in by any of her competitors until long after they had slipped their moorings. The Rover, however, despite the absence of upper sail, stuck bravely to L'Etoile, letting no chance escape of overhauling her, but vain was every effort; the absence of the main-topmast and its sail told to her disadvantage, and operated materially in keeping her astern of L'Etoile.

On the expiration of the time allowed, the Torch slipped, followed a minute and-a half later by the Marguerite. The former soon gave evidence of her racing properties, moving at a marvellous rate through the water, severing it cleanly, but laying over, lee rail under, and apparently requiring

much weather helm, if the incessant lifting of her mainsail may be accepted as proof. It was otherwise with the Marguerite. With a shorter fore section she tumbled the water across the stem. Her great beam, enabled her to sail almost upright; the manner in which the sails fitted elicited the admiration of the spectators. She kept to the wind splendidly and fore-reached withal, concentrating the attention of the onlookers upon herself and the Torch, as they reached to the eastward. Torch tacked first, holding her own. No perceptible advantage was gained by either up to the time of rounding the Red Buoy; the Torch passing first. It was supposed that running free the Marguerite would prove the better sailer of the two, owing to her light draught of water, this supposition was not, however, confirmed by the result, the Torch proved as fast before the wind as close hauled, gaining slightly upon her rival by the time she was opposite the house on the North end of Jethou. The wind now gave symptoms of lessening; both the Torch and the Marguerite availing themselves of it by increasing sail, steadily dashing along, gained slightly upon the boats which had preceded them. Of these the Fairy had the lead, the immense time allowed her, while the wind was strongest enabling her to profit to the utmost, Wave following, then L'Etoile, Ellen, Rover, Torch and Marguerite, passing the Queen's buoy in the following order, the Torch having gained fully a minute and-a-half upon the Marguerite:—Fairy, Wave, l'Etoile, Ellen, Rover, Torch, and Marguerite.

On the second round L'Etoile passed the Fairy, Wave and Ellen successively, and kept the lead despite the efforts of the Rover which began to experience the want of the mast so unaccountably left behind. The wind still slackened without altering its position and the Marguerite prepared to take an advantage by sending her topmast on end and setting a spinnaker, by which a slight gain was obtained upon the Torch. The latter followed the example by hoisting her topmast, but without setting any sail thereon until she had passed the mark-boat off Les Audames, when a jib-headed gaff-topsail was set. The Marguerite hauled down the spinnaker on passing Les Audames; but failed to further improve the advantage she had obtained by setting her gaff-topsail, although she appeared able to have carried it with ease. The additional sail upon the Torch began to tell, the distance becoming gradually greater between herself and the Marguerite, L'Etoile still stubbornly held on followed by the Rover and passed the Queen's buoy first on the second round; the others came up successively as follows — L'Etoile, Rover, Torch, Marguerite, Fairy, Ellen, and Wave.

The curiosity of the spectators now became directed to L'Etoile, which was so far ahead as to inspire the belief that notwithstanding the splendid qualities of the Torch and Marguerite, she was destined to take away the cup from them. She was fully four minutes a-head of the Rover and nine minutes ahead of the Torch on rounding the Queen's buoy, an immense advantage, considering her fine weatherly qualities and the experience of pilot, who has the reputation of an almost miraculous knowledge of every tide, rock and eddy, around Guernsey. The race was watched with interest

eagerness by the crowd which had increased to large proportions, the general opinion being in favour of L'Etoile. The Torch was however not idle, on rounding the Red buoy up went the spinnaker driving her at a magical rate and producing a perceptible gain upon the leading boats. The Marguerite did not set her spinnaker, contenting herself with a large square-headed gaff-topsail which by no means balanced the quantity of duck packed upon her rival. The Rover was then speedily overhauled by the Torch, the latter leaving her astern after passing the mark-boat, having skilfully slipped upon her weather and taken the wind out of her sails. There was now but L'Etoile to dispose of. But a minute was gained on her between the Red buoy and Les Audames and only an accident, or an error of judgment, could enable the Torch to snatch the coveted prize from her grasp, in the moment of anticipated victory. L'Etoile after rounding Amphré stood for the offing, reaching well out in order to counteract the effect of the ebb on the next tack, whereas her wily opponent accompanied by the Marguerite and Rover worked short tacks under the land out of the strength of the tide, weathering immensely thereby upon L'Etoile. The effect of this judicious act was speedily apparent. The loftier sail of the cutters retained the wind under the lee of Castle Cornet, where they were worked almost within speaking distance of the Castle Walk and the breakwater, the Torch stealing into the open water outside the breakwater and heading directly across L'Etoile's bows, fully a quarter-of-a-mile nearer the Queen's buoy. The race was won. A short tack and then another in L'Etoile's teeth, and the Torch gracefully shot up to the buoy, winner of the Channel Island's Club Cup. Near as was L'Etoile at this moment of disappointment to her owner, she narrowly missed the second prize. The Marguerite was close upon the heel of the Torch but rather too late to intercept L'Etoile; the short tack necessary for the former to arrive at the buoy just allowed time for the latter to be declared winner of the second prize. and ended a match which for interest, has only been equalled by that of 1868, when the Nautilus carried away the second prize cup, the first having been secured by the pretty little cutter yacht Cynthia of Jersey.

The match commenced at 11h. 45m. a.m., the Torch was declared winner of the cup at 4h. 5m. p.m.; L'Etoile second prize at 4h. 9m. p.m., and the Marguerite entering third at 4h. 10m. p.m.; but a-minute after L'Etoile. Of the remaining boats only the Fairy completed the three rounds.

The next race was an amateur sailing match by boats, once round the course for a silver cup value £4.; second prize 15s., when Augusta, Petrel, Fiery Cross, Aline, Excel and Inal contested, which was won by Augusta, Excel taking second prize. Several well contested rowing matches and a duck hunt concluded the sports.

CLYDE YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE Corinthian match of the above club came off on August 20th, but from the absence of wind, the matches sailed were without the interest that attaches to such contests. Saturday was a fine harvest day, but hardly suited for yacht racing. The morning at Wemyss Bay was dead calm, preventing many yachts from reaching the rendezvous, and the breeze which sprang up about ten o'clock was light, unsteady, and with the afternoon fell altogether. The fine weather drew a large concourse of visitors to the shore, and during the day the beach presented quite a gay appearance. Wemyss Bay is distinguished among sea-side haunts as a carriage place, and the number of equipages crowding the roadway upon Saturday rather suggested a race course than a regatta. The local committee had hired the steamer Vanguard for the convenience of visitors and it was anchored close in shore. It was crowded with a brilliant company, the bridge and paddle-boxes being clustered with the lady friends of the committee.

The Snake schooner, J. A. Lockett, Esq., Vice-Commodore, was moored outside the steam-tug, and was employed as flag-ship. J. A. Lockett, Esq., acted as Commodore, and was assisted by S. King, Esq., Rear-Commodore, and other gentlemen connected with the club. The Valetta screw steamer, the Earl of Glasgow, Commodore, was in attendance, and steamed round some portion of the course.

The proceedings were enlivened by a rifle band from Greenock, placed on board the Vanguard. Before eleven o'clock the slight air of wind that came off the south shore had gone round to the north-west, and the competing yachts, carrying every stitch of canvas that would stand in the wind, were laying flattening sheets under the Commodore's stern, and the first gun gave a sudden life to the onlookers.

The Corinthian matches included a race for all classes of yachts under 40 tons, for a purse of 20 sovereigns, and a piece of plate presented by J. A. Lockett, Esq., Vice-Commodore, as a second prize. The second race for yachts under five tons was for a handsome cup presented by S. King, Esq., Rear-Commodore, being the second cup presented by him to the club during the season. Corinthian matches, in which the smaller class of yachts are engaged, form possibly the very best test of practical seamanship, and appreciating this S. King, Esq., has this season presented two valuable cups for Corinthian competitions. In both cases the rivalry ought to have been greater, considering the spirit in which the trophies have been given, but the unexpected gifts of the Rear-Commodore have been none the less estimated by the owners of the whole class of yachts he desired to benefit. Mr. King's consideration for the owners of the smaller class of yachts ought to renew the building of a class of boats in which thorough yachtsmen are alone educated. The first race was the Corinthian match, open to yachts of 40 tons and under, of any rig, belonging to any

recognised yacht club. First prize, a purse of 20 sovereigns ; second prize, a piece of plate presented by the Vice-Commodore. The entries were :—

Numbered as in Aunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
9	Aglaia.....	schooner	44	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele
1380	Phantom.....	cutter	27	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Pinney
861	Leila	cutter	30	R. Ferguson, Esq.	
1490	Ripple.....	cutter	8	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife
159	Boreas	cutter	10	J. Reid, Esq.	Reid & Co.
	Helen	schooner	10	J. Ure, Esq.	

The Ripple and Boreas did not compete. The course was from Commodore round a flag-boat off Largs, round buoy off Scoulag, round Toward buoy, and to Commodore, twice round. At 11h. 35m. the Phantom passed the buoy, followed by Leila, Helen, and Aglaia, which did not manage to get away easily. With the wind at north-west the yachts just fetched down along the south shore as far as Largs buoy, the light breeze lifting the two cutters ahead, while the two schooners followed. The cutters beat down as far as the weather buoy at Scoulag, leading the schooners. The reach along the Bute Shore improved the position of the schooners, and the Helen especially dragged ahead in the light breeze. The Phantom, with an enormous gaff-topsail, led the Leila after turning the Toward buoy; but the failing wind was scarcely sufficient to bring the yachts down to the Commodore. The whole day was spent in sailing the one round, the yachts passing the Commodore in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom	6 8 57	Helen	6 12 6
Leila	6 10 7	Aglaia	6 13 36

The yachts had scarcely passed the Commodore before a strong breeze of easterly wind came away, and carried them down to Scoulag, the lee buoy in this round. While the yachts were working up to the Toward buoy the gun was fired, and closed the unfinished race.

The second race was for the Rear-Commodore's cup, for yachts of five tons and under, belonging to the Clyde Yacht Club. The entries were :—Gitana, cutter, 5 tons, J. C. Kemp, Esq.; Linnet, wherry, 5 tons, W. York, Esq.; Claribel, wherry, 5 tons, J. Hamilton, Esq.

The Claribel did not compete. The course was from Commodore round Fay's moorings at Skelmorlie, round Toward buoy and back to Commodore, once round. Gitana got away 11h. 56m. 35s., with Linnet following. The Gitana passing Fay's moorings some ten minutes a-head of Linnet, and kept working down the Largs shore, while the Linnet beat up for the Toward buoy, and left the Gitana so far astern that her crew began to make up their lee way with an oar. They passed the Commodore thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Linnet	4 21 54	Gitana	5 10 0

W. York, Esq., of course, claimed the cup.

J. M'Kenzie, Esq, officiated, as usual, as timekeeper—a most tedious duty on this occasion.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE third regatta of this flourishing club for the present season was held on August 4th, on Oulton Broad, Lowestoft. The weather was fine and pleasant, but the wind was rather too light for the development of spirited contests, and even with every stitch of canvas set, the competing yachts in the first match found it difficult to make at all good way. The muster of yachts on the Broad was pretty good, comprising the Vindex, J. Tomlinson, Esq., Commodore; Zoe, Marguerite, Vivid, Lethe, Halcyon, Water Lily, Waveney Queen, Red Rover, Otter, Wanderer, Vampire, Oberon, and Ariel.

The first match of the day was a prize of £10, sailed for by yachts of the club, without restriction of size. Five rounds were originally proposed to have been sailed, but in consequence of the lightness of the wind the course was reduced to three rounds. The entries were the Zoe, -- Stanley, Esq., 9 tons; Marguerite, H. K. Thompson, Esq., 9 tons; Vivid, S. Barge, Esq. 6 tons; Lethe, S. Gandy, Esq., 9 tons; and Halcyon, I. Preston, jun., Esq., 8 tons. The Vivid did not, however, start; and the Marguerite was so long in getting under weigh, in consequence of the lightness of the wind, that she virtually became out of the race, which was thus restricted after the first round to the Zoe, the Lethe, and Halcyon. The Zoe obtained a decided lead in the first round, but in the second round the Halcyon and Lethe worked into better positions. The third round also told slightly in favour of the Halcyon which failed, however, to overhaul the Zoe. The final round was timed as follows:—Zoe, 2h. 26m. 50s.; Halcyon, 2h. 28m. 16s.; Lethe, 2h. 32m. 0s.

The Zoe had to allow the Halcyon 30s., but even after making this allowance it will be seen that she won by 55s.

A handicap match was afterwards got up for prizes of £7 and £3 between the Syren, W. Butcher, Esq., and the Marguerite, the Lethe, and the Halcyon. The competitors were handicapped as follows:—Syren 15 tons; Marguerite, 10 tons; Lethe, 10 tons; Halcyon, 10 tons. The yachts carried all their canvas, and the wind having slightly freshened, they were enabled to make rather better way. Four rounds were sailed, the start taking place at 3h. 42m. The Lethe, a Norwich-built yacht, walked off with the lead and kept it, maintaining the distance by which she headed the Syren with little variation. The other three yachts kept very close together. The times at completion of the fourth round being, Lethe, 5h. 0m. 20s.; Syren, 5h. 4m. 0s.; Halcyon, 5h. 5m. 0s.; Marguerite, 5h. 5m. 28s.

The Lethe thus won the first prize of £7, but the Syren (which carried a larger area of canvas than the other yachts) had to allow the Halcyon $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and consequently had to pass the £3 to the latter.

This club closed their season on Thursday, August the 18th, by a handicap match from Yarmouth to Reedham and back, a distance of about eighteen miles. The weather was beautifully fine, with a splendid breeze from the N.N.E. The prizes were £10, £6, £3, and £2. The co-

peting yachts were handicapped as follows ; half-a-minute a ton to be allowed —Red Rover, S. Nightingale, Esq., 100 tons ; Syren, W. Butcher, Esq., 76 tons ; Ariel, schooner, T. M. Reed, Esq., 70 tons ; Lethe, G. Gandy, Esq., 70 tons; Marguerite, H. K. Thompson, Esq., 66 tons; Halcyon, J. Preston, Esq., 64 tons ; Belvidere, H. Teasdell, Esq., 62 tons ; Vivid, Crane and Barge, Esqrs., 56 tons ; Glance, P. F. Hansell, Esq., 50 tons ; Little Volunteer, N. P. Matthews, Esq., 40 tons.

The following figures will show the result of the race, which, as will be seen, was a close one, and therefore very interesting and exciting :—

Names of Yachts.	Start.	Finish.	Mean Time.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Red Rover	12 34 50	3 58 20	3 18 30
Syren	12 37 10	4 8 1	3 30 51
Ariel	12 41 10	4 7 33	3 26 23
Lethe	12 42 40	3 55 17	3 12 37
Marguerite.....	12 45 13	4 13 50	3 28 37
Halcyon	12 46 14	4 8 17	3 22 3
Belvidere	12 48 12	4 12 39	3 24 27
Vivid	12 52 5	4 11 48	3 19 43
Little Volunteer	12 56 52	Not timed.	

It will be seen by the above figures that the first prize goes to the Lethe, second to Vivid, third to Halcyon, and fourth to Belvidere. Mr. Millard (Secretary to the club) timed the yachts.

ROYAL ULSTER YACAT CLUB—CORINTHIAN RACES.

THE last matches for this season in connection with the club were sailed in Belfast Lough, 31st of August. A whole sail breeze from north-west blew pretty steadily during the day. The first race on the card was for yachts belonging to members of the club, 20 tons and under ; prize a cup value £10, presented to the club by J. M. Higginson, Esq. The entries were :— Venture, cutter, 15 tons, J. M. Higginson, Esq. ; Ripple, cutter, 12 tons, G. Murney, Esq.

Course : from flag-ship anchored off Greypoint, round flag-boat off Cultra, thence round Oyster Bank buoy, and round Carrickfergus Bank buoy to Greypoint ; twice round.

At one o'clock the starting gun was fired, and the two cutters made a good flying start. In the beat to windward the Ripple passed the Venture, and having obtained the lead she kept it until the conclusion of the race, coming in about three minutes a-head of her rival. The Ripple thus adds another cup to the already long list of prizes she has won since she was launched.

The second race was for yachts of the club, 10 tons and under ; prize a cup, value £4 ; course once round, the same as for the 20-tonners, and then round Carrickfergus Bank buoy, and back to flag-ship. The entries

were :—Lady Alice, cutter, 8 tons, J. M'Kenna, jun., Esq.; Raven, cutter, 9 tons, T. Workman, Esq.; Flirt, cutter, 7 tons, J. Currell, Esq.; Amba, cutter, 9 tons, F. Connor, jun., Esq.

After passing the flag-ship all commenced working to windward, the Amba and Raven working up close to the County Down shore, and Lady Alice and Flirt taking long tacks across the Lough. The Amba and Lady Alice had big topsails aloft; the other two set working ones. When Cultra boat was reached the yachts were in the following order :—Raven, Flirt, Lady Alice, and Amba. The same position was kept in the beat to the Oyster Bank buoy. As each vessel rounded this buoy spinnakers were set, and all tore away before the wind to Carrickfergus buoy. When half-way to the mark, the Flirt overhauled and passed the Raven, taking the first position thence to flag-ship. In the turn to the Carrickfergus buoy the second time, the Raven weathered the Flirt and was first round. Spinnakers were again set, and the Flirt sailed up alongside of the Raven, and to all appearance would have passed her had her spinnaker brace not given up. While the sail was being taken in and re-set as a balloon-jib the Raven drew ahead; but the Flirt again came up, and when the flag-ship was rounded for the last time, both yachts were close together—Raven first, Flirt second, Lady Alice third, and Amba fourth. As Raven had to give time to the Flirt, the latter was declared the winner.

The closing cruise of the season was sailed on September 3rd. The Commodore, Lord Dufferin, hoisted his broad pendant on board his yacht *Talisman*, and led the fleet. The weather was very unfavourable. A strong north-west breeze had knocked up a considerable sea, and the small boats had close-reefed mainsails and storm jibs. His lordship, after cruising about the Lough, signalled the fleet to go to Carrickfergus, where they anchored, returning to their moorings in the evening.

MATCH FOR SIR L. PALK'S PRIZE.

On August the 18th a match took place from Cowes to Torquay, for a handsome piece of plate presented by Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., for all yachts above 50 tons belonging to a royal or foreign club; yawls to have half of their tonnage added. Time race, R.Y.S. scale with three-fifths added; for which the following cracks started :—Tartar, Gwendolin, Guinevere, Egeria, Psyche, Diadem, Marina and Rose of Devon, there were also entered the Flying Cloud, Morgiana, Fiona, Lufra, Enid, Gelerte, Arrow and Hironnelle, but they did not contend, mostly from having other engagements. The start took place at about 4h. p.m. with a fine westerly breeze, the Egeria taking the lead followed by the Marina, Gwendolin, and the others. It was a well contested race throughout, the following being the times at the finish, Rose of Devon 5h. 0m., Gwendolin 5h. 12m., Guinevere 5h. 30m., Tartar 5h. 15m., Egeria 6h. 30., Marina 6h. 50., Psyche 6h. 55m., and Diadem 7h. 30m.

The Rose of Devon thus won the prize after allowing Gwendolin 10m. 12s.

THE RYDE TOWN REGATTA.

THIS annual event commenced on August 30th, on which occasion the pier was gaily dressed with bunting, and the weather proving all that could be desired, there was a large attendance of spectators. The first event, and indeed the principal event of the day, was a yacht race, for vessels of any rig, not exceeding 25 tons, belonging to any royal yacht club. Entrance, 5s. Prize £25 to be divided. First prize, £20; second, £5. The course was from the pier, round the Noman fort, the Edgar hulk, and the Menelaus lazaretto, passing between the station vessel and the pier head; twice round. There was a time allowance. The following cutters were entered for the race :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1870.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1849	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
630	Gipsy	cutter	15	Rev. J. N. Palmer	Stow
1384	Phantom	cutter	15	G. Bishop, Esq.	Ayles
	Little Nell	cutter	11	B. Nicholson, Esq	
743	Ibis	cutter	9	J. S. Smith, Esq.	
902	Lizzie	cutter	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	
1464	Quiver	cutter	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner
471	Fairlie..	cutter	15	J. F. Limbert, Esq.	Fife
749	Ildegonda	cutter	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	

There was a nice topsail breeze from the northward, and the race was a very interesting one. Seven of the yachts put in an appearance, and the start was really a beautiful sight. They all got away nicely together. The absentees were the Little Nell and Fairlie, and the Ildegonda sailed subject to the decision of the committee of a dispute as to whether she was entered in time. The race was concluded as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	2 8 30	Quiver	2 11 25	Gipsy	2 12 13
Ildegonda	2 10 0	Lizzie.....	2 11 28	Ibis	2 18 10

The first prize was awarded to the Quiver, and the second to the Ibis. The Phantom did not pass the mark the second time; she had evidently dropped out of the race.

The days amusements concluded with rowing matches, &c.

The sports of the second day consisted of matches for half-decked boats, wherries, canoes, rowing boats, duck hunts &c.; the whole of which were well contested and appreciated by the spectators.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A Meeting of this Institution was held on Thursday, 1st September, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present, Sir Edward Perrott, Bart.; Colonel Fitzroy Clayton; Captain de St. Croix; and Col. Palmer.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards were granted to the crews of different life-boats for going off during gales of wind, and saving life from wrecks on our coasts. The Banff life-boat went out to the brig Regina, of Swinemunde, which had parted one cable while at anchor in a perilous position, and brought ashore the crew of nine men. The life-boat had to encounter a heavy sea in going to and from the vessel. The tubular life-boat "Willie and Arthur," on the new Brighton Station, also did good service in rescuing five persons from the stranded smack Rattler, of Liverpool.

The Odd Fellows' life-boat, "Manchester Unity," was likewise launched in reply to signals of distress, and saved the crews, consisting of eleven men, of two wrecked vessels. Five pounds were also granted to the crew of the fishing smack Laurel, of Ramsgate, for rescuing the crew of nine men of the brigantine Dublin Lass of Guernsey, which went on Margate Sands in thick weather, and while the wind was blowing hard from the S.S.W. Various rewards were likewise voted to the crews of other shore-boats for putting off from our coasts on the occasion of shipwrecks and saving life.

Payments amounting to about £2,000 had been made on different life-boat establishments during the past two months. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows (M.U.) had recently sent the Institution £50 as their contribution for the past year, towards the maintenance of their life-boat, stationed at Cleethorpes, which has since been instrumental in saving the lives of two shipwrecked crews. Captain A. R. Weston, of the steamship Surat, had also transmitted a further collection of £35 18s. he had made on behalf of the "Simla" life-boat fund.

The late Mr. C. Lloyd, of Kennington, who had passed his earlier days at sea, and who had been providentially preserved from drowning upon nine several occasions, had bequeathed the sum of £500 to the Institution to defray the cost of a life-boat. New life-boats had been sent by the Institution during the past month to Seaham, county of Durham, and to Banff. At both those places demonstrations had been arranged to take place on the occasion of the first launch of the boats; and in addition the Seaham life-boat had been publicly exhibited at Harrogate, *en route* to its station, its cost having been contributed to the Institution through the indefatigable exertions of the Misses Carter, of the last-named town.

It was decided to form a new life-boat station at the mouth of the Boyne, in Ireland. Reports were read from Captain Ward, R.N., the Inspector, and Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the assistant Inspector of life-boats to the Institution, on their recent visit to the coast, and the proceedings then terminated.

VANGUARD.—We understand that the celebrated Vanguard has been purchased by Mr. Turner, formerly owner of the Phosphorus.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1870.

A WINTER SCAMPER TO NAPLES AND BACK.*

CHAPTER VII.

LIVORNO TO CIVITÀ VECCHIA AND NAPOLI.

Giglio—The Appenines—Corneto—San Clementino—The Rivers Marta and Mignone—Appearance of the Campagna with its watch towers—Cause of the desolation—French Camp and approach to Cività Vecchia—The Papal Navy and the Harbour—Fiumicino—Ostia—Dinner and the Neapolitan—French table talk and ideas of the English—First view of Vesuvius—Arrival at Naples.

Vede———

——l' isola del Giglio

E in dirupata e ruinosa sede

Monte Argentaro in mezzo all'onda vede

Quindi s'allarga in sù la destra mano,

E lascia il Porto d' Ercole a mancina;

Vede Cività Vecchia e di lontano

Biancheggiar tutto il lido e la maria;

Giaceva allora il Porto di Trajano

Lacero e guasto in misera ruina.

LA SECCHIA RAPITA DI FASSONI, *Canto 10.*

AT daylight next morning the island of Giglio was seen towering in the sky astern, like the ghost of a huge blue sponge cake. The Appenines soared above the eastern haze, and behind them rose the sun

* Continued from page 229.

through a vault of lovely blue, streaked with red. To seaward on our right, the horizon was obscured by a high fog bank, which the captain said betokened wind at sea, the snow on the mountains keeping it down inshore, and the sun shining on the tapering white, wing-like sails of a squadron of trawling craft rolling along with their warps sticking out behind them, brought them out in striking contrast with the dark back ground westward. On a hill south of a river valley rose Corneto, famous for its necropolis and other Etruscan wonders; and as the sun rose higher, and dissipated the haze, the long Italian coast seemed one wide plain, stretching eastward to the far distant hills, and some clumps of houses on the shore at Porto San Clementino, magnified, and distorted by the mirage, looked like huge packing cases adrift on the sea. We passed the mouths of the Marta and Mignone, and noted more frequent sea birds on this sandy, but no longer fishless sea. As we advanced, peculiar hills rose one behind the other, some with domed tops like extinct volcanoes; and to heighten the resemblance, smoke here and there ascended from their dark fir clad slopes, and the deep valleys between them. From these hills the coast sloped in long hollows to the sea, and entered it in beaches, with banks no higher than those of an ordinary river.

Along the shore stood solitary square watch towers, raised for guard-houses and look outs, against Algerine Corsairs; the whole landscape having a desolate moorland aspect, and being apparently as devoid of inhabitants, as it was destitute of cultivation. This desolation is attributable in the first instance, to the Popes who reigned from 1277 to 1292, and appeared to have no other thought than that of aggrandising the houses of Savelli, Orsini, and Colonna, to which they respectively belonged. They raised these three great Roman families above all their ancient rivals: almost all the castles in the patrimony of St. Peter, and in the Campagna of Rome, becoming their property. To support their nobility these families soon hired themselves out with bodies of cavalry to such as would employ them in war; whilst the peasants, their vassals, seduced by the spirit of adventure, and still more by the hope of plunder, abandoned agriculture to enlist in the troops of their liege lord. The effect of their disorderly lives was, that the two provinces nearest Rome soon became the worst cultivated and the least populous in all Italy, although the treasures of Europe, poured into the capital of the faithful.*

As we neared Cività Vecchia, the plains astern of us sank below the horizon, and the mountains in that direction seemed lofty islands. Clouds rolled picturesquely from the slopes of the hills on shore, and

* Sismondi's Ital: Rep: chap. v. p. 106.

hung fleecily about their wooded peaks ; and a little further on, on our left, a short distance north-eastward from the town, a sheet of blue mist floated in suspense a few yards above the French camp fires,—the tents being pitched on a gentle slope on the hill side—where the troops were preparing their breakfast. The ground thence southward became more cultivated. Between the French camp and the town we saw troops near a kind of fortified port, and our captain feeling himself *en pays de connaissance*, taking a look through his double glasses at them, and pointing out their red pantaloons, said with a touch of pride, *ce sont nos soldats qui font les manœuvres la bas*. Cottages and houses then began to appear, and at half-past eight in the morning, having first slackened speed, and then stopped the engines entirely, we shot between two François Premier (if any one remember's that old Hâvre round tower) looking forts on either side, into the port of Civitâ Vecchia.

Considering what camp life must have been in the previous weather, we were not at all surprised to see so many invalids sunning themselves on the quay in front of a temporary hospital on our left. This quay and the houses on it, were built on arches ; through which, among the rubble under them, washed the swell from without, and spread in tiny ripples over the glassy harbour within, the breakwater and lighthouse advancing from the southern side of the basin forming a harbour about the size of that at Ramsgate. On the eastern side, facing us, rose a steep wall with a macchicolated parapet and a large fountain in its midst, behind and above which rose a church and convent, surmounted by a kind of stone framework having two bells side by side in it with another above, and further to the left stood a square clock tower with iron rods, and a couple of bells hung one above the other. The Campagna, where bells were first invented, and whence they take their name, evidently still abounding in Campana and Campanetti. Between us and the latter belfry lay the Pope's only man-of-war, a pretty little steamer called the "Immaculate Conception," given him by the English government, the admiral's flag flying at her main, and her copper, though painted white, covered with grass of over an inch long. To the right of her lay the guard-ship, an old tub like a light vessel, with a neat raking pole mast, and the church colours, like a dirty table cloth almost as big as herself, flapping lazily from it in the still morning air. The two vessels constituting the whole Papal navy.

Under shelter of the mole on our right lay three large French paddle wheel transports, their topsails loose in the sun, tricolors waving from their peaks, and their boats now and then rowing to and fro from the shore. On the surrounding walls were tablets commemorating the beneficence

of various Popes; and the guard-boat boarding us, and particulars of the passengers, &c., having been given at the Custom house by our captain, the Spaniards left us, the Catalans waving their hands good humouredly to us, as their boat splashed towards the stairs. Dreading some hitch about my passport, I did not venture on shore; but sat basking on deck, smoking my pipe, and watching the monks in a convent opposite. All were clad in stale flannel coloured frocks, some with their cowls drawn forward, others with them thrown back, showing their shaven crowns shining in the sun. One after another they stepped from their cells into the balconies in front of them, and after staying there a moment or two, popped in again, like the shyer animals in a menagerie. One paced to and fro reading his breviary, I suppose; and occasionally stopped at his window to look down on us. Another I heard chaunting a solemn dirge in the recess of his cell, and wakening the echoes around. They seemed to hold no intercommunication, though now and then, one darted in from leaning over the balcony as if summoned from behind.

One monk on either side of his window had birds, which he occasionally unhung, and after cleansing or adjusting their cages, stood on tip toe, and hung up again—staying awhile to listen to their wood notes wild that reminded him of liberty, and other days—of days when he scaled the heights midst perfumes from the herbs he trod upon, where startled bees hummed and buzzed about his glowing cheeks, and nests were torn from rocks, regardless of the mother's cries,—of lovers's rambles through the vales and brakes of Appenine, and all the youthful aspirations of a bounding heart, now turned to childless, homeless, loneliness. Awhile he stood wistfully like poor Dido, thinking,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

shall I free them,—send them forth to wing the air, and to enjoy this life while yet they may? But then the dangers that beset them! The sun shines not ever thus! There are cold and hunger; hawks, and eagles, and cruel wounds, and all the snares, toils, and engines of scheming man. His hand was at the wire, but hesitating, he drew it back, sighed, and turned away. We are better where we are he thought: and brought a sprig of green and thrust it 'twixt the prison bars, and then methought I heard him pray, as pacing up and down, he lapsed in sad abstraction.

From time to time the clocks chimed forth the hour, startling the monastic stillness of the place, but rarely broken by our rattling winch discharging the bale or two of goods we brought to land. Myriads of small fry, writhed and glanced, like sun motes, deep down in the flashing green around us. Now and then a felucca shot in from sea, the ripples

from her bows playing in wavelet after wavelet against our sides, and steered for the inner basin at the north-eastern corner of the port. The "tommy noddies" playing against the ships iron sides, but made the stillness the more keenly felt. A monkish feeling was fast creeping over me, I thought of Cagliostro "the divine," and his rash attempt when confined perhaps in the very convent opposite,—within hearing of such very birds—and I longed to get away. By and bye the agents brought on board a case or two in their hands, and after a deal of time spent between the captain and the custom-house, anent some discrepancy between the bills of lading for these cases, and for the bale or two we had landed, I was glad enough when about half-past one, we again steamed outward on our way.

The sunlight was just then playing in patches across the moorland hills. The railway station soon opened out behind a fine sea wall southward of the town. A few trees and hedges were scattered about the hills, then the cultivation gradually declined, and the cape southward of us reminded me of the long spit at La Hague. Giglio now bore N.W.b.N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and on opening the cape, high mountains appeared, stretching from S.E.b.E. to S.E. like lofty islands in the haze, between which, and the mountains westward of them, lay the Pontine marshes.

The flat coast with square watch towers at regular intervals along the margin soon resembled that passed before, and we saw Fiumicino and Ostia, ere night closed in. Our mess was now reduced to the captain, mate, engineer, a Neapolitan and myself. I sat facing the latter, and the open door behind him, in hopes before it grew dark I might get a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, which in clear weather is visible across the Campagna from the sea. The Neapolitan managed his soup well enough, not forgetting to savour it well with the usual grated cheese; then he trifled with the olives, and intensely disgusted the Frenchman, by telling them he could sell *per sei soldi la bottiglia*.—holding up that number of fingers, that there might be no mistake about the matter—wine from Vesuvio, perfect nectar, in comparison with the *trash*, he implied, we were drinking. Next he cast the glance of an epicure,

Qui semel aspecti littus dicebat echini

at the dish of brownish-red, horse chestnut looking *oursins* before him, and helping himself to some, scooped out, and smacked his lips over, the thimble-full of coral coloured meat they contained, and

O dura messorum ilia,

went in for fried squid, and then as a variety, for some of the boniest of fishes afterwards,—indeed he did his best to do justice to every queer look-

ing dish borne round by our concentrated, and most taciturn of stewards. His gastronomic powers however, were far short of his intentions, and his personal feelings far from what under the circumstances he could have wished. His fingers once or twice more indeed etched at knife and fork, but languidly dropped them again. An unusual sallowness crept over, and mottled his swarthy complexion, and a filminess stole over his large, but now drooping, lack-lustre eyes, which spoke more than words can tell. The little curly-wigged mate's on the contrary, twinkled round roguishly at us all. The captain's seemed equally conscious and susceptible; but the dignity of his position restrained him,—it remained for the engineer,—who having but recently come afloat, had more vivid reminiscences of the working of human machinery,—to hazard a conjecture at the approaching jar. Povero Napolitano! As we rose and fell, or rolled from side to side in the swell; he too seemed rising and falling, and rolling to and fro within like the bowels of his darling Vesuvio. In vain he raised his fork, rebellious nature would have none of it, and made him drop it helplessly again, on the very deck too, where he dared not stoop to recover it. His fingers grasped the table; his face grew paler; his breath grew shorter, and came in gasps: and a chilly tremor creeping along his *epidermis*, wantoned with his bones, and made his whole frame shudder. For a moment he sought the sofa, but there being no rest there for the wicked, he next sought the door, and fully filling its narrow frame, strained and swelled against the sky, casting a shade over the holy fisherman's distant tomb, and while feeding the fishes, effectually closing it from our view. This episode over, he disappeared, and the conversation turned on the Commercial Treaty, and then on affairs in general.

The Frenchmen told of their coal mines in the south, boasted of their national greatness, talked over and over again of the wily aggression England was making in Abyssinia, as a stopper to their Suez Canal; and contrasted the innate politeness of the Scotch, with what they termed the ordinary *brutalité des Anglais*, “Oh!” said the little mate, in a tone at once endearing and reminiscent, his sparkling black eyes half closed and quivering, his shoulders shrugged, his elbows on the table, and his fingers crossed in air the while—“*oh! les Ecossais sont si polis!*” Then the captain, who was an officer in the Imperial Navy, a dark-eyed, quiet man, told of some Englishman who once came on board his ship at Calcutta having been invited to a *déjeuner* given there by the owner. “He stepped on my quarter-deck without ever raising his hat,” said he “walked about without taking the least notice of any one, and then coolly entered the saloon and began helping himself from the table.”

The steward reported this to me, so going in, I asked him who he was, and what he came for? telling him how we French acted under such circumstances. He at once apologised, and I afterwards discovered," continued the captain, "that the English are all more or less of the same independent disposition; and that what I had taken for rudeness, or contempt, is merely a national characteristic. I think nothing of all this now," he continued, "though it was some time before I could accustom myself to this ignoring me altogether, and running all over my ship, without regard to any one's feelings but their own!" Then the mate capped this with some other tale, so that I felt fairly ashamed of my countrymen, till recalled to my senses by the scene going on around me. They talked of the poverty and misery existing in England; and of the constant deaths from cold, and sheer starvation there—things which could never happen in France. There, said they, the poorest man is always warmly clad. Though his clothes may be patched, yet they are whole! And then too, almost every one has his little plot of freehold in France, a thing impossible in England, where *all* the land is in the hands of the feudal aristocracy. The engineer, a good tempered, round shouldered Provençal, looked cow-eyedly—to use an Homeric expression—from one to the other of them; admiring the poise and dignity of the captain, no less than the fiery oratory of the mate, and contenting himself with merely slipping in an occasional *oui*! and passing along the sugar for coffee. In vain I protested that we had unions, workhouses, and casual wards, and that one saw more beggary in France than in England, where it was tabooed altogether: they knew better! the journals were continually telling them of the misery we endured. To die of cold and starvation: *c'était abominable!* Why, said I, one such a winter's night as we have many of in England, but which you French rarely see, would clear you off by thousands. That was too good a joke, and they laughed me to scorn. As for the land being entirely in the hands of the aristocracy, said I,—why any *parvenu* who has made a little money, can buy his Hall, and give himself all the airs of, or rather the airs he considers pertain to, *un sangre azul*! They smiled at my innocence, and when I protested, that so far from our wishing to annex Abyssinia, we were, and had been, more than loath ever to go there, they looked quietly from one to the other, as if they thought me either a born idiot, or at the least a narrow-minded, and very ill informed man. Though there was a germ of truth in all these Provençals said, yet their self sufficiency was most amusing. Indeed it quite equalled that of any of our own John Bulls whom we see, when two or three are gathered together, excessively English, patriotic and insular, and looking with the most supreme contempt

on any unknown quantity of skinny, frog fed, Frenchmen! As I knocked the ashes from my pipe in the evening among the casks of petroleum below: I told these Phocseans of recent terrible explosions in England, where whole hecatombs had been blown to atoms. "Now if a gale came on to night" said I, "and those casks were to fetch way, they would probably be stove in against the combings of the engine-room hatchway; the fluid they contain, rushing below and reaching the fires, would burst into flame, which mounting the deck would envelope the other casks, and thus, in probably less time than I have been talking to you, we should all be blown to Paradise." At this, master and mate both stopped in their quarter-deck walk, looking alternately at each other, the casks, and me, and the latter, scratching his head furiously, exclaimed. "*Ma foi, Monsieur! mais vous m'avez donné le vertige!*" The Neapolitan lolling helplessly to leeward of us still groaned, grumbled and underwent throes and shocks foreboding a further eruption, which perhaps, by an association of ideas, set our captain talking of Vesuvius, so retiring early to bed that I might see it in the morning, about four o'clock I was awakened by a series of pushes, and the voice of the Neapolitan shouting delightedly *Vesuvio*. Leaping from my bunk I soon made my appearance on deck, where the captain greeted me with an "I was just going to send for you: *voilà Vesuvée!*" pointing ahead as he said so, to a lurid, undefined patch of red, about thirty miles off in the gloom. As we screwed onwards the murky patch somewhat brightened, though clouds hanging round the mountain, obscured the cone. When we neared the bay we could see two irregular streaks of lava like the letter A, (the right leg being produced indefinitely downwards,) along which the light wavered and flickered from time to time, as it does along the phosphorus from a match you have struck against the wall. The points of the streaks were at white heat, and occasionally seemed to scintillate and sputter like iron on an anvil; or perhaps rather like molten metal pouring from a fount. At times a fresh streak darted into view and coursed downward a-while, till it mingled with those adjoining it, or else poured into some intervening ravine. For as we looked, distant as we were, such ideas, and that of burning vegetation, would suggest themselves to our mind.

As day dawned the streaks waned; and when we steamed past Ischia; and saw the mountain peak enveloped in rolling clouds and smoke, the lava currents looked like lines of burning furze, extending downwards to the gentle slope at the back of Torre del Greco, (one of those continuous villages which for many miles skirt the bay,) and every now and then a flash, and jet of smoke against the mountain slope, like that of an exploding shell—told of some ejection, and made us half wonder:

not hearing the report. After steaming on awhile we turned leftward, passed the Royal Harbour and long projecting mole, and at 6h. 10m. a.m. dropping anchor, backed in between two of the many steamers and other craft, with which the commercial port was filled. The usual delay occurred till the captain returned from the Custom-house, when I engaged a boat, and was going to look for my portmanteau, but was saved the trouble by the runaway Genoese boy, who came tottering towards the gangway with it on his shoulder; grinning from ear to ear with what Rochefoucauld calls "an earnest for future favours," if not with delight at being able to show some return for the *soldi* I dropped into his hand, when blubbering under the captain's objurgations, the day or two before. Getting into the boat I was rowed ashore, amidst another batch of conscripts, and passing through the Dogana soon found myself under guidance of an honest looking old gentleman, who seeming to have seen better days, recommended me *un facchino*, in preference to a cab, as the hôtel was close at hand, and *un franc ! c'était toujours une économie !* So stumbling towards l'hôtel de Genève situated on the Medina, I at once set to work to remedy the accumulated inconveniences of a four nights voyage, and then to recruit the forces of the inward man.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO RATSEY AND HATCHER.

PROBABLY the yard of all others which is attracting the greatest attention is that of Mr. Ratsey at Cowes, who is building for Mr. Ashbury the schooner which we fondly hope will be more than a match for any American vessel which may "per" chance or "per" design find her way into English waters. For the first time we are about to produce a racing schooner which in point of size will be a fair opponent for our trans-Atlantic friends; hitherto there can be no doubt but that we have been out-weighted, as witness the matches of '51 with the America, and the more recent match with the Sappho, now, however, we are about to enter the lists under much more favourable auspices. The new vessel now on the stocks has all her timbers up so that one can form a very good idea of her beautiful lines. Her length is 109 feet, her beam 23 feet, and her draught of water 12 feet. She has a magnificent midship section with any amount of power, but yet with sufficient hollow to prevent its being too powerful, or in other words having too much displacement. The great error that was formerly committed by our yacht builders was the enormous displacement given to the hulls of their vessels,

an error which is now happily fast giving way to better thoughts. She has a remarkably pretty run aft, which without being too sudden or too lean is yet so gradually fined off that there will be no difficulty in leaving the water when once displaced. Her entrance is the only part of the vessel that we do not like, or rather we should say that we do not like, so well as her other portions, there is according to our taste a little too much fullness below the water-line by the bows, as we have an idea that even in a small vessel it is difficult to make the entrance too fine and, *a fortiori*, still more difficult in a large vessel. You do not want power at that spot, so that by making much displacement there you simply increase your resistance without any corresponding advantage. The new schooner has a very deep keel which we should consider rather a detriment to her sailing powers, as there is such a tendency in wood to float and come to the surface that the more one can dispense with material of such properties in the neighbourhood of the keel the better; this keel is of course very much rounded off towards the stem, so that a correspondent of the *Field* who seems to be under some apprehension as to the probable slowness in stays of the new schooner need not we can assure him be alarmed on that score, but even without our assurance it is hardly likely that Mr. Ratsey would fall into so grave an error. Mr. Ashbury's schooner will register 270 tons, and carry from 70 to 80 tons of ballast, very much the same quantity as the *Sappho* carries. As to the material and workmanship they are perfect; with regards the first she is a complete forest of oak, and she is put together in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, in short altogether she is a schooner which will soon make a name for herself and keep it for some time when she has got it.

Mr. Ratsey is also laying down the keel of a new ninety-ton schooner for Col. Markham, the former owner of the *Pantomime*, she will be a most formidable opponent in all the matches on the Thames as well as in moderate weather elsewhere in the ensuing season, and she will contest the pride of place with the little *Flying Cloud* which did such wonders this year; so that what with the big schooner in strong breezes and the little one in more moderate weather, we fully expect to see the cream of the meetings of '71 go to West Cowes.

From Cowes a steamer and two shillings take you to Southampton, and there in the yard of our friend Dan are collected what may be called the picks of the basket, all laid up to make them what with drying, altering, and repairing, fit for next year. The first that one runs against is the old *Glance* with a stem and forefoot that might belong to a Ryde wherry, so fine and so sharp are her lines, in fact, but for the immense length of dead wood in her bows. she would never stand her rigging,

which in some fifteen years wear and tear she has never harmed; she is having a new lead keel, new copper, and better fitting ballast, she will turn out as good as new next year and prove a terrible teaser in the forty-ton class in moderate weather yet. Next to her is the Muriel, and here you have the opportunity of seeing the difference between Hatcher of '55 and '69, a difference which is the more apparent in the mid-ship section than elsewhere, the Muriel having much more power there than her neighbour the Glance; in other respects there is not so much difference, both have wonderfully fine sharp entrances with easy runs aft, plenty of draught of water, a fair amount of rake in the stern-post, and their keels rounded off forward. Astern of these are Wanhill's fifty-ton Heroine and his Egeria, the former is to have a new keel the present one being more like a huge file than anything else, this will no doubt improve her speed, but she must be eased off forward and aft before she can compete with vessels of the present day. The Egeria is to be new coppered and otherwise touched up to meet the owner of the Cambria in his new schooner. Astern of these again is Hatcher's new twenty-tonner which only wants a purchaser to threaten the Ildegonda and Vampire position; she is a Hatcher all over, and will prove a very fine little vessel to any one lucky enough to buy her. In a supplementary yard to the right again is the Lizzy, which is to be tucked in aft, as she has proved by her want of running powers that she is too thick in that quarter; and this completes our list, and all we trust is that the season of '71 may find them all prepared, and with old Truckle in the Glance, Thomson in the Muriel, and his brother, formerly of Lizzy but now in the Vanguard, that the season will be as favourable for fair contests as we can wish it, and that no hustling and no protests will occur.

ON CENTRE-BOARDS.

SIR,—With your permission I will endeavour to call the attention of your readers to the great advantages of the centre-board or revolving keel, especially for small yachts, feeling confident that if fairly tried it will be found of great utility and convenience. I may premise that I had formerly a great prejudice against them, but experience has convinced me that they have only to be tried to dispel the false ideas prevalent concerning them.

A centre-board yacht will work to windward better, and, contrary to the general belief, will more clearly demonstrate her superiority *in a sea-way*. This has been repeatedly proven in the United States, and is

undoubtedly a fact. I do not suppose your readers will care for my theory as to the cause.

The centre-board yacht will ground nearly upright and needs no legs or any kind of support. If it is desirable to make her stand upright, a small line to the mast-head will keep her so.

With the wind free, her light draught with the board up will allow her to go in very shoal water, and even if she sticks fast no harm ensues.

In beating up a narrow channel the helmsman can keep her going until the board touches, and so save the trouble of sounding, though it would not of course be advisable to try this with a rocky bottom.

The centre-board yacht is very quick in stays, and comes about so quickly that it is necessary to be lively in working the head sails. She is wide, giving good room on deck and below, and needs very little ballast, depending in a great measure in her form for stability.

As regards strength, a properly constructed centre-board yacht of moderate size is fully as strong as any other, nor is there any difficulty in keeping the well or keel case perfectly tight.

It is a mistake to suppose that the well need divide the cabin in half to the deck. In a craft of 30ft. the well need not be over 3ft. in height, and needs no support from anything, while in a larger yacht the sides of the well are continued to the deck for as much of the length as may be required for state rooms.

The centre-board is usually of wood, shod with iron, and where the board is large it is strengthened with iron diagonally to keep it from warping. Boiler iron is occasionally used, but it is not generally approved.

I cannot recommend Davis's patent iron centre-board of which you published a description some time ago. If it is required to go under the cabin floor, which appears to be its sole advantage, three or four flanges are necessary. The "board" then becomes so heavy that great difficulty is experienced in getting a winch powerful enough to hoist it. A two-flanged board might answer well.

No doubt centre-boards would be used much more in England were it not for the racing rules adopted by most yacht clubs. I would strongly advise any man who wants a pretty, light draught, easily handled, weatherly and fast little yacht, to try a sloop of American model.

My address is with the editor and I shall be happy to obtain for any of your readers a model and plans, or I will have built a small yacht if desired. She could easily be sent over on a vessel's deck. The cost of a yacht, say 30ft. long, $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12ft. beam, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. draught, with cabin about 12ft. long, nice forecastle; spars, sails, standing and running rig-

ging, boat, anchors, blocks, windlass and during wear, would cost from £200 to £300, according to finish.

At the former price she would be plainly finished in pine with a little finish of black walnut, and painted white inside and out. I do not wish to make any money out of the transaction as I should be amply repaid by seeing what this style of craft could do against the small yachts in England.

Her furniture, stove, cooking utensils, cables and ballast, could be better got in England. Of the latter she would require 2,000 to 3,000 lbs. I cannot tell what a model and plans would cost, but will let you know if desired.

I have frequently been asked questions regarding the internal capacity and fittings of English yachts and as it is likely the same curiosity exists at home regarding American craft, I send you a description of the fittings, &c., of what I regard as a model yacht of her size.

I should in fairness confess that these light draught boats steer very hard with a free wind, necessitating a wheel to steer with comfort when it blows strong, they jump a good deal in a seaway and are deficient in head room. A double centre-board would I think, do away to a great extent with the former objection, that is, a small centre-board in the dead wood in addition to the usual one.

Length over all 36ft.; length on water-line 32ft. 3in.; beam 12ft. 4in.; draught 3ft. 9in, with centre-board down 9ft.; house 17ft. long, 18in. high, with two oval lights in each side and two screw bull's eyes forward, mahogany companion way; cabin 8ft. long, very handsomely finished in hard wood, with which the centre-board well is also covered; height of cabin under beams 5ft. 5in., two good berths, with transom wide enough to sleep on, two lockers aft, leaves attached to centre-board well for table. The centre-board is made with a rounded projection at the after upper end which holds it in the well when down as far as it will go and which stands up in the cabin nearly to the top when lying on the ground, but when lying afloat does not come above the top of the case or well. The top has a hinged cover. On the starboard side is a good state-room with wide berth, patent w.c., and wash bowl, with ventilator on the top of the house. On the other side is also a state-room which serves for a passage-way forward; in this there is a wide berth. Between the two rooms, resting on the centre-board well, is a water tank which fills from top of house and which supplies the starboard state-room and cabin. The forecastle has a berth on starboard side, rather a small one, several lockers, some shelving, and a

cooking stove. Aft there is a cockpit with room for five people comfortably, including the steersman, it is from here that all the sheets are worked. Forward is a small galvanized iron windlass, while under the bowsprit, secured by a small line, hangs the working anchor. When under mainsail and jib only, the topsail is rolled up with the pole and jackyard, and is secured to the boom with two or three small lines. The mainsail is laced to the boom and has three reefs, the jib has a bonnet and one reef, which to manipulate, it is necessary to go out on the foot ropes to the end of the bowsprit. The boom goes over the taffrail some 12ft. but a part of the main-sheet goes nearly to the end of the boom, no foot-ropes are needed. She carries between 5,000 and 6,000 lbs. of ballast, part of which is lead.

Her mast is pretty well forward, so that when her mainsail is double-reefed she will sail very well without any head sail whatever.

The rail around the deck is simply a ledge of three or four inches, to keep things from washing off

Hoist of mainsail 27ft. 8in., gaff 23ft. 8in., boom 41ft. long by 6½in., bowsprit outboard about 16ft., topmast to sheave hole 16ft.

H. B. J.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

CAMBRIA IN AMERICA.

ON SEPTEMBER 27th, the lack of a breeze caused the postponement of the yacht race off Sandy Hook for the cup presented by Mr. Ashbury, and also a second prize cup given by Mr. R. Stuyvesant, owner of the Palmer. The race was twenty miles to windward, from Sandy Hook and back, governed by the rules of the N.Y.Y.C. On the 28th, two regattas were sailed in one. First, the contest for Mr. Ashbury's two cups, one for schooners and one for sloops, valued at fifty guineas each; Mr. Stuyvesant's fifty guinea cup for the second schooner, to be the first prize if the Cambria won; if two sloops did not enter, both of Mr. Ashbury's cups were to go to the first schooner. The second event was for the fifty guinea cup given by Rear-commodore Douglas of the Sappho; New York rules as to canvas, but no time allowance. It was agreed that the two races should be sailed together, and that all the yachts entered in either could compete in both events, if they desired to do so. At the time of the club's steamboat leaving the city with the judges (Messrs. G. W. Wilson, S. M. Taylor, and W. B. Nichols,) on board, together with the reporters and a few invited guests, a dead calm

prevailed. The steamer arrived at the Horseshoe at nine a.m., passing the yachts Cambria, Idler, Dauntless, Sappho, Tarolinta, &c., who were on their way to the point of the Hook. The calm continued until past ten o'clock, and it was feared that another postponement would be necessary, but at 11h. 37m. a slight breeze from the south-east enabled the judges to sound the first whistle. The following yachts competed:—

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Cambria.....	schooner	227.6	J. Ashbury, Esq.	London
Madgie	schooner	131.2	R. F. Loper, Esq.	Stonington
Tidal Wave	schooner	153.5	W. Voorhis, Esq.	Nyack
Madeline	schooner	148.2	J. Voorhis, Esq.	New York
Idler	schooner	135.5	T. C. Durant, Esq.	"
Palmer	schooner	194.2	R. Stuyvesant, Esq.	"
Alarm	schooner	225.3	A. C. Kingsland, Esq.	"
Dauntless	schooner	262	J. Bennet, Esq.	"
Tarolinta	schooner	204.7	H. & H. Kent, jun., Esqrs.	"
Josephine	schooner	143	B. M. C. Durfee, Esq.	"

The yachts now floated slowly towards the line, the Dauntless and Cambria crossing it; but as the second whistle had not sounded the start they were recalled, At 11h. 47m. the signal gun was given, and each yacht crossed the line thus:—Dauntless 11h. 51m. 14s., Tarolinta 11h. 52m. 7s., Tidal Wave 11h. 54m. 20s., Madeline 11h. 56m. 52s., Cambria, 11h. 59s. 29m., Palmer, 12h. 0m. 33s., Idler 12h. 1m. 43s., Alarm, 12h. 2m. 46s., Josephine 12h. 4m. 16s., Madgie, 12h. 7m. 30s.

The Sappho did not enter, as she was too far to leeward to get up in time. The yachts on crossing reached out on the starboard tack to the northward in the order in which they crossed. The Tidal Wave was the first to tack, going about at 12h. 35m. Her example was followed by the others in succession, all the yachts standing to the southward, towards the Jersey shore. But little could be seen of their evolutions, as the judge's boat, with the reporters on board, was obliged to steam out to the south-east to be the mark-boat. It is not probable, however, that there was much change in their order of sailing, as the wind was very light. So the Seth Low, with one of Hotchkiss's patent logs towing astern, ran out due south-east until the dial marked twenty, and then anchored. Meanwhile the yachts as they stood on to the southward broke off more and more, until when they tacked the wind had changed to south, and they could head nearly out to the mark-steamer. This enabled them to make the race in the required time, which they would not have done had the wind continued as when they started.

As they neared the stake-boat the Tidal Wave was ahead and well to

leeward, with the Magie some distance off on her lee quarter. Well up to windward on the Tidal Wave's weather quarter were the Dauntless, Cambria, and Palmer well together, with the Idler, Sappho, and Madeline astern. The other yachts were almost hull down. At 3h. 10m. the Wave make a tack to the westward, standing down towards the other yachts, with the intention of weathering the Dauntless; but she failed, and passed three ships' lengths to leeward, crossing the bows of the others.

At 3h. 24m. the Dauntless tacked to the westward, heading for the mark-boat. The Tidal Wave tacked a little to leeward of the mark-steamer, and reached out on the starboard tack to meet the Dauntless. Had she stood on she could not have weathered the latter, and have had to tack in her wake, and follow her round the mark; but nicely calculating his distance, and knowing what his boat could do, Commodore Voorhis tacked under the Dauntless's lee bow, and just fetching by the mark, passing it the first-boat at 3h. 32m., nicely out-manceuvring the Dauntless, which had been the head boat, and which came past in fine style, at 3h. 33m., and starting her sheets she squared away after the Tidal Wave that promised soon to bring her up to her. The sailing and manœuvring of the leading yachts as they neared the mark-boat was one of the finest and most interesting yachting displays ever seen outside of the Hook. We append the time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Tidal Wave ...	3	32	0	Cambria	3	40	30	Idler.....	3	44	45
Dauntless	3	33	0	Palmer.....	3	41	15	Alarm	4	0	5
Madeline	3	37	15	Madgie	3	44	0	Tarolinta.....	4	9	15

Without waiting for the Josephine, which was far away astern the Seth Low now steamed after the yachts on the homestretch. The Tidal Wave with her centre-board up now flew over the waters handsomely, closely followed by the Dauntless. The Idler, Palmer, and Madgie, also with their centre-boards up, and with a smooth sea and the light wind soon passed the Cambria. The Sappho sailed beautifully well on the homestretch when going free, and although not in the race made good her claims to be "as fast a yacht as floats." When within five miles of the home goal, a little more breeze favouring the contestants, the Dauntless overhauled and passed the Tidal Wave and the Alarm, after keeping company for some time with the Cambria, passed her; as they neared the home stake-boat the squadron presented a truly beautiful picture, each craft having every stitch of canvas set to "woo the breeze." The Dauntless still maintained her front-rank position right gallantly, increasing, if anything, the lead of the Tidal Wave. The

latter craft was followed closely by the Madeline, Palmer, and Idler, with the Alarm and Madgie next astern The home stake-boat was reached as annexed :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Dauntless	6	2	34	Idler	6	18	47	Cambria	6	32	26
Tidal Wave ...	6	6	33	Alarm.....	6	26	55	Tarolinta.....	6	39	3
Madeline.....	6	14	18	Madgie	6	28	58	Josephine	6	40	37
Palmer	6	17	58								

The Dauntless was accordingly declared the winner of the cup presented by Rear-Commodore Douglas. The cup offered by Mr. Ashbury was awarded to the Tidal Wave, and the Madeline carried off the cup given by Mr. R. Stuyvesant for second schooner in the race sailed accordingly to the club regulations regarding time allowance. It may be mentioned that the Sappho, though a non-participant in the contest, sailed beautifully throughout. She started at 12h. 7m. 16s. p.m., rounded the stake-boat at 3h. 47m. 5h. p.m., arrived at 6h. 13m. 1s.; and her actual time of making the race was 6h. 5m. 45s. It was generally regreted that there was not more wind, for had there been sufficient the race would have been, undoubtedly, one of the finest of the season.

The following is the official record of the judges in relation the actual time in which each yacht made the race and the corrected time by allowance.

	Time	Time by allowance.		Time.	Time by allowance.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.		h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Dauntless.....	6 11 20	6 20 55	Palmer	6 17 25	6 21 49
Tarolinta.....	6 46 56	6 49 35	Idler	6 17 4	6 16 12
Tidal Wave ..	6 12 13	6 10 34	Alarm.....	4 24 9	6 29 48
Madeline	6 17 26	6 14 27	Josephine	6 36 21	6 35 30
Cambria	6 32 57	6 34 17	Madgie	6 21 28	6 21 47

—*Spirit of the Times.*

YACHTING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE yachting season now closed, though tolerably successful in point of sport, lacked much of the animation noticed during the last few years. There was no first-class match during the year ; and, for the first season since her launch, the Xarifa failed to score a single victory or add another trophy to the plate chest of her owner. Another noticeable feature was, that not a new yacht was launched for either club, and that the only one constructed by any of our builders failed to find a purchaser. Amongst those to whom the season has been unsatisfactory, Commodore Dangar may be placed in the front frank, and not without reason. For years, he raced the Peri against larger and more powerful vessels ; then, to keep up with the spirit of the time, he invested a large

amount in the construction of the finest yacht ever built in Australia, to find that there is nothing to race against, the *Xarifa* having been turned into a S.S. Island trader, and despatched in quest of the *Vivid*. The season was inaugurated by the opening cruise of the Prince Alfred Club, followed by the Snail's Bay regatta when, owing to want of wind, the race for the R.S.Y.S. did not finish. The *Ixion* won the Prince Alfred match easily. On the next Saturday the Royals decided their event in a stiff southerly, and the *Ione* scored an easy victory. Balmain races were sailed on November 9th under unfavourable circumstances—the wind varying from a stark calm to a double-reefed breeze. *Ella* proved the victor in her class, and *Eva* in the other club match—*Josephine*, which came in first, being disqualified for going the wrong side of Goat Island. The summons for the yachts of the R.S.Y.S. to rendezvous in Watson's Bay on November 12th for an opening cruise to Broken Bay was so faintly responded to that the Commodore gave up the idea, and for the first time since the establishment of the club, the year was unmarked by an opening trip. This failure was compensated for by the numerous entries for the Commodore's cup, won on December 23rd, by *Peri*, through the best performer in the race (*Nereid*) being handicapped out of it. On December 27th *Pert* carried off her maiden prize; *Eva* and *Torment* were also winners in their classes. At Hunter's Hill the race for the larger yachts fell through from want of entries. Three of the Prince Alfreds raced for a trophy, which *Clio* appropriated. Light baffling winds, followed by the usual southerly burster, characterised Anniversary day. *Pert* again proved successful, and obtained the prize for second class yachts. *Pomona* won the cup presented to the P.A.Y.C. by the Mayor, and *Bronzewing* took the third-class trophy. There were only four entries for the annual second class match of the R.S.Y.S. held on February 5th. *Nereid* again proved her superior sailing qualities, and won without time allowance. On February 26th the Prince Alfred sailed the annual matches in a hard south-easter, which played sad havoc with spars and other gear; hardly a yacht escaped without some casualty. The prize for the first class was well won by *Pomona*, and that for second class by *Torment*. Ten yachts belonging to this club had another match on 19th March. The commodore's cup formed the first prize, Mr. Moore's cup the second, and a purse of five guineas the third prize. *Australia* took the first, *Eva* the second, and *Josephine* the third. Both clubs had closing trips last month, and many of the yachts have since gone into winter quarters. The winning yachts of the season 1869-70, and their performances, have been as follows:—

Mr. J. Cooper's Peri, 18 tons, R.S.Y.S. Built by Cuthbert, of Sydney. At Balmain regatta carried away bowsprit, and gave up (see Ione). On December 23rd won Commodore Dangar's Plate, value £50, by time allowance; Nereid, 12 tons, beat her 56s. but was handicapped to allow her 6m. Was second at Woolloomooloo Bay Regatta, December 27th. At the Anniversary Regatta, finished third, Pert and Ella taking first and second prizes. In R.S.Y.S. match for second-class yachts, finished second to Nereid, but beat Pert 6m. 18s.

Pert, 15 tons, Mr. I. J. Josephson, R.S.Y.S. Built by Gardiner, of Balmain. Finished fourth in club match for Commodore's Plate. Took first prize at Woolloomooloo, beating Ella, Peri, and Mischief. Won £30 prize for second and third class yachts at Anniversary Regatta, beating Ella, Mischief, and Iris. On February 5th was beaten by Nereid and Peri for club prize.

Nereid, 12 tons, Mr. A. Fairfax, R.S.Y.S. Built by Langford of Sydney. On December 23rd came in second for Commodore's Plate (see Peri), beating seven others. Won club prize of £50 for second-class yachts, beating Peri by 6m. 45s., and Pert by 9m. 5s.

Ella, 11 tons, Mr. W. Farmer, R.S.Y.S. Built by Sheehy, of Woolloomooloo. Was beaten by Ione and Mischief, at Snail's Bay. Took first prize in club match at Balmain, beating Ione and Peri. Finished fifth for Commodore's Plate. In this match she sprung her topmast. Was second to Pert at Woolloomooloo, where she beat Peri by 6m. 15s. At Anniversary Regatta gained second prize of £10.

Pomona, 9 tons, Mr. T. Strickland, P.A.Y.C. Built by Duthie, of Aberdeen. At Snail's Bay was easily beaten by Ixion. Won the Mayor's cup by time allowance at Anniversary Regatta, beating Australian, Eva, and five others. On February 26th, won first prize in club match, beating Australian easily. Four others which started met with casualties and gave up. Finished fifth in race for Commodore Hank's Cup, 19th March.

Eva, 8 tons, Mr. W. Andrews, P.A.Y.C. Built by Dunn, of Lavender Bay. Came in second at Balmain, in club race, and was declared the winner, Josephine (first) having been disqualified. Won first prize at Woolloomooloo, in handicap match for third class, beating Ione, Australian, and Josephine. At Anniversary Regatta, in race for Mayor's cup finished behind Australian and took second prize, Pomona (winner) being third. Did not go over the course in club match on February 26th. Won Mr. Moore's cup in handicap race on March 19th.

Ione, 6 tons, Mr. J. G. Ross, R.S.Y.S. Built by Langford, of Sydney. Beat Mischief and Ella at Snail's Bay, was a good second to

the latter at Balmain. Finished seventh for commodore's plate. Came in first at Woolloomooloo Bay, but lost prize by handicap allowance (see Eva). Had no competitor for R.S.Y.S. prize for third class yachts.

Australian, 7 tons, Mr. J. B. Graham, P.A.Y.C. Built by Sheehy, of Woolloomooloo. At Snail's Bay finished second to Clio in club race. Came in second to Ione, at Woolloomooloo, in match for third-class yachts. For Mayor's cup, at Anniversary, finished first, but having to allow 16m. to Pomona and 8m. to Eva, was beaten by both, and only got third prize. On February 26th was beaten by Pomona in club match. Won Commodore's cup in handicap race for all yachts belonging to the P.A.Y.C.

Ixion, 6 tons, (late Mr. T. Brown's), Messrs. Walters and Branby, P.A.Y.C. Built by Lomax, of Balmain. Won first prize in P.A.Y.C. match at Snail's Bay; second to Clio at Hunter's Hill. Beaten by Torment at Woolloomooloo Bay; and finished fourth for Commodore's cup.

Torment, 6 tons, Mr. J. B. Walters, P.A.Y.C. Built by Yates, of Woolloomooloo. Won £10 prize at Woolloomooloo, beating three others. Won first prize in P.A.Y.C. match, on February 26th, beating Clio and Foam; Ixion started, but gave up, and Zephyr was dismasted.

Clio, 6 tons, Mr. P. Bradford, P.A.Y.C. Built by Langford. Took second prize at Balmain (see Eva). Won first prize at Hunter's Hill, beating Ixion and Psyche. Was defeated by Torment at Woolloomooloo Bay, and again by the same craft in P.A.Y.C. second class match.

Mr. C. Parbury resigned the Vice-Commodoreship of the R.S.Y.C., prior to leaving for England, via Californian route. A few evenings before his departure he was invited to a dinner by the yacht owners belonging to the club, who then presented him with a handsome *souvenir* in the shape of a massive gold cable chain and appendages. From other members he received a valuable diamond ring. Mr. Parbury's name will long be remembered in yachting circles as owner of a 34-ton cutter of purely colonial model, which beat the English cracks *Alerte*, of 54 tons, and *Chance*, of 76 tons, the latter in an ocean race of about 130 miles during a heavy southerly gale.

THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT SELENE.*

BY ONE OF HER CREW.

WITH the daylight Gibraltar mellowed in colour, the glare of the sun softened the lines of the fortress. It was still black and grimy, but moving people lightened the battlements. The bayonets of sentinels flickered in the sombre shadows, and we began to think less of the sleeping thunder every crevice might belch. But while we lay under the great cliff, with its thousands of guns trained on our faces, the sense of danger was not easily dispelled. Vallance thought the "Rock" no place to speak of beside the Heads of Dunvegan, or the Black Ross of Mull. "But," says Phil, glancing up and down the broad face of the "Hill," "we should not lose that hummock before us for all the Highlands of Scotland." From the Spit of Ceuta a heavy roll was coming up the bay, fringing the ochre crags of the Algeiras shore, and kissing with foam the yellow line of the strand. Peaked lateen sails were edging along the land. Nearer us the winged feluccas were poised upon the swell, and under the lee of the "Moles" the "country boats" lay snugged. English men-of-war are met in every foreign harbour, and within sight the "old flag" was flying.

Two American frigates, within hail, alone dipped their ensigns to the "Britisher," and we quickly responded; and it may be believed that Jonathan's courtesy was not lost upon the crew.

Black coal hulks rode at heavy moorings up the bay, and towards them, passing steamers screwed a-head, as they turned Europa point. These sooty hulks were attractions to all Gibraltar, while the Southampton steamers rounded towards them; and full of importance were all the "coomy" people employed about them.

Curious inquirers hung about the Selene and loitered under her bows. No sooner had the yacht tightened her chain than boats were alongside filled with people hungering for news. Among the first to reach the gangway was a frank Englishman. He wore checked clothes, and had the business push of a Thames touter. He handed Bettino's card on board—"Bettino, the M'Allister and Fyfe of Gibraltar." He presented his master's inquiries after the health of the gentlemen, and invited "Mister Capitan" on shore. The bows of the Selene were surrounded with Sunday traders. The boats were clumsy arks, modelled after the original one. They were filled with hucksters willing to sell their character along with their wares. They were Moorish, and Spanish and half English—a sorry set of transparent swindlers. Some of the boats were devoted to oranges, other boats were festooned with grapes at a penny per pound; and the crew speedily invested. Luie would not look at them—he knew they were not wholesome. He would

* Continued from page 347.

rather fill his stomach with dog-hips. Other boats were loaded with strings of figs and of dates, done up like herrings on a wand; and these were sought after.

Vegetables were offered for sale. "No market on Sunday," shouted the boatmen, and they determined to make the most of it. The steward bought some bread, and this "truck" started the clamour anew. And when the fruit had been sufficiently pressed other merchandize was brought forward palms and sail needles were offered in plenty—Moorish slippers, doubtful tobacco, and sailors' knives; finally, bottles of Eau-de-Cologne were forced upon the crew, and a bottle was purchased and dispensed by the owner upon the clothes of his comrades.

The senior officer of the port sent his respects, and an offer of assistance if it was wanted. Barker overheard the polite message, and he was mollified towards the "Rock."

Boats were fishing alongside the yacht all Sunday, and the steward was again tempted. The fishermen were glad to sell fish, and did not insist on postponing the payment till Monday, as they did in the Highlands, the steward remarked. "That was a lee!" Valance answered hotly, "For no Heelandman was ever known to refuse money."

It was a pleasant night, dark and hazy, and the Rock of Gibraltar loomed black in the mirk. The lights along its face shone like the stars through a rift in the clouds. It drew wondering eyes towards it. And the hush that came over the town roused a solemn fascination.

With the early light Archie was fussing about the dinghy. He was gathering milk-cans and stirring up a lot of troubles. He expected an expedition on shore. He was chief of the transport service.

Rock Scorpions.—The landing was reached: touters were waiting like wasps round a sugar barrel. "Rock scorpions," as rogues are called, were swarming. Climbing through narrow wynds, across drawbridges, up endless stairs, through archways, some portion of the town was seen, but the market-place had the first attraction. It was drawing all sorts of people towards it. The steward was followed by a retinue of natives. Tall Moors shuffled after him with yellow slippers stuck on their toes. White and red turbaned men harangued him in unknown tongues.

Spaniards, with polite gestures, called him "Mister Stewardess" From the boats that had come in from the Spanish and Moorish coasts back-loads of pigeons and poultry were being carried to the market.

The dealers drove against us, and pushed their strangling birds in our faces. The Moors muttered maledictions on their own heads if the hens and pigeons were not excellent. Turbans were knocked off and beards threatened in the skirmishing.

A tall man clung to the steward, and pushed his rivals back. He had "talkee with Mister Engineer for two days before," and insisted on so as previous engagement. The steward turned upon them, and with his threatening noses, said, "No, no, John; I will buy to-morrow John; I see the market to-day John."

Since John applied to all, the explanation created a momentary pause ; but new vendors in the market crowded forward.

A poultry dealer, with a white turban and flowing "burnous," shoved a "cackler" into the steward's face, and, slapping him on the shoulder, recommended the bird with a threat. "Buy, buy, John ; no good but this ; me plucky it for half a franc !" Patience could stand it no longer. With a push the steward shoved him away, and, losing his feet, he fell among his hens, to the delight of his rivals. But others took his place, and our shoulders were made roosts for all sorts of poultry.

The Spaniards held aloof from the Moorish rabble, and earned Archie's respect. When the poultry had been passed, the egg merchants began their persecutions. They pushed their wares with more caution into our faces ; but they troubled Archie, who answered their jargon with Gaelic exclamations it was well they did not understand. He finally kicked a basket full of eggs, and frightened the dealers in these brittle wares out of his reach.

The eggs were recommended for their whiteness and size. "They are small enough," said the steward, "and they're white enough, too ; but I don't want your lime-juicers."

"No lime-juicers !" cried the Moor ; "not wash my eggs with lime-juice to white them ! new eggs ! good eggs ! eggs packed in chaff !"

In the fish market a final scramble for our custom was pushed. The fishermen were clever at their own Billingsgate, into which we could not enter, but we were dragged among sludgy heaps of fish scattered about the ground. The fish were tempting enough. They were fresh and in variety, but the manner of displaying them was disgusting. The fishermen emptied them out of their creels upon the stones, and left them lying where they fell, red mullet were bought and laid in Archie's basket.

We returned to the yacht. But the life of Gibraltar had not been exhausted, and Archie was glad to find his services wanted for a visit to Bettino.

Ashore on the Rock.—Bettino's shop had no outward appearance ; it was like the neighbouring places of business. Bettino stood in his own doorway, and received his friends with many bows. He led them to seats—placed wine before them and cigars, and hoped they would enjoy themselves. Business was forgotten in the welcome, and when glasses were emptied they were replenished. Like the Oriental, he gave up his house to his friends, and asked them to do as it pleased them. He never ceased to bow and smile, and make others happy so long as the visit lasted.

He was a Spaniard, with little beard, or none at all. He was tall and portly ; he was a pleasant looking man, and he had the manners of an hidalgo, he stood in his shirt and his trowsers. His shirt was folded over his trowsers, as the fashion shows in old English portraits. His knee-breeches were black velvet. To Archie he looked like a lord in the theatre ; he could hardly believe his eyes when he found him behind a counter attending to groceries.

Bettino's dark eyes beamed with kindness ; he hoped Mister the Capitan was in good health ; he hoped Mister the Steward found himself well ; he even had some polite thing to say to Archie, who knew him to be a real

gentleman. He knew all about the yachts that had called at the "Rock"—about their owners, about their officers, about their destination. He kept a register of everything that concerned yachting. His services were entirely at our call. He could command everything but the weather—and he had some control even there, it might be believed. He could supply everything, from "a needle to an anchor." To Archie it seemed as if he owned all the riches of the earth. Archie knew M'Allister and Fyfe's; but Bertino's place was more wonderful than the Greenock ship chandlers'.

And when the reception down stairs had been exhausted, Bettino took his guests up stairs and introduced them to his house, and renewed his kindnesses. His rooms might have been the same Sinbad told his story in. Bettino might have been the merchant of Bagdad. Not much was wanted, but that made no difference to him. He was courteous at our coming, and he bade us a regretful farewell.

A hundredweight of tobacco was purchased from him by the owner of the *Selene* for the crew—one of many unforgotten kindnesses.

Passing Marvels.—Archie was full of wonder at the Moors. He thought it curious such "shentlemens" should sell eggs. He watched the tall, swarthy men as they passed him. He wondered they should wrap their heads in tablecloths, and that they should wear "bauchels." For the Moorish women he had great commiseration. "It was pitfu' to think they should row themselves up in sarkin' like kirkyard bogles." He had helped to busk a better "ghaist hissel'."

What eventually won Archie's heart was the politeness of the Post Office officials. They spoke to him as Mister Officer. They proposed to send his own letters after him, and he told them they might forward them to Mister Archibald Mactonalt at the Archipela-a-agow. But, said the official with becoming gravity,—what particular port should he address to? That may depend upon the wind and the Master, so you need not be "too parti'clar."

Gangs of convicts, in their grey clothes, were chatting, laughing, and singing as merry as ever they had been, and the soldiers in charge were cracking jokes along with them. "Them rogues is better off than we are in Skye." Archie declared; and, he added, "I wish a' the Mactonalts were in the same claes!" "You think they deserve them?" suggested the steward.

The Skyeman found an unexpected friend in an unexpected place. He came upon a sentry in a solitary corner, and Archie opened a civil conversation. The man never looked, spoke not, showed no recognition. Archie and the steward tempted him with many speeches, but he was incorruptible. "Try him with the Gaelic," said the steward, and Archie tried. Slowly the grim face relaxed, and with a hearty laugh the soldier answered in Gaelic. A rendezvous was appointed, and Archie made a friend for life.

No one had enjoyed Gibraltar more than Archie had done. He filled the forecastle with wonderful stories. He gave his "Arabian Nights" all the way to Algiers. The days were passing; and, after shipping brackish water for fresh, the *Selene* was got ready for the voyage.

The tideless sea.—By three o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th October the *Selene* was forging a-head under the lee of the "Roek." Catching gusts over the edge of the cliff, she reached out under Europa Point, and was swiftly in the send that rolled westward through the Straits.

The wind, fresh and bitter, was warm and summer like; but it brought a tumbling sea, through which the *Selene* stretched away towards the African land. The schooner made a long board of it, pitching the land well up to the eastward. By eleven o'clock of the forenoon of the 14th the dun shore of Africa was made out, and for the rest of that day the land was kept well aboard. The wind was still east, and the head-sea harassed those who had suffered from the stay at Gibraltarr.

Barker was asked about the stewardess, and he explained she had been dining out of her scent bottle since they opened Europa Point. Towards evening the wind softened, and through that night the yacht tumbled about in "a flat calm." A strong breeze sprung up through the night, and the *Selene* was again under double-reefed sails, thrashing through a crabbed sea and sending the drift about. The cooks were busy reefing coppers, and the crew were rather "larky" over their troubles. The "wee doctor" could stand it no longer. He came out from the galley to talk to the forecastles. "I'll tell you what it is lads!" he began, tucking up his shirt sleeves; "there's a lot of you yachtsmen as will take in hand to talk to the cook, when I can tell you the cook wouldn't see you in his way. You'll speak about our work, when there's lots o' you as doesn't know the difference between a Turk's head and a Matthew Walker!" And when the cook had closed his speech he slipped behind the scenes. "The wee doctor's talk was good," said Dougie; "I ken what the cook's troubles are, and no man as kens them will look lightly on them."

A French transport passed westward, and dipped her flag. An Anchor liner followed, and dipped her ensign. At 4h. p.m. the mainsail was stowed and the reefed trysail was set. By midnight the breeze had freshened towards a gale, and the sea was lashing along the yacht's sides.

Saturday, the 17th.—The wind blew strong, with thick rainy weather, till mid-day, when the breeze and sea went suddenly down, leaving the *Selene* becalmed. By 4h. p.m. the wind came away, and free enough to lay course. The schooner ran fast down the African land, and by 10h. p.m. Algiers was reckoned only fifty miles away. Little way was made with puffy gusts off shore, but the crew were not dependent on the breeze. It was "white stocking day;" the monthly allowance paid to wives at home would be making cheery hearths, and firesides were drunk, with a word for the breeze.

The African Coast.—By daylight the *Selene* had got "a Yankee slant," and she was pacing through it at some nine knots an hour. In the smooth water, and not far off the land, all on board enjoyed it. A long breast of cliff faced the sea, behind which the level ground stretched to the hills. The rocks were only broken by sandy coves, out of which the rippling breeze came white and keen.

"It looked like the land o'Mull frae Lochbuy to the Ross," said Barker, and nobody contradicted him.

At 8h. 30m. a.m. a small felucca came running down upon our weather bow. "Pilota, pilota!" cried the pilot; and he continued to shout like a madman, while the yacht was kept going short. We had no *pratique*, and he dared not come on board, but he caught a line and made it fast to his boat, while we filled on the yacht and kept away. With gestures and shouting the pilot gave his directions from his boat. But an unexpected fear befell him. Towing after an ordinary vessel his boat was safe enough, but the *Selene's* speed threatened to tow him under. He kept one eye on our course and another on the tow-line, and he gave plentiful warning to cut everything adrift in case of danger.

The Port of Algiers.—While the *Selene* shortened the distance to Algiers all eyes kept upon the land. Behind the sandy beach white houses showed among the trees. The country stretched grey and brown beyond. The town lay on a bluff something bigger than the point of Gourock, and round the head swept the Bay of Algiers. The town, as we neared it, showed white and yellow in the sunlight. Red streaks dashed its white walls. The houses looked like flat-topped castles. A grey wall covered the crest of the hill, and left the houses topped with something like a great cheese—so the steward likened it, and he knew it to be the "citadel." "Clear away the chain lockers," took the cooks below, and by ten o'clock the schooner was abreast the lighthouse. She was stayed well off the harbour mouth, and brought in upon the port-tack. The harbour was crowded, but the schooner was well berthed, with a French gun-boat moored alongside to keep a watch over her. A look about the harbour of Algiers might settle quarrelsome intentions. Forts lay upon the moles, and green batteries along the shore. These were mounted with plentiful guns, enough "to blow a three-decker out of the water."

The glare of the white town was hurtful to the eyes. Its shadow in the calm haven brought no relief. Vallance, who had been among the ice-fields, said the iceblink of the north did not cast more light.

Archie was again waiting by the gangway; he was harrassed to find that the gig was launched. The owner and family went ashore, but the steward had to follow. Archie had Phil for a companion and a rival in authority. A beach without an ebb was a miracle that struck Archie, as he stepped from the dinghy upon the wharf always level with the sea. The tideless sea was to the Highlandman a marvel not to be surpassed. To keep the boat afloat was an unknown duty at Algiers, and both Phil and Archie deserted that post.

On the beach the party from the yacht met a commissioner, who proffered his services. He was a stout, elderly man, with a wide straw hat and an important countenance. He knew the whole of Algiers and the whole of Africa, if it was wanted. He could speak any language. He told the steward he had brothers in all the ports, and would with pleasure commend them. Joseph's many brethren had the East in their keeping. He knew all about shipping, and Phil thought he mightn't mistake a handspike for the pump-handle.

But Joseph had a turn for his business. His ancestors were Spanish nobles, he could conduct diplomacy. He was very clear about where the best coffee in Algiers might be had, "tempered with a leetle brandy." Joseph took the crew of the dinghy in charge as far as the fish market. It was an enclosed court-yard, with a fountain in the centre. About the fountain merchants were squatted who dealt in bright shells, corals, and "curios." The place was covered in, and the strange dresses brought up the theatre to Phil. The Moors were there as at Gibraltar, their red naked legs were still the cause of pity. Archie continued his mirth till he saw a Moor on horse-back. His mind suddenly changed. The black beard, the savage eye, and the restless horse startled him.

Joseph explored for a washerwoman. She came off with her own boat for the washing; but other washerwomen blockaded the yacht. They had books filled with references. They were written in many languages. English certificates were signed by "Sinbad the sailor." The documents were safely preserved, but were not much connected with washing. One employer testified in plain English that half of his washing had been stolen; but the thief turned to his testimonial with "bokoo playseer."

Madame Arnaud was recommended. She had washed for the great Marshal Arnaud, "the conqueror of the Crimea." Phil was not pleased with her. He described her as "a long lean, scranky hooker;" and Archie thought a wooden-legged sailor would be better at "trampin' blankets."

Sunday was the race-day in Algiers, and the whole town was crowding towards the "course." From the Selene's deck a great mob was visible just beyond the town, scattered upon the slope, and the rush of the people could be followed as the horses came in. White tents were pitched along the race-ground. Vallance thought it like a "heeland preachin'." Luie "wished they might be sae weel employed." "But you would always prefer the sight of a funeral!" Phil retorted upon the sad Skyeman.

At five o'clock on Monday morning the dinghy went ashore for supplies. Algiers was awake at that hour, and the streets were busy. The market was reached. It was a large square half the size of St. Enoch square in Glasgow. Fruit and vegetables and poultry were in the centre. The sides of the square were filled with butchers, bakers, confectioners, polony shops, and cafés. The shops of one sort were kept altogether like a bazaar. The butchers and the bakers and the café-keepers were Frenchmen. Moors sold the hens and the fruit. The fruit was cheap. Archie gobbled at dates till his face and red beard were shining and sugary. He ate roasted chestnuts from the street braziers. He swallowed every tempting thing in his way, and before night he pleaded hard with the steward for a "tram."

Joseph knew the best café in Algiers. It was in the market-place. The rolls were so fine that Archie paid some compliment in Gaelic to the Frenchman, who bowed and commended the "Roos." Joseph explained that Archie was no "Roos," but Cossy, from London.

The cafés in Algiers were an astonishment to Phil. He could not understand men loitering over coffee and smoking without beer. The tables in

these places were surrounded with solemn Moors and chattering soldiers. "Tea parties frae mornin' to nicht," said Archie, "why, it would bother a washerwife."

The public square was visited. The Highlandman took a cane chair from the pile left for public use, and sitting under a pepper tree listened to the French bands. "If ever he was to be a sojer, it would be a French sojer, wi' plenty music and brandy at a shillin' a bottle."

Decks were scrubbed, blocks overhauled, and the yacht prepared for sea. The washing had not been returned from Madame Arnaud, and the wind had checked round free and fair. The steward was despatched to rescue it, and Phil and Archie were sent to give assistance. Madame Arnaud returned with them. She was roused to the pitch of playing Lady Macbeth. The clothes had been carried off unfinished, she had been insulted, her home had been desecrated. The steward, Phil, and Archie were *sacre canaille*. Archie only guessed at her words, but he revenged himself in a Gaelic oration that drew wondering people about him even to the edge of the wharf.

Phil, who always saw the humorous side, declared it was the jolliest lark he had had for awhile, and when pressed by Billy, Dougie, and other fore-castle authorities to give them the whole "cuffer" as it happened, he completed the story amid roars of laughter.

"You see," Phil began, "when we landed we could not find Joseph, and the steward took in hand to steer for Madame's. Well, we got nigh embayed more nor once, and it was only by workin' on our dead reckonin' that we managed it at all. So we got into a narrow lane, and the steward he sings out. So Madame she out with her head at a window and hails us up. And it was a rummy place besides. Well, the steward makes signs at haulin' up the sails and heaving the windlass, and Madame she cry 'No, no!' and the steward cried, 'Wee, wee!' and bundles up the washin' as it was. Well, Madame she threw down the flat-iron and danced like mad, and then she dragged her hair all about, and the three washerwomen joined her, and they all danced and screamed. It was a most tremenjous row, and it would have made the finest lark in a theatre ever I seen."

"Ride down the mainsail!" cut short Phil's story. The *Selene* was laying out of the harbour on her way to Malta.

At four o'clock on the 21st October the *Selene's* anchor was "tripped." With a fair breeze she lay out of the harbour of Algiers, and stretched to the eastward across the bay. The curious old town of Algiers was left in a violet streak that melted into the hills. Away to the southward, and across miles of misty land the sun struck a weird light from snowy peaks. A shining zone against the far sky, these wintry hills kindled and faded as the light of sunset pulsed across the sea.

Black cliffs rent with inky streaks lay broad across our starboard bow. Like a dusky bulwark they stretched into the night. Something regretful hung about the twilight, while the light paled on the gleaming hills. The *Selene* tore a-head, and hurried like a phantom ship into the storm. And before us lay the sapphire-tinted sky of a gale. By 11h. p.m. the schooner

was running down the coast under trysail and square-sail. With passing gusts she went with the sea in a roar of broken waters.

The night of the 21st was wild enough and wearisome to some. The dawn broke cold and cheerless. The hills far inland glittered in the level light. White peaks cut sharp and keen into the blue sky. And in wonderful settings rested these pinnacles of light. The tawny mountain sides shone like amber against the snow, and the deep gorges cut the yellow cliffs with a tracery of amethyst. A smoke like the trail of incense drifted across the level uplands and veiled the hills.

The breeze was blowing strong, and under her trysail the schooner was leaving bluff after bluff. The Seven Capes had been lost over the starboard quarter; the Rasal Hamrah and Bonah lay away to the southward. From the beginning of the one dog-watch to the close of the next dog-watch the Selene had shortened the road to Malta by some 300 miles. The blue sea burst into gusts of spindrift as the sharp forefoot of the clipper cleft the crest of the billows. She was laying into it, and making short miles of it between the Light of Cani and the cliffs of Gozzo.

A large steamer going westward turned and followed in the Selene's wake, but the schooner left her hull down.

The siesta at sea.—Friday morning brought rain and heavy winds. It might have passed for the grey light of the North Channel. Towards the breakfast hour it softened. The trysail was unbent, and mainsail set with squaresail and inner and outer jibs. It cleared to a pleasant day—the sea going down, and the soft wind sweeping the yacht along. The crew lay dreaming under the bulwarks. Wonderful yarns were going on under the shelter of the rail. Channel races were sailed over again. The merits of the Aline and the Egeria and the Cambria were once more settled. The race of the Fleetwood, Vesta and the Henrietta, was debated upon. The crew had strong sympathies with the Americans. They believed that in a breeze the Henrietta would whop every English boat afloat, but they did not extend their opinions to the Clyde. "The Aline was a great yacht," Billy said, and if the Henrietta beat her he would stand more than his own share of the grog. "There's too much bounce about them Yankees; why, that Aline is a yacht beside the Henrietta," he continued. "And if the Aline is a yacht beside her," retorted the bos'an, "she's no yacht beside the Selene. Why, man, if you had seen them goin' down to Plymouth that mornin'. There was the Aline, as was first out through the Needles, laying upon our lee bow some miles to loo'ard, and the Selene fetchin' off the land like a steamboat with only half the wind she wanted. She warn't lookin' at the start till the wind freshened, and then she lifted up like a bird till she fetched right away into Plymouth Sound, with the Aline ever so far astern."

The evening was pleasant. The dog-watch was filled with festivities. Phil's concertina, and the fiddler of Dunvegan, gave great satisfaction. Charley the cook did "Joe Brown" upon a handful of flour dusted down in the nigger fashion. The hilarity was tremendous; but a sudden fear pervaded the revellers. The old bos'an looked through the scuttle with a steady

gaze from under his shaggy eyebrows. He then went forward and hauled on his long sea-boots. He tied his sou'-wester on his grizzled head; he shoved his arms into his oilskin jacket, and he scrambled into his hammock, leaving his boots sticking over. A peal of thunder could not have intimated more plainly to all the fore-castle that a storm was brewing. The bos'an sleeping in his boots was an unfailing caution.

The sudden tempest.—The mirth subsided—Charley hurried away to reef his coppers. Harry was soon after heard whistling upon deck, a sure sign that he was feeling comfortable in the prospect of a breeze. The captain came from his cabin, looked at no one and spoke to no one, but went on deck and had a look at the sky. He seemed to doubt if the glass was telling the truth, and went back to his cabin to have a short argument with it.

But the glass was as sure as the bos'an's boots. The sails were suddenly caught aback, and with a lurch the schooner went into the chains. And before she had gathered way the staysail filled upon the other tack. With the sheets away the yacht was sending a-head, and without warning the main-boom came aboard with the breeze dead a-head. The squaresail was taken in, and the canvas snugged. When the wind had boxed all round the compass to find its own air, it came away free, and plenty of it. The yacht was again running with the long send, and before the watch came off the deck had left near fifty miles of the road behind. The thunder broke in endless peals. It rolled round the yacht like the blaze of a fortress. Flashes lighted the ghostly sails against the inky sky. Like a spectre ship the *Selene* vanished into the darkness. And again the leaden waves were fringed with fire. The wrack swept up from the westward, and spurts of fire went down the wind with a long tremulous roar.

The storm was over: the sea was falling as fast as it had risen. The bo'san drew off his boots, and the crew believed in better weather. By 4h. a.m. the crow-jack was again aloft, and the schooner was fast shortening the distance to Malta. But the night of the 23rd had blanched brown faces, and alarmed the hardiest.

By 11h. a.m. of the 24th, a glimpse of the land was got. The loom of black cliffs a-head drew our eyes towards the heads of Gozzo, and within an hour the island was plain enough, with Malta on the horizon beyond it. There was no mistake about the headland of Gozzo. The sheer wall of rock that for hundreds of feet hangs over the sea marked it to those who had seen it before.

Gozzo presented no attractive sight, black rocks and blacker ravines, and a beach covered with shattered crags. And the grim headland of Malta was not more inviting. The bare rock chowed no scrap of verdure. The stony soil looked tawny and grim.

A desert isle could not look more forlorn. The bo'san was stirred to say that it had some look of Rona, but it was even more barren than the most desolate of all the Hebrides.

The owner pointed out the bay in which St. Paul was wrecked, and his looks were cast towards the narrow cove amid the rocks. Spurts of spray

were lashing into the creek, and heads were shaken ominously at the awkward place to beach a craft in.

"I wonders what'n sort o' rig the craft was o'," said the mate. "She couldn't have been no figger at haulin' off a lee coast when she went tumblin' in thereabouts." "She must hae been badly manned, or they might hae taken her into Malta harbour," Vallance urged. "If they only had had aboard a proper lot o' Skyemen they would have got out of that mess!" Phil explained. The challenge was accepted by Vallance. The mate cut short the squabble by saying that if the business had to be done again, Stornoway was the port for a crew.

The yacht was running down head after head, but the coast was still without break or refuge.

Without warning of its nearness, Malta opened before us. The gorge of the harbours showed like the gullies of Highland lochs, and Vallance declared if the grey houses were covered with heather it would not be ill to believe he was going into some creek about Harris. Pilots shouting broken English hovered about us, but their services were not wanted. The schooner was hauled round St. Elmo Point, and the anchor was let go at 4h. p.m. A look round the harbour astonished those of the crew who had not been in it before. It was like sailing up a street. It looked as if Lochridden, in the Kyles of Bute, had got covered with castles. With the plunge of the anchor boats were alongside. The Selene was an important arrival to speculators. Tailors, outfitters, storekeepers, shopmen, fruiterers, guides, and musicians, either came or sent their representatives. The touters were shameless rogues, and would have overrun the yacht. One scamp was anxious to know if "de owner a leebereal gentleman?" Barker gave a terrible account of those on board. The talk of the invaders was silenced by a shout, and through the crowd of boats shot a gaily painted barge, with an enormously fat man on board—"Bubbly Joe! Bubbly Joe!" was heard all over the foecastle.

"Bubbly Joe" sprang on deck with all the fleetness some sixteen stone would permit of. He wore an ancient Kilmarnock bonnet planted on the crown of his big head, a shirt open in front, and displaying a brawny chest, and trowsers of unknown material. His red and cracked feet were free of covering, and flopped most comically across the deck.

He went aft, saying in a monotonous tone, and with something of the air of a madman, "Me Bubbly Joe! Bubbly Joe, me! Me man for all the yachts!" He obtained permission to attend the Selene as boatman, and next morning had "Seelenee" painted upon his boat's stern among his other captures.

Joe was not particular about settling his payment. Like the Aberdeen man, he only wanted to know where to lay down his "wee keesty." He told the steward the day was "too old" for milk. "Find no bullocks' milk," he protested. "All de bullocks gone to de field; but shall try." Joe returned with the cans full. He said, "No bullock milk—all gone; but me bring billygoat milk; billygoat milk more better than bullock;"

Joe was established on board, and Archie felt that his occupation was gone. Against the enemy he swore a solemn league and covenant.

Joe settled his right to take charge by joining the forecastle concert, and brought down the hammocks by singing "Me Ponny Heelint Latty," and concluding with "Got neecht an' joy pe weed you a-all." He hung about the deck till after midnight, and was by the gangway before sunrise.

The *Selene* was warped from the outside harbour into the man-of-war creek, and made fast to a heavy mooring. She was not safer in Steele's dock.

In the morning messages ashore took the steward away with Joe. Archie eventually went with the enemy. Other boatmen made polite enquiries, but Joe kept saying—"No good, Mister Steward—big rogue! Plenty big rogue in Malta but me;" and to prove his speech Joe kept constantly taking a handful of dollars from the breast of his shirt, and pushing them into the steward's face—"Plenty dollar, steward! Me no big rogue!"

The shops did not astonish Archie, who hated Malta religiously for Joe's sake. "'Twas nae better nor the Trongate o' Glesky!" Archie exclaimed.

The only sight that did please him was "the liberty men" from the *Selene* coming ashore in their white drill clothes. He saw them landing, and set down his basket to have a surer sight. He watched them as they came from the landing, and when he saw the people crowd round them he was in ecstasies. It was a "braw sight." The whiteness of the clothes gave a glitter even to Joe's fat face, "Me Bubbly Joe!" he shouted, to give his fellow-citizens a clear idea of his connection with the *Selene* and his proficiency in the English language.

Coffee was roasting in braziers in the street; coffee steamed from open doors; the air was filled with coffee. Archie hated the very smell. The jewellers' shops were full of splendours to the captain of the dinghy. The windows were filled with "gold and silver speeders' wabs." The filligree jewellery amazed him.

Sunday brought enterprising hucksters alongside, who desired to exchange "black dog for white monkey," and do a little "changey for changey," as suspicious bartering is named.

Cottlanders.—On the 22nd the children went ashore with the steward in Joe's boat, to see the town and buy some pets. Archie and Phil were detained as attendants, and Phil was pleased with the honour of doing body-guard. He combed out his whiskers—a feat that provoked serious grimacing. The lady's maid was going, and Archie and Phil did a deal of scrubbing. Billy thought the holystone would be needed.

When the party had landed, some wandering about the streets was enjoyed. Joe enquired after pigeons, and, with everything besides, they could be got in the market. In the market wonderful birds, dead and alive, were abundant. From Sicily, game in plenty were shown. But pigeons, and Barba, pigeons, were wanted, and Master James picked up a noble pair of big fellows, one of which reached the Clyde safely,

The Church of St. John's was visited. Guides waited like "angels" ;

the doorway. The guide taken was an art-critic as well ; he pointed out the pictures, and gave amazing names to the subjects. The tombs beneath were shown by another guide, who protected his own preserves by an iron gate. He was very talkative. He had "de body of all de saints" in his keeping. "Dis is de good padre Jerome ; he cure de sick ; great miss when he dead." Turning to the steward he said. "Know about Cotland and Cotlanders ! Cotland mighty fine place ! plenty money. He was Cotlander ; modre a Cotman." The steward said he believed it ; he had got his mother's tongue, and she must have belonged to Tom Pepper's family ; The guide was sure she did.

Hard by were shown the halls of the Palace, with an armoury filled with weapons. The coat-of-mail astonished Archie. Phil had seen better at Astley's and the Tower. The weapons were a wonder to Master James. The handspikes and rifles in the cabin were not half so dangerous. He would have loaded the Selene with them. Archie had a respect for cold steel ; he laid his fingers softly upon shining edges that had cleft helmet and skull. He was sure they had nothing finer to show in Armadale Castle. Master James and Miss Catherine were requested to sit in "Napoleon's carriage." It was dusty and would have spoiled the appearance of an Emperor. The armoury guide was likewise a Cotlander ; his "padre had fought under de great Nelson. His padre come from Corfu. All be rich gen'lemen are Cotlander. What was de steward's padre ? " "Dock-master at Camlachie," the steward replied. "Yes," the guide said ; "capitan at Camlachie. Hear about him ; very fine man." Turning to the lady's maid, he said—"Was de capitan's wife ? " "No, not the captain's wife." "Was de mate's wife ? " "No, not the mate's wife." "Was de engineer's wife ? " "No." "Was de mister steward's wife ? " "No." "Whose wife ? " "She was nobody's wife." "Ah, and de leetle lady and gen'leman were nobody's children ! " He got his backsheesh, and went his way rejoicing.

(To be continued.)

[From the pressure of other matter the following matches have unavoidably stood over until the present time, a recurrence of which we will in future prevent by increasing the number of pages in the *Magazine* during the yachting season.--ED.]

DARTMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta, commenced on August the 24th, with a match for the Rear-commodore's prize, a beautiful marine painting, by Taylor, open to yachts belonging to the Dart club ; the course was from Dartmouth range to Torquay and back, distance about 20 miles. The following yachts competed:—Tartar, yawl, 53 tons, B. C. Greenhill, Esq.; Wild Duck, yawl, 23 tons, H. D. Macaulay, Esq., Emmet, yawl, 30 tons,

H. Studdy, Esq.; Gondola, cutter, 20 tons, Lieut. H. Studdy. The Tartar, favoured with a fresh breeze from N.N.W., went along at a rate, the other three who hugged the shore, being in close company till reaching Torbay, where Emmett got within fifty yards of Tartar, but making some mistakes she fell considerably in the rear, but managed to get third on rounding the Torbay mark-boat. In the run home Tartar availed herself of all her canvas, gaining on her competitors every minute. The Emmet while off Berryhead carried away her top-sail and afterwards fell fourth. Time at finish:—Tartar 3h. 36m. 20s., Gondola 3h. 52m. 0s., Wild Duck 3h. 55m. 0s., Emmett 3h. 56m. 0s. Tartar saving her time thus won by 27s.

The second day was devoted to rowing matches, &c. of local interest.

The third day opened with a fresh breeze from the north-west, which increased in strength as the day advanced. The first contest was for a purse of £20, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons, given by the town of Dartmouth; time race. The following started:—Ildegonda, cutter, 15 tons, E. Lantry, Esq., and the Torch, cutter, 15 tons, S. Barbet, Esq., The Quiver and Petrel also entered but did not start, and the prize was reduced to £12. The Ildegonda took a decided lead which she maintained to the finish winning by 28m.

The next race was for a cup, value £21, given by G. F. Luttrall, Esq., for Dart Yacht club yachts not exceeding 35 tons; time race, for which the following started:—Emmet, Wild Duck, Gondola, and the Phoenix cutter, 35 tons, G. F. Seymour, Esq. Buccaneer and Heron also entered but did not start. The Gondola got away first, followed by Wild Duck, Phoenix next, and Emmet last. The Phoenix took up the leading position soon after starting, the Gondola being on her weather quarter, and Wild Duck under her lee, the Emmet acting as whipper in. After rounding the mark-boat they all felt the benefit of the freshening breeze, but all retained the same relative positions, though the Gondola, had rather a better wind than the others, and the Emmet had somewhat decreased the gap between herself and the leading vessel, and shortly afterwards she took second place, the Wild Duck being third, Gondola last. After they rounded the Blackstone mark-boat there was several changes in the positions of the competitors, the Gondola taking the lead of the fleet. The first round finished thus:—Gondola, Wild Duck, Emmet, and Phoenix last. During the next round the Gondola carried away her throat-halyards, and was passed by the Emmet, the latter from this point holding the lead to the finish, the race being concluded as follows:—Emmet 4h. 46m. 38s., Phoenix 4h. 49m. 50s., Wild Duck 4h. 57m. 5s., Gondola not timed.

A piece of plate, value £50, for yachts of thirty tons and upwards belonging to a recognised yacht club. Time race; the entries were:—Vindex, cutter, 45 tons, A. Duncan, Esq.; Fiona, cutter, 78 tons, E. Boutcher, Esq.; Oimara, cutter, 159 tons, J. Wylie, Esq.; Enid, yawl, 57 tons, G. Putland, Esq. A flying start was effected, the wind being N.N.W., a very light topsail breeze. The first to get round the starting point was the Fiona. She was followed by the Oimara, the Vindex being next, and Enid bringing up the rear. The Fiona quickly got out her spinnaker, an example which was soon followed by the others, and all set every inch of canvas to catch the breeze. The start mark-boat was rounded by the Oimara, Fiona, and Vindex, all close together. Directly after this the breeze freshened a little, and the Oimara drew a-head, with the Vindex close under her port quarter, the Fiona being to leeward of both, whilst the Enid had dropped astern, but after getting round the mark-boat she tacked in shore, with the object apparently of cheating the tide. Opposite the harbour the Fiona, to leeward, took second position just a-head of the Vindex, and both spun along for the Eastern Blackstone in fine style. The first round was completed in the following order, Oimara, Fiona, Vindex, Enid. In the next round there was very little to notice. The breeze held true, and the Oimara still continued to hold her lead, but the Fiona made greater head way than in the first round, steadily overhauling her huge opponent, and rapidly dropping the other two. Towards the end of the race there was great excitement, it being apparent that the result must be a matter of a few seconds between the first three. Ultimately the race was concluded as under:—Oimara 3h. 52m. 51s., Fiona 3h. 59m. 10s., Vindex 4h. 11m. 10s., Enid 4h. 29m. 42s. The Vindex thus won on her time allowance by 17s.

On the fourth day there was a match for a piece of plate, value £50, given by the Dart club, originally fixed to be sailed for on the 21st of June, but which had to be adjourned in consequence of want of wind. The course was outside Dartmouth harbour, from a mark-boat off the old Castle to another off Start Point, thence to one off the Mewstone and back again, twice round about forty miles; a time race; the following competed:—Tartar, yawl, 54 tons, B. C. Greenhill, Esq.; Vindex, cutter, 45 tons, A. Duncan, Esq.; Foxhound, cutter, 34 tons, Marquis of Ailsa; and Ildegonda, cutter, 15 tons, E. Langtry, Esq. The wind at starting was S.W., a nice fresh breeze, and it was consequently a dead beat up to the Start mark-boat. The Ildegonda was first to tack, followed immediately afterwards by Vindex and Tartar, but the Foxhound did not go about until nearly in a position to bear down on

the mark-boat, but she gained by the manœuvre. The Vindex was the first to round the mark-boat Foxhound second, Tartar third, and Ildegonda last. In going down before the wind all got out their spinnakers, the Foxhound setting watersail in addition, and before the mark-boat off the Mewstone was reached she had overhauled the Vindex, but again fell into second place in the next beat to windward. Ildegonda finding she had no chance, gave up at the close of the first round. They were timed on completion thus:—Vindex 4h. 23m. 30s., Foxhound 4h. 27m. 10s., Tartar 4h. 31m. 45s. The Foxhound won on her time allowance.

TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place on August 22nd, the first match on the programme was—a prize of £20, for cutters of twenty tons and under, belonging to a royal or recognised yacht club. First prize £15, second prize £5. Time race. Three-quarter-minute per ton up to fifteen tons, half-minute per ton above. The entries were Lizzie, 20 tons, C. H. Coddington, Esq.; Ildegonda, fifteen tons, E. Langtry, Esq.; Ianthe, 13 tons, Dunbar and Harvey, Esqrs.; Quiver, twelve tons, D. Chamberlayne, Esq.

The Quiver did not put in an appearance. They were started at 10h. 44m. 30s. The Lizzie was the first to get clear of her moorings, followed by Ildegonda; it was some time, however, before the Ianthe got her canvas set properly. The boats stood away through the squadron, off the baths, on the starboard tack, with the wind pretty well on the beam. After clearing out the sheets were eased off, the Lizzie and Ildegonda being close together. In this order they completed the first round.

Shortly after rounding the Ildegonda caught a squall, which carried away her mast, after which mishap, she of course gave up, the race finishing thus:—Lizzie 3h. 44m. 43s., Ianthe 4h. 10m. 5s.

A prize of £80 for cutters of forty tons and upwards, belonging to a royal or recognized yacht club. First prize £60, second £20. Time race, half Ackers' scale. The following started:—Oimara, 159 tons, J. Wylie, Esq.; Rose of Devon, 137 tons, E. Johnson, Esq.; Fiona, 13 tons, E. Boutcher, Esq.; Hironnelle, 68 tons, Lord H. G. Lennox; Vindex, 45 tons, A. Duncan, Esq., and Muriel, 40 tons, H. Bridson, Esq.

The signal gun was fired at 11h. 19m. 30s., and the Muriel was first under way, Rose of Devon next, and the Vindex third. All set j

topsails, the Rose of Devon soon taking the lead, and on nearing the easternmost mark-boat the Oimara was the only one of the competing craft near her. On completing the first round the Rose of Devon was a long distance a-head, but under Brixham the Oimara got pretty well up to her, with Fiona third. In the second round the Vindex carried away her topmast, but nevertheless continued the race. In this round also the Oimara passed the Rose of Devon, and held the lead to the finish thus:—Oimara 3h. 8m. 15s., Rose of Devon 3h. 12m. 38s., Fiona 3h. 17m. 40s., Hirondelle 3h. 36m. 20s., Vindex 3h. 39m. 40s.

As the Oimara had to allow Rose of Devon only 1m. 22s. she won the first prize, the Fiona taking second, as the Rose of Devon had to allow her 6m. 50s.

A purse of £10 for yachts of nine tons and under, three times round. Pixie, 9 tons, E. H. Le Breton, Esq.; Cymbeline, 4 tons, — Howell, Esq.; Nelly, 9 tons, — Restarick, Esq.; Cymbeline winning the first prize, Pixie second.

Second day.—A prize of £100 for schooners and yawls of not less than forty tons, belonging to a royal or recognized yacht club; £80 for the first yacht; the next yacht of the rig, other than that of the winner, to receive £20. Time race, R.Y.S. scale; yawls to have a quarter of their tonnage added; four times round Torbay. The following vessels started: —Egeria, schooner, 152 tons, J. Mulholland, Esq.; Gwendolin, schooner, 179 tons, Major W. Ewing; Flying Cloud, schooner, 75 tons, Count E. Batthyany; Enid, yawl, 56 tons, G. Putland, Esq.; and Tartar, yawl, 55 tons, B. C. Greenhill, Esq.

At starting there was a fresh breeze from the west. The Flying Cloud was the first away, closely followed by the Tartar and Enid, Egeria and Gwendolin bringing up the rear. The Tartar went along at a clipping rate before the wind, and soon overhauled the Flying Cloud and assumed a good lead, which she further improved on passing the first mark-boat. The Enid and Flying Cloud were in the meantime keeping close company, the other two vessels being also well up. In this order they rounded the next mark-boat off Berry Head, and thence they beat up to the third one off Goodrington Sands, where the Tartar, Enid, and Flying Cloud were close together. After this a splendid race between Flying Cloud and Enid resulted in the former drawing into second position, and close on the Tartar's weather quarter. Shortly afterwards Egeria and Gwendolin passed the Flying Cloud and Enid, but failed to overhaul the Tartar. Time of first round:—Tartar 12h. 5m. 49s., Gwendolin 12h. 6m. 17s., Egeria 12h. 7m. 24s., Flying Cloud 12h. 12m. 3s., and Enid 12h. 14m. 22s.

Early in the second round the Gwendolin ran past the Tartar, the Egeria still being third, whilst Flying Cloud was a long way ahead of the Enid. The Gwendolin completed the round first by four or five minutes. The Egeria and Flying Cloud came along next in close company, and although the former was first to round the committee-boat, the latter being the windward boat, cut her off cleverly immediately after turning, and took up a good second position. They rounded at:—Gwendolin 2h. 4m. 34s.; Egeria 2h. 9m. 44s.; Flying Cloud 2h. 10m. 2s.; Tartar 2h. 14m. 38s., Enid 2h. 15m. 38s.

In the third round the Gwendolin improved her lead very materially, and a long gap of water separated Egeria and Flying Cloud. In the run home, however, Flying Cloud overhauled the Egeria, and they rounded as follows:—Gwendolin, 3h. 41m. 12s., Flying Cloud, 3h. 58m. 2s., Egeria, 4h. 0m. 24s., Enid, 4h. 5m. 33s., and Tartar, 4h. 8m. 37s.

Pretty much the same order was kept throughout the next round, which was completed as follows:—Gwendolin, 5h. 22m. 13s., Flying Cloud, 5h. 41m. 16s., Egeria, 5h. 46m. 18s., Enid, 6h. 1m. 25s., and Tartar, 6h. 9m. 17s.

The Flying Cloud thus managed to save her time and win the first prize, with 2m. 43s. to spare. The Enid took the second prize on her time.

A prize of £40 presented by A. H. Deuby, Esq., for cutters of forty tons and under belonging to a royal or recognized yacht club. Time race, half Ackers' scale, three times round Torbay. The following were the competitors:—Muriel, 40 tons, H. Bridson, Esq.; Foxhound, 35 tons, Marquis of Ailsa, and Glance 35 tons T. R. Rushton, Esq.

The Lizzie and Ildegonda were also entered, but did not put in an appearance. The Muriel went away with the lead, the Foxhound being second, and Glance last. These relative positions were kept throughout, finishing at:—Muriel 4h. 15m., Foxhound 4h. 31m. 51s., and Glance 4h. 41m. 20s.

CLYDE CORINTHIAN MATCH.

THE Corinthian match of this club, which was unfinished on August the 20th from want of wind, was re-sailed on the 26th. The rendezvous was Rothesay Bay. The competing yachts were the Phantor cutter, 27 tons, D. M. Finlay, Esq.; Lelia, cutter, 30 tons, R. Ferguson Esq.; Helen, schooner, 10 tons, J. Ure, Esq. The Aglaia, also entered to run, did not compete. Mr. J. A. Lockett again placed the Sna.

schooner at the service of the club as flagship, and through a long day attended to his duties as V.C. The Earl of Glasgow, on board the Valetta, s. s., was also some portion of the day in the bay, and showed his usual interest in the proceedings. The regulations only admitted two paid hands aboard of each yacht, the balance of the crew being members of the C.Y.C., or privileged in some other respect. The owner of the Phantom has the reputation of being an admirable steersman and his Corinthians were a chosen crew. The owner of the Leila seldom takes the wrong side of a buoy, but his friends may not have been the old salts Mr. Finlay had captured. The Helen was under the command of her owner, whose family are clever at the ropes. On board the Leila we presented rather a motley crowd, belonging to varied professions, and bearing rather a fresh-water look about us. Blue caps and even club crests would not hide white hands, the awkwardness of landmen in clearing loose ropes and keeping inside the lee rail, which fortunately continued to present a visible barrier throughout the day. The hoisting of the sails was a sufficient test to discover the amateur's "velvet paw," and Tim the skipper was rather wickedly intent upon giving the gentlemen a day of it. Mostly owners of boats on their own account, the Leila's Corinthians were hardly up to the work of a thirty-tonner, but they got along fairly. With fore sheet to windward, the Leila was hanging on for the first gun, and just as the second was fired she stopped past the buoy, with little Helen upon her weather side. The Phantom was something later, but when she came down on the Ardine Buoy the first on the course, she was going as if she had not a minute to spare. The flag-boat, put mischievously inshore, gave the Leila, drawing more water than the Phantom, a double gybe off Ardine Point. The Phantom with not so much scent for the bottom, went nearer and got out spinnaker while the Leila's crew were overhauling their sheets. Phantom's spinnaker was handsomely set, and the fast old boat was going down the shoal toward shore as if she had a steamboat ahead and fifty fathoms of water under her. The Leila's Corinthians were over-anxious, and, finding that the spinnaker was lifting off the land, seized it impatiently, and brought it down with twenty feet of daylight through the middle of it. Tom went below for sail needles and a hank of sail thread, and a row of tailors were immediately squatted on the deck, to the amusement of Phantom's crew, now clear of the perch and heading for the Skelmorlie Buoy, under the impression they had only to walk the course. The rent in the spinnaker was certainly formidable to sewers who had possibly fixed a shirt-button, but a seam was made, somewhat various in its outline. With or without spinnaker, the Leila was bound to go, and

indeed she went very well rounding Skelmorlie, fetching up a fine breeze of north wind, and promising to get alongside the Phantom before that becalmed clipper got her head canted towards the Largs shore. The Leila was going famously. The Corinthians on board were full of confidence that they had some hand in her speed. The Phantom slowly canted as the wind reached her, and the Helen schooner was following the Leila. Ever since this schooner beat the Torch at Greenock she has been regarded with alarm, and she was fast reaching down with the breeze upon her quarter. The lee buoy at Largs was hauled round, and on the wind the Leila looked as if she would get alongside of her opponent; but the breeze was too light. The Corinthians hoped for one that would smother the smaller cutter, but it would not freshen. At her rail the Phantom lay steady; the Leila was barely at her covering board. A gust would come, and the Leila come up, and again the Phantom slipped away in the lighter wind. The Helen, instead of working dead on end for Rothesay Bay, held on up the river along the Skelmorlie shore, saving the ebb water, and ready for a slant across when the tide checked. The result was her sudden appearance under Leila's quarter in Rothesay Bay, with the look of being able to claim her time. The unsteady wind off the Ascog shore had brought the Phantom well up, and, while the Leila with her deeper draught was getting the weight of the ebb out of the Kylea, the Phantom was closing up on the commodore. Both yachts made a short tack under Valetta's stern, and, while Leila was heading for the buoy, the topsail halyard burst, and the sail came down by run. Angus, whose day's work had been travelling up and down the hoops, had another journey to the mast-head, and got the old halyard knotted. One or two of the Corinthians clutched at the hoops as if they were anxious to go aloft, but none of them uttered a remonstrance when Angus led the way. When the halyard was again fast, the Corinthians hove away with a will, and with sufficient noise to make it be believed they had done it all themselves. The Leila, with a foot or two of the sheet away, was going down to the Ardine buoy at a great pace. The buoy seemed to have got further inshore, dangerously near, but Leila was gybed round it; gybed again, and the spinnaker-boom was over her side. The breeze was freshening nicely. With a reef in the sole of it, the spinnaker was up at once, and the Leila travelling down the Toward shore in the wake of the Phantom, so fast that the loss of time with the torn spinnaker and the burst halyard was not lamented over. With the wind coming away steadier, the Leila would make short work of it in the turn to windward. The wind came more easterly, the Leila's spinnaker would not stand, and while

The Phantom was close on Skelmorlie the Leila's crew had to lower away. The buoy was taken as short as possible, and with a promising gust the Leila was running for Largs at a pace that ought to be taking Phantom in. But Phantom had, as many a boat has in Clyde, a wind of her own and was hauling round the Largs buoy, with Leila a long way behind. But the Corinthians knew that Leila would do it as soon as the lee buoy was passed. Jubilant in this belief, they made themselves comfortable, and talked kindly of the Phantom's crew and their coming disappointment, which would, however, be softened by the capture of the second prize—a handsome silver cup, presented by J. A. Lockett, Esq., Vice-Commodore. The Phantom would not be caught; sometimes the Leila would come up with a spurt, and again the Phantom would go off with another. A heavy jib which had been bothering the owner of the Leila was lowered, a smaller one set, and a good deal of hauling at sheets enjoyed by the Corinthians, whose palms were showing evident signs of blistering. With the smaller jib the big boat went along in another style, lifting with the puffs, and again looking dangerous. But the Phantom, somehow, got the first of the breeze, and always the best of it, so the Corinthians thought, and Tom was appealed to for information about the “flans” and “sawers” of wind off Ascog and Toward. Tom was not inclined to be decisive in his information, and mainly contented himself with objections to staying the yacht every ten minutes, which one portion of the crew, claiming the owner's casting vote, were most desirous of. The Phantom was always going about across Leila's bowsprit end, and why should not Leila do the same? Tom urged a more independent and dignified course, but his face plainly betrayed that he considered the race lost. The breeze was coming away better, and the commodore was some way off. But the Phantom had got a fine slant along the Ascog shore, and was standing right away into Toward Castle. Heaving about, the Phantom lay right into the commodore. The Leila, with a good breeze, was weathering Bognaye, but had the wind too light yet. The Helen was considerably astern, and the Vice-Commodore's cup became suddenly a valuable trophy on board the Leila. Anyone might win a club cup, but a private gift was always more to be prized. The Phantom was welcome to the first prize, and the Corinthians were quite pleased as the roll of the second gun swept across the bay. The anchor was let go, and in the cabin it was unanimously voted that if it had not been for the spinnaker and the topsail halyard the race would have been won. The yachts were timed at the close as follows: Phantom 7h. 55m. 40s., Leila 8h. 10m. 12s.—*The Field*.

BRIGHTON REGATTA

CAME off on July 19th, the first race being for the Town Cup, value 100 guineas for schooners and yawls; to sail according to R.Y.S. measurement, and time allowance. The entries were Guinevere, 284 tons, Capt. Thellusson; Gwendolin, 179 tons, Major Ewing; Pleaid, 181 tons, J. D. Gibb, Esq; Abeona, 25 tons, Dr. T. Fuller, and Wild Duck, 23 tons, Lieut. Macaulay, R.N., (the two latter entered as 100 tons in order to be qualified to compete,) but only the Guinevere and Wild Duck started, the former took the lead, which she maintained, winning by upwards of an hour.

The next was a prize cup, value 50 guineas, open to cutters belonging to any royal yacht club, irrespective of tonnage. The entries were the Surge, 52 tons, H. Bessemer, junr., Esq; Vindex, 45 tons, A. Duncan, Esq.; Elaine, 36 tons, E. Round, Esq.; Fairlie, 14 tons, J. L. Limbert, Esq.

The course was from the West Pier to a flag-boat one mile off Rottingdean, thence four miles to S.S.W., thence eight miles N.N.W., thence to a flag-boat moored one mile off the entrance of Shoreham harbour, and back between the committee boat the West Pier; twice round. All started with the exception of Vindex; the wind was W.S.W., a very light topsail breeze which however freshened as the day wore on. The Surge was first away, and immediately set her spinnaker for a short run to the eastward, the little Fairlie carrying an enormous balloon-jib, following close on her starboard quarter, the Elaine with square-rails set, being last; all three on the starboard tack. Just beyond the East Pier the Fairlie ran by the Surge, and took the lead, but after passing the second mark buoy the superior power of the Surge told most unmistakably in the beat to windward, and she rapidly weathered her pigmy opponent. From this point she left her, hand over hand, and on the completion of the first round was fully a-mile-and-a-half ahead. Throughout the second round Mr. Bessemer's smart little cutter, favoured by a somewhat fresher breeze, gradually crept still further away from her two opponents, and ultimately came in three-quarters of an hour ahead, the time at the conclusion being, Surge 4h. 39m., Elaine and Fairlie 5h. 24m. The Elaine and Fairlie kept close company throughout the whole of the second round, and passed the flag-boat beam and beam. The Surge took the prize, having saved her time from Fairlie. The usual matches between the local boats terminated the regatta.

WEYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place in Weymouth Bay, on July 25th, the weather was delightfully fine, and the attendance large, but the sport somewhat meagre, there being only three entries for each yacht race. The first prize was a piece of plate value £50 the gift of H. Edwards, Esq., M.P. Time allowance 20s. per ton up to 50 tons, 15s. per ton from 50 to 100 tons., and 10s. per ton above 100 tons; yawls to sail as schooners; twice round the course,

(about 24 miles). The following started:—Flying Cloud, schooner, 75 tons, Count Batthyany; Bird, yawl, 77 tons, W Bird, Esq.; Gwendolin, schooner, 179 tons, Major Ewing. The Flying Cloud took the lead which she maintained to the finish, time being—Flying Cloud 5h. 19m. 42s., Gwendolin, 5h. 31m. 5s., Bird 5h. 52m. 45s.

The next match was a prize of £50 sovs., open to cutters of 30 tons, and not exceeding 80 tons. The conditions were the same as in the schooner race for which the following started:—Fiona, cutter, 78 tons, E. Boutcher, Esq.; Rosebud, cutter, 50 tons, T. Chamberlayne, Esq.; Vanguard, cutter, 60 tons, Col. Verschoyle, which was won by the Vanguard at 3h. 34m. 5s., Fiona 3h. 57m. 15s., Rosebud 4h. 2m. 50s. Several other matches of local interest also took place.

GUERNSEY REGATTA.

On August 4th the above regatta took place, and although a fog prevailed through the greater part of the day, and there was less wind than was desirable, the sports attracted a large concourse of spectators, who found ample accommodation on the extensive harbour works or at Castle Cornet, which the Lieutenant-Governor had kindly placed at the regatta committee.

A race for yachts under 16 tons; time race, half-minute per ton. First prize, Ladies' cup, value £10. Second prize cup, value £5. Distance, three times round the course. Owners, or an authorised representative on board. For which the following vessels entered:—Ranger, cutter, 14 tons, Capt. E. J. Collings; Gem, cutter, 4 tons, J. Murray, Esq.; Rover, cutter, 12 tons, S. Barbet, Esq., and L'Etoile, schooner, 9 tons, Major Tupper. The Ellen also entered but did not arrive in time. The start took place at 11h 33m. The Gem took the lead of L'Etoile, who in turn had a lead of from Rover of 1m. 30s., and the Rover was allowed 1m. from Ranger on account of time allowance for tonnage.

The Ranger in running for the Red buoy set a spinnaker, which materially assisted her in overhauling Rover, who went along without showing signs of having such a wind catcher aboard. These two boats went working along the shores of Herm and Jethou, out of the way of the tides. Gem and the L'Etoile preferred working in shore, and reached away towards the breakwater. Rover, when came on a wind, took a decided lead and maintained it throughout. On the second round it was a hard fight for the second place, 5m. being the time between Ranger and Gem, and only 2m. betwixt her and L'Etoile. The final round was completed thus—Rover 5h. 30m., Ranger 6h. 33m., Gem and L'Etoile gave up. The regatta concluded with several sailing and rowing matches.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

This regatta took place on August 23rd, the first prize being a purse of £20, divided into two, £15, for first and £5 for second, for yachts of any rig

not exceeding 30 tons. The entries were :—The Red Rover, cutter, 15 tons, S. Nightingale, Esq.; the Otter, yawl, 26 tons, I. Preston, jun. Esq.; and the Halcyon, cutter, 8 tons, I. Preston, junr., Esq.

The course was a double triangle, marked out by buoys, and was sailed over three times, making about 36 miles in all. The start was effected at 12h. 30m. The yachts all got under weigh pretty well together until they rounded the first buoy, when the Red Rover, gradually drew away from the others. When about two-thirds round the course the Halcyon carried away her peak halyards, and became out the race. The two others completed the first round thus ;—Red Rover 1h. 20m. 15s.; Otter 1h. 30m. 40s.

In the second the Otter, the wind being rather fresh, carried away her jib and cross-trees, and the accident told slightly in favour of the Red Rover. The second round, Red Rover, 2h. 14m. 2s.; Otter, 2h. 15m. 45s. Third round, Red Rover, 3h. 7m. 25s.; Otter, 3h. 16m. 55s.

The Red Rover took the £15, while the Otter received the £5.

The second yacht match was for a purse of £15, divided into prizes £10 and £5, and was sailed for by local cutters or latteen-rigged river yachts. Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club measurement was observed, with the usual time allowance of half-a-minute per ton. The course was the same as in the former match, but was reduced to two rounds. The yachts which entered were the Lethe, 9 tons, G. Gandy, Esq.; Zoe, 9 tons, J. Stanley, Esq.; Vivid, 6 tons, Crane and Barge, Esqrs.; Vindex 9 tons. J. Tomlinson, Esq. The Lethe did not finish the course. The three others completed the first round as follows :—Vivid 3h. 4h. 55m.; Zoe 3h. 5m. 55s.; Vindex 3h. 9m. 13s.

In the second round the Zoe worked past the others, and she came in first, but protests were entered both by the Vivid and the Vindex, on the ground that in rounding one of the buoys the Zoe did not give way to the Vivid as she ought to have done, while the Vindex alleged that the Zoe had actually run into her. Subject to these protests, which were referred, of course, to the committee, the second round closed thus :—Zoe 4h. 25m. 50s.; Vivid 4h. 27m. 30s.; Vindex, 4h. 28m. 10s.

As the Zoe had to allow the Vivid 1m. 30s. she would have only 10s. to spare under any circumstances.

MALAHIDE REGATTA.

CAME off on July 5th, the first match for the Malahide cup, 15 sovs. open to all yachts not exceeding 15 tons. Time allowance 45s. per ton. The Amba, Magnet, Queen Mab, Mora, Ripple, 12 tons, G. Murney, Esq., and Queen, 15 tons, W. R. Johnston, Esq. entered, but only the two latter started. There was a nice breeze from the south-west, and the Queen set a jib-headed topsail, the Ripple had her mainsail reefed with topmast housed. When the gun fired both got well away together on the starboard tack, close hauled, but the Queen rounded the first mark about 20s. in advance. The Ripple now sent up her topmast and set a square-header for the run to the flag-boat off Lambay, but was not able to catch the Queen, who hauled round it a couple of minutes before

her. Both then housed topmasts and prepared for a dead muzzler to the Lady Hobart Buoy. The Queen was at this mark six minutes in advance of the Ripple, and on the run back to the flag-boat on the bar she set balloon foresail and rounded it still further a-head. In the beat up the Channel for the finish at the flag-vessel the Queen still continued to polish off her antagonist, winning by 7m. 30s. after the time allowance.

The next match open to all yachts not exceeding 7 tons, time allowance, 1m. per ton. The yachts that started were the Myrrha, schooner, A. Falkner, Esq.; Nikomi, 6 tons, E. H. Smith, Esq.; Cygnet, 3 tons, W. Doyle, Esq.; Peri, 5 tons, J. E. Rogers, Esq.; Torment, 5 tons, J. Todhunter, Esq.; Ino, 6 tons, R. E. Lloyd, Esq. They got well away together, the Myrrha leading round the Lady Hobart flag-boat, followed by the Nikomi and Peri. But in the beat back and turn up the Gut, the Peri got in front, and they passed the flag-ship thus: Peri, Myrrha, Nikomi, Torment, Cygnet and Ino. On the run out the Myrrha set her fore-topsail, and sailed ahead of Peri out to the Lady Hobart buoy, which she rounded 3m. in advance, and retained her lead on the journey back, until she went aground on the northern bank of the Gut, where she stuck for upwards of five minutes, but got off in sufficient time to take second place at the conclusion of the match, when the time was Peri 2h. 21m. 30s., Myrrha 2h. 26m. Several boat races and four-oared gig matches followed.

HYTHE REGATTA.

THIS regatta, the principal promoter of which was Count E. Batthyany, of the Flying Cloud, aided by the neighbouring gentry, took place on July 24th, and favoured with beautiful weather, a most enjoyable and successful day's sport resulted, prizes to a considerable amount being offered. The principal match was a prize for yachts of 21 tons and under, R.T.Y.C. measurement, Time race, 2m. per ton; first prize a silver flower stand, value £15, second ditto, value £5 10s., third a silver goblet. The entries were:—Ildegonda, 15 tons, E. Langtry, Esq.; Gipsy, 15 tons, T. W. Palmer, Esq.; Quiver, 12 tons, Captain Chamberlayne; Phantom, 12 tons, G. Bishop, Esq.; Wasp, 12 tons, Officers of 25th. Regt.; Ibis, 10 tons, S. Smith, Esq.; Zephyr, 9 tons, J. Maule, Esq. A light E.N.E. breeze prevailed at starting time. The course appointed to be sailed over was from the committee steamer to a mark off the Southampton Pier, hence round marks off Netley Hospital, three times round. All but the Ildegonda got well off, but the latter when fairly set going soon showed the way through their lees, and with a soldier's wind, on all sides of the course, it was "a horse to a hen" on her not being again overhauled. With her hull and canvas looking equal to any 20-tonner she kept gaining on the long reach for the first round about one minute in every mile on the Quiver, the latter's sails looking no larger than a boat's compared to Hatcher's 15-tonner. The Phantom showed herself an undoubtedly fast little boat, and fairly beat the Zephyr, the Ibis sailing a good race with the latter. The times of the first round were:—Ildegonda 12h. 39m. 0s.; Quiver 12h. 47m. 0s.; Phantom 12h. 50m. 0s.; Zephyr 12h. 52m. 30s.; Ibis 12h. 53m. 0s.; Gipsy 12h. 57m. 0s. Continuing in these positions until passing the station-boat on their way down, the breeze became paltry, and the Phantom getting into a calm was passed by both Zephyr and Ibis, and by this misadventure had to pull back into fifth place, the Ildegonda

breaking off her course, and having to make two tacks, and a hard niggie for the mark, whilst the Quiver, Zephyr, and Ibis were able to lay their course without starting tacks. During the third round the breeze freshened, and the Ildegonda burst her large jib, and the Zephyr and Ibis, on this last round reached Phantom, as did Ildegonda and Captain Chamberlayne's cutter. The following is the time of second and winning rounds:—Second round, Ildegonda 1h. 39m. 0s.; Quiver 1h. 45m. 0s.; Zephyr 2h. 0m. 0s.; Iris 2h. 2m. 30s.; Phantom, 2h. 4m. 30s. Third round, Ildegonda 2h. 42m. 32s., Quiver 2h. 53m. 10s., Zephyr 3h. 6m. 10s.; Iris 3h. 11m. 45s.; Phantom 3h. 13m. 30s. The Ildegonda thus won first prize, the Quiver second, and the Zephyr third.

SOUTHAMPTON REGATTA CLUB.

This club held its regatta on August 18th, the weather being extremely fine, and the matches well disputed, affording amusement to a large and fashionable company. A prize of £20 was given for yachts not exceeding 14 tons. Entries as follows:—Ildegonda, 15 tons, E. Langtry, Esq.; Fairlie, 15 tons, J. A. Lambert, Esq.; Ibis, 9 tons, J. S. Smith, Esq.; Quiver, 12 tons, Captain Chamberlayne. Ildegonda, through having to sail off with Vampire for possession of Count Batthyany's cup at R.A.C. Southsea, could not be present, and Fairlie was unable to get round in time from the same place, consequently the affair thus resolved itself into a match between Quiver and Ibis. The pair started at 10h. 57m. in a broiling sun, and with the faintest of north-east draughts during the first round, but subsequently a fresh breeze came out, and topmasts were housed for the rest of the match, which was all reaching, and in fact nothing better than a walk over for the Quiver, who won with fourteen minutes to spare from Ibis.

The Borough Members' Plate, presented by the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., and P. M. Hoare, Esq., to be sailed for by boats not exceeding 26ft. in length, manned by amateurs, was won by the Pearl, T. P. Payne, Esq., beating four others. There was about £20 given in prizes for rowing boats, the whole concluding with a display of fireworks.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A MEETING of this Institution was held on Thursday, 6th October, at its house, John-street, Adelphi: Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present Sir E. Perrott, Bart.; Admiral Ryder; Sir William Clayton, Bart.; Admiral M'Hardy; Colonel Palmer; Captain Ward, R.N.; and Richard Lewis, Esq. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the silver medal of the Institution, a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, and £1, were granted to Mr. John Cummins, coxswain of the Arklow life-boat, and £14 to the crew of the boat, in acknowledgment of their gallant services in putting off in that boat, on the 2nd September during a heavy south-westerly gale, and saving the master and his wife a

the crew of three men from the schooner *Dove*, of Barrow, which became a total wreck on the Arklow Sandbank. When rescued from the rigging, the five poor creatures were in a most exhausted state, as they had been exposed for some hours before their perilous position was discovered, the darkness of the night preventing their being seen, and they being too far from the shore for their cries for help to be heard. Much risk was run by the life-boatmen in effecting this rescue, their boat having been repeatedly filled by very heavy seas.

The sum of £9. 4s. were also granted to pay the expenses of the Green-castle (Londonderry) life-boat in going off during a very heavy gale and in a tremendous sea, on the 9th September, and saving the crew of four men from the dismasted schooner *Caroline Martin*, of Glasgow, as she was driving on the Tun Bank. The men had a hard struggle against the heavy wind and sea, but happily their determined efforts to save the endangered men were crowned with success.

The Newbiggin and Cullercoats life-boats had also recently been instrumental in performing good service by bringing safely to shore two fishing cobles and their crews, numbering seven men; the boats had been overtaken by gales of wind, and would doubtless have been lost with all hands had it not been for the timely aid afforded by the life-boats. The Maryport life-boat had also rendered material service to the ship *Atlas*, of Stavanger, which was in a dangerous position off that life-boat station; the vessel was afterwards brought safely into harbor.

The Ramsgate life-boat had been out on service three times in the course of the past month in reply to signals of distress during stormy weather; on the last occasion the boat remained for some hours alongside the smack *Emblem*, of Colchester, at the request of the master, until the vessel, which had gone on the Goodwin Sands, was enabled to get safely out of her dangerous position.

Rewards amounting to £92 were also granted to the crews of the life-boats at Whitburn, Palling, Hasborough, Newhaven, Teignmouth, Holyhead, New Brighton, Southport, Whitehaven, Campbeltown, Dundalk, and Courtown for different services during the past month. £5 was also voted to the crew of a fishing boat belonging to Cullen, N.B., for saving under praiseworthy circumstances, four of the crew of another boat, which had been capsized near Cairnbulg Head, on the Scotch coast during a strong westerly gale, on the 12th September.

Various other rewards were likewise granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3,000 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. The Institution is earnestly appealing for support to meet the constant heavy expenditure on its large life-saving fleet, now numbering 223 boats.

The Bristol Histrionic Club had just sent £40 to the Institution, being their contribution for the current year in aid of the support of their life-boat, named the *Bristol and Clifton*; T. H. N. had also forwarded £10 to the Institution as "a thanksgiving for a safe voyage;" £11. had also been

realised for the life-boat fund by an entertainment given in the Clovelly Life-boat House by four Cambridge University gentlemen, and others; £3. 5s. 4d. had likewise been collected by Captain Hammond, after an amateur performance on board the Union steam ship Cambrian on her last voyage to England from the Cape.

A legacy of £50. had been left to the Institution by the late S. S. Allen, Esq., of Finsbury. New life-boats had recently been forwarded by the Institution to Palling, Norfolk, and Portloe, Cornwall, where public demonstrations had taken place on the occasion of the arrival and first launch of the boats, the Earl of Shaftesbury assisting at the inauguration of the Palling new life-boat station. It was also decided to form a life-boat station at Moville, county Donegal, and to send a new life-boat to Greencastle, Londonderry.

Reports were read from the inspector and assistant inspector of life-boats to the Institution on their recent visits to the coast, and the proceedings then terminated.

Editor's Locker.

TIME ALLOWANCE.

SIR.—Will you kindly explain to me, for the information of a foreign yacht club, the rules regulating the time given by larger to smaller yachts in match sailing. I refer here to yachts of between 10 and 35 tons.

Supposing, for instance, the race were simply to turn to windward for five miles, what time might a yacht of say 35 tons give to one of 24 tons.

The scale given in your yacht list is not quite understood by the committee of the club to which I refer.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

RED WITH SILVER FLEUR-DE-LYS.

[The time allowance given by larger vessels to smaller ones must of necessity depend upon the length of the course. The large vessel is supposed to sail so many knots, or fractions of a knot, an hour faster than a smaller vessel and consequently in so many miles she will gain so many minutes, all allowance of time therefore is framed on this basis. We know no such short course as that suggested by our correspondent but perhaps a reference to the P.A.Y.C. rules will best answer his question. By those rules, which are on the same principles as those of the R.Y.S., a vessel of 10 tons competing with a vessel of 35 tons would have to travel over a course of 27 miles and receive an allowance of 17 minutes and 18 seconds.—ED.]

MESSRS. STEELE & Co., of Greenock have just laid the keel of a 98 ton cutter, for T. Houldsworth, Esq., of Glasgow.

THE NIOBE we believe has changed hands and will come out next season in racing trim.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1st, 1870.

ON CENTRE-BOARDS.

IN OUR number of last month we published a letter from a valued American correspondent on the above subject, wherein he gives his views of the great advantages that centre-boards are supposed to have over the deeper class of vessel as ordinarily built in this country, and he renumerates in a most clear manner those advantages seriatim.

Doubtless the victory of the "Magic" which is fitted with a centre-board has been the cause of again bringing this question before the public, and had our correspondent confined the expression of his opinion to that class of vessel we should have been loth to enter into any discussion on the subject, as it is probable that the centre-board may be introduced into a vessel of that class without being attended with those drawbacks and inconveniencies which must attend its adoption in a small vessel such as he describes.

Now with a large vessel of the "Magic" class, her very size carries with it such an amount of weight and power as enables her to carry her canvas without difficulty in a sea-way notwithstanding her light draught of water, then the same size will not only give sufficient length for a very fine entrance but will also give ample accommodation in spite of her shallow construction, but in a small vessel the case is totally different.

In the first place, referring to the remarks made by our correspondent, we cannot admit that a small class centre-board vessel will "work better to windward and especially in a sea-way," the experience that we have had of the centre-boards imported from America, and of others copied in this country, when matched against a deeper kind of craft of the same measurement by no means leads to this conclusion, and it certainly does seem upon the face of it something more than doubtful that a vessel with a draught of 3ft. 9in., exclusive of artificial assistance in that way, and carrying less than three tons of ballast should be able to compete on equal terms with another of the same measurement drawing some 8ft. and carrying from twelve to fourteen tons of ballast—which would be the case with one of our vessels of that class—in a position where one of the chief hopes of success would depend upon weight and power.

As regards taking the ground, we most readily admit that such a qualification is most desirable, and particularly in this country where dry harbours are the rule, and we, of course, also admit that her light draught of water would have enormous advantages on our coast where many a time a bar harbour has to be made and a dirty night at sea may be avoided.

In running before the wind the advantage of a centre-board of the size named by our correspondent would not be so great as might be generally supposed over vessels of the deeper English class, as the principal element to obtain speed—length—cannot of course be got to the same extent in a vessel of three times her beam as can be obtained in a vessel of nearly five times, as is the case with our own craft, and with such length again the advantage of a much finer entrance would be very considerable. Then in running in a sea-way our correspondent freely admits that the centre-board is wild in steering, even so far as to necessitate a wheel, in our opinion a very serious defect, and one which is of course attributable to her want of length and want of depth, as of course a short vessel is much more likely to broach-to than a longer vessel, and the rudder of a shallow vessel has less power than that of a deep vessel and consequently requires more leverage than the latter, which will steer like a *l. ail* boat.

Then imagine running before such a sea as we occasionally come across in the races of the Bishops, the South Stack or the Skerries, with a boom 12ft. over your taffrail! We should prefer being in

one of the lighthouses looking on, as she would soon find a sea in her mainsail that would astonish her.

Then again in reaching the centre-board would have no chance whatever, as here a long floor and plenty of power are indispensable requisites to success, and even though there may be differences of opinion as regards the constructive stability of the two there can be no doubt on which side the length is, so that taking all these matters into consideration, and the fact that most of our courses are so planned as to test every point of sailing, we are somewhat doubtful as to the advantages that would be derived from the centre-board system.

It is an error to suppose that our law of measurement causes the exclusion of the centre-boards from our regattas, the fact is that though very properly the aim of all our clubs is the encouragement of building the most seaworthy vessel combined with the greatest speed and the greatest possible accommodation, and though we do not look with favourable eyes on these shallow and uncomfortable craft, yet we are quite sure our law of measurement does not exclude them; but inasmuch as over some of our courses they would be able to dodge the tide by hoisting up their centre-boards while the deep vessel would be enjoying the full benefit of the said tide, our clubs very properly exclude a class of vessel having such exclusive advantages.

Then taking the very important item of accommodation into consideration, it will be seen on comparing the centre-board with some of our own craft that an enormous balance is in favour of the latter. The vessel described in the *Magazine* would measure nineteen tons and would have to sail in the Lizzy and Kittiwake class; now the accommodation of these two vessels is much the same, and as our correspondent wishes for information of this point we will describe them; both have large forecabin for three men, then a patent W.O. on one side of the mast with a pantry and passage on the other side, then comes the main cabin some 10ft. by 10ft. with good sofa berths on either side, and a height *under the deck* of 5ft. 3in. or 5ft. 6in.! then in the Kittiwake comes a small space for the companion ladder with sail room on either side, and aft of this, in both, another cabin with sleeping berths and washing apparatus and 6ft. under the skylights and if we compare this and the accommodation of the centre-board it will be seen that the one is a little ship and the other nothing but a boat.

Were all our courses like the Kingstown course we should say by all means admit the centre-board, but as all our courses are not like that at Kingstown, but many of them tidal rivers, and taking into consideration all we have said on the subject of the sailing power and accommodation of both, we must say that we doubt the advantage of introducing the centre-board system in England, but at the same time we should very much like to see some American yachtsmen send over such a centre-board as our correspondent describes, and we are quite sure that one or more of the owners of our fast twenty-tonners would be happy to have a friendly trial with him, when we should have something more than the little experience we have had and a certain amount of conjecture to go by.

LAND WAIFS BY A YACHTSMAN.*

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER due consultation with the local time tables we made up our minds that the night express was the correct means of locomotion, as in the first place we found that it got over the ground faster than the day express, and in the next place one avoided the mid-day sun which in that particular locality and season was anything but agreeable to our northern temperament; so the night of the 24th September found us at the railway station of Florence, where the "Salle d'Attente" was no exception to the general rule of other Italian waiting rooms which, though we have no fault to find with their comfort, more resemble the cattle sheds of a north country steading than anything else we can at this moment think of, as the different classes are divided from each other by low partitions, much as the British two, three, and four-year old animals are kept separate; neither were the Florentine arrangements for the despatch of the unfortunate traveller from the hotel different from other towns as we found ourselves at the station, after weighing and registering the luggage and getting our ticket, nothing more or less than a whole half-hour before the time for the departure of the train.

In England we should have been in despair, but fortunately the management of the "via ferrata" in Italy is a very different affair from what it is on one of our lines, where the time fixed has too often no reference whatever to the actual departure of the train, whereas in Italy it really does mean "going" so that at 10h. 25m., just five minutes before the

* Continued from page 216.

appointed hour, the door of the "Salle d'Attente" was flung open and a somewhat pompous official sung out the well known "parteuza" followed by a string of words of which we could only catch such last syllables as "ezzia" "isa" or "ona" until the short but magic word Roma acted like electricity as we rushed to the platform to secure seats.

Now after all our travelling at different times and in different countries we certainly should have bought a sufficient amount of experience to make us aware that the procuring of a half filled carriage without the powerful intervention of a well filled purse was out of the question; and we should have acted a wiser part, as we had no intention of spending our money in that way, if instead of going from one end of the train to the other in quest of a tolerably empty carriage we had at once walked into the first compartment and taken our chance of its being full or otherwise in due course, as after all our rushing about we had to get into a carriage already fully packed with the exception of the two seats we required, the others being occupied by two stout representatives of the masculine gender and their no less stout consorts whose nationality there was no mistaking, as even had not their speech betrayed them the slice of bread and German sausage which soon made their appearance, and the encumbered nails, and the smooth face with the exception of one or two little tufts, bespoke them members of the Fatherland whom we soon ascertained were bound to Naples.

The night was even more than usually close so that the near proximity of our stout friends imparted such a warming-pan heat as precluded the possibility of sleep, until exhausted nature could hold out no longer, when in spite of heat, limited space, and consequently cramped limbs we rolled off into an uneasy slumber which lasted until rudely broken about 4h. a.m., by a bull's eye lanthorn and the shouting of a gendarme for passports, which at once explained to us that we were now out of the land of freedom and on the Papal frontier; and may be we did not consign the Papal gendarme to that place which is alone now open to us without a competitive examination, and may be we did not then and there give our immediate vote for the disestablishment of his Holiness for still clinging to the all but exploded system of passports; whether the gendarme is now going through the course of brimstone without the treacle that we recommended we know not, but certainly his Holiness has not long remained disestablished since we inwardly recorded our vote, and all we can say is that we hope he may long continue in that state (or rather want of state) for it is impossible not to be struck with the vast difference of the management of every thing connected with public matters in the Papal kingdom and that of Italy.

Directly you step over the frontier you cannot fail to see the difference; the gendarmerie of his Holiness are ill dressed, ill set up, and altogether an inferior looking class of men to what they are under Victor Emanuel who really keeps every thing as well organised as in France; then the railway stations appear as dirty and as ill conducted under his Holiness as they are the reverse under the King.

We were delayed an hour on the frontier, and just that hour which is the most disagreeable of the twenty-four to be kept waiting doing nothing, as after a night's travel to see the day gradually disclosing the generally seedy and unclean appearance of one's fellow passengers and knowing that it is the old story of the "pot and the kettle" is by no means a cheerful picture, or looking glass, so that we were not sorry when the "partenza" once more started us off for Rome, and it was with a light heart that we again stepped into the carriage knowing that barring accident we should soon be at the end of a somewhat long and tedious journey and on the point of visiting scenes that conversation and reading has made us so familiar with and yet we had never visited, scenes that are and must be of the greatest interest to every educated mind.

By the time we had recommenced our journey the sun had fairly lit up the surrounding country and we whirled past at express speed the cultivated vineyard the uncultivated forest and the rushing torrent so characteristic of Italian landscape, but soon all this changed as we came upon those vast tracts of uncultivated low-lands which encircle for miles the former mistress of the world. Here and there sprung up out of these never ending "*Campos*" high perpendicular hills, covered at the base and along the sides with stunted trees, while the tops were surmounted with a small town or village with walls springing straight up from the perpendicular rock making it look like a little capital and quite equal to defy the marauder of the middle ages against whose depredation these habitations were no doubt formed. But these breaks in the sea of grass died out, few as they had been, as we neared the Eternal City so that there was nothing whatever to relieve the monotony of the landscape except now and then a stray herd of cattle, but even these were few and far between so that there was really but little of either nature or animal nature to enliven our road, but at last after one more than usually sharp turn of the railway a cry of "*Il Duomo*" burst from the other side of the carriage and there glittering in the morning sun and standing out bold from every thing Roman was the magnificent dome of St. Peters.

Luckily one is not bound to first impressions otherwise I am afraid one would have formed but a very poor opinion of Rome and its environs as we neared them for the Florentine line. If there ever was a back

entrance into any place this is one, and the small indifferent looking houses the small gardens and other small enclosures "extra muros" combined with the station itself worse than our own Shoreditch and seedy-looking streets adjoining "intra muros" do not certainly verify the ideas that most travellers have of every thing belonging to the great city. After the usual delay at the station we managed to get ourselves inside and our luggage outside the omnibus of the Hotel d'Angleterre where mine host with a host of waiters was ready to give us the choice of different apartments as fortunately for us there were not many people staying at the Hotel. A bath and a good breakfast soon effaced the feeling of our night's work and we felt equal to the task of even doing Rome.

Now when in confidence we imparted to various friends the news of our intended visit to Central Italy and Rome in the month of September they began to throw out hints of the desirability of a previous visit to Bedlam, where a little wholesome diet and restraint might lead us to wiser councils; malaria, ophthalmia with fever of every kind and form such as visit the Pontine marshes was sure to be our lot if we persisted in our resolution, and nothing could exceed the warning from our friends but so far from suffering from any of these horrors we were as free from them as we have been in England, and instead of finding Rome crammed as is the case in the season we had no difficulty in getting rooms at the Hotel d'Angleterre which is one of the best and the most centrally (if there is such a word) situated hotel in the city. Then there is such a thing as getting back again, and Mont Cenis is not the pleasantest bit of travelling that I know of later in the year, so that taking all things into consideration I should again choose the same time of year for such a trip. True it is somewhat hot in Rome at that season but one can stand a good deal in that way lolling in a carriage with a good umbrella over one out of doors while for much that is to be seen you are altogether under cover. But to return to our sight seeing. Now we had but very few days for seeing Rome so that over our *omelette* in the "Salle à manger" we had to cut out our day's work and not long after finishing about the only good thing we got in Rome in the eating way we found ourselves, our Murray, and our umbrella in charge of a Roman Jehu and his horse.

Did I say horse? I suppose I must, but really the creature in the shafts was but a sorry resemblance to the noble animal, and shewed a frightful falling off in every way from the steeds represented all over the city as the animal of former days, and such as Perseus is represented as bestriding when rescuing his Andromeda not to mention Marcus Au-

relius's horse as represented in the capitol, in short the present Roman is not much better or much worse than the fifty shilling cab horse of our own Haymarket; but Jehu is a pattern of civility and his carriage a most comfortable and clean conveyance and sadly puts to shame our cabs which really are a disgrace to the country and infinitely worse than the public conveyances of any other capital of Europe that I have visited.

Our "vehiculum," nicely lined with clean chintz and hung on easy springs, turned to the left down the Via Condotti, where by the way you get the best bronzes and marbles, and with another turn to the left landed us in the Corso which is nothing more or less than the longest street in Rome and during the Carnival by far the gayest scene in the city; when we arrived there it presented anything but a gay appearance as the street, for a capital, was nearly deserted and as it is by no means broad and the houses are in no way conspicuous for their size or for their architectural beauty we were not at all enchanted with the Corso, and as for our companion the whole street was utterly condemned on seeing the shops instead of vieing with those of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevards only equal to those of our own Strand just above Charing Cross; a little conversation in French, interspersed with a little Latin from Cæsar's Commentaries with our guide and coachman decided us to drive down the Corso to the Forum and then on to the Coliseum and thus dig at once into the plums and the citron of the Roman cake.

CHAPTER VIII.

Down the Corso therefore we went and as we rolled lazily along its indifferent pavement passing now a shop, and again a high wall with a few windows barred with iron looking on the street, suddenly there swung open from one of these walls a huge portal through which now as in the time of Rienzi you enter the court yard of one of those princely palaces which speak plainly of the pride, the luxury and the wealth of their former masters; this time the ponderous gate moved for the exit of a peaceable and not over well turned out carriage and not for a roudy band of the Colonna or the Orsini as it would have done of yore; a little further on a turn to the left took us out of the Corso to the Piazza Trojano where the finest column in Rome still rears its beautiful form and defies the rivalry of later generations. There is a copy of this column in the Place Vendome in Paris and, imitating the Roman idea, it recounts in numerous bas-reliefs modern French victories, while the original hands down to us the history of Trojan's triumphs in the Dacia

war and is full of sculpture descriptive of the dress and arms of that period; one more turn to the left leads us past the small Forum of Trajan which late explorations and clearings have brought to light, then a few yards to the right and you turn into the Forum Romanum a large area of two hundred and fifty yards long and about one hundred broad where stood at one time temples and then basilicas, or early christian churches, of Rome, as well as all her public edifices, of which nothing but a few shattered columns now remain.

A succession of bad governments, a proud and overbearing nobility, an intolerant and exacting priesthood together with a bigoted people have one and all contributed to the ruin which is now stretched before us, as well as to their own downfall, and though to restore the ruins of the Forum is impossible we may yet hope that the present government of Italy will do much to restore the country, and that "*aucto splendore resurgam*" may be their motto; there is no reason why it should not be, as strategically Italy is nearly as well situated as England, while the richness of the soil in most parts of the Kingdom is proverbial, so that unity under a good government should produce the most beneficial results.

But to return to the Forum! one really quite sickens as one drives along this heap of rubbish, on our way to the Coliseum, thinking what Rome must have been, what she ought now to be, and what she really is; then so far as these buildings are concerned the feeling is aggravated after passing the Forum and on coming to the beautiful arch of Titus erected in his honor for the conquest of Jerusalem, as here you can still plainly see the subjects sculptured inside the arch; the Romans laden with the spoils of Jerusalem and prominent above all the golden candlestick from the Temple; while the columns and the cornice on the side towards the Coliseum are in excellent preservation, shewing that such workmanship and material could withstand the ravages of time and climate and that we have nothing but man himself to thank for the destruction of those buildings which if still remaining would have kept Rome the most intensely interesting spot in the globe.

Titus's Arch now stands quite by itself, and consists of a single arch ornamented with Corinthian columns and is a perfect architectural gem, but whether it can stand much longer without repairs is very doubtful. Directly you pass through this arch the Coliseum comes in full view and one is able to take in at a glance this huge ruin; it is what young England would term a "neat thing in theatres" and one marvels at the conception no less than at the construction of such a building.

No doubt the "*Populusque Romanum*," when every lane and alley

was crowded beyond measure, must have been a very difficult team to drive, and that one Emperor had to amuse, and pay them, in the erection of the Coliseum while another again by building the baths of Cardella &c., &c., taxing the ever pliant provinces to amuse a fickle and never satisfied urban rabble, and keep them quiet; and what a remedy! and that only partial as time shewed, and as one stands on what was once the arena of many a savage and bloody fight one can picture to oneself the horrors that were there enacted, gladiators, wild beasts and christians pitted against each other to pander to the tastes of a people that were then boasting themselves as being the centre of civilization.

It must certainly have been a wonderful building and as you look up from the ground at the rows of what were once seats all round that monstrous circle, rising one above another in countless rings, one can hardly imagine the numbers that must from time to time have gathered together to witness the various spectacles, and this mass of masonry remains a standing proof of the vast ideas of old Rome.

Like the Forum the Coliseum has been sadly laid waste by modern Vandals; it is true that war threw the first stone but unfortunately peace was not slow in following in her steps as the Barberini and Farnese palaces are reported to be partially built with the material from the walls; fortunately however an end has now been put to these depredations, indeed one of the late popes has done a good deal to prevent further decay and though the way in which it has been done does not reflect much credit on the pope's architect, whoever he may have been, yet we rejoice to see any step taken in the right direction and only hope that the present enlightened government will preserve the ruin from further dilapidations which are somewhat imminent.

It was some time before we could make up our minds to quit the Coliseum fearing lest we should leave the place without having seen all that was of interest, but when we did leave it and strolled along its still lofty and massive walls one felt how insignificant are all our modern buildings in comparison, and how small all our efforts are in bricks and mortar to what they were in ancient times.

From the Coliseum a stroll of a few yards brings you to the Arch of Constantine which is in a much better state of repair than either that of Titus or Septimus Severus, the other arches which, with Constantine may be considered the most interesting in Rome. It is composed of three Roman arches, the middle one being larger than the others, and is ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters with a frieze surmounting all; it has the credit of having been begun before the time of Constantine, but be that as it may there is no doubt but that the ba-

reliefs on the frieze and other parts illustrate certain victories and certain episodes in the life of the first Christian Emperor, and it now stands a beautiful monument of ancient art, and considering that it has been erected more than fifteen hundred years it is in a marvellous state of preservation.

The French with their usual ingenuity have reproduced this arch in Paris in the shape of the Arc de Triomphe at the top of the Champs Elysees, and one only regrets that while they have a sufficiency of real victories to record that they should have named some which really belonged to us in the Peninsula.

From the Arch of Constantine we had to retrace our steps past Titus's Arch, and the Forum, to get to the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock close by, a rock that we have oft split against in many an early lesson, but before getting to the capitol we came to the Arch of Septimus Severus at its foot, which resembles the Arch of Constantine to a certain extent, but is neither in such good proportion or preservation; and here we take leave of the real ruins of Rome which may be said to commence with the Arch of Septimus Severus and to end with the Coliseum, embracing as they do besides these monuments, those of the Forum the Basilicas, the Arches of Titus and Constantine together with the few scattered columns of ancient temples standing like the shattered frame of some gallant ship on a stranded beach.

You now turn to the left up a steep incline until you come in a few yards to the capitol, once the pride of kings, republics, consuls and emperors, and now, as we stood on it, of the Pope. The Capitol of course disappoints one, it is all modern and of the worst style of architecture, and contains the palaces of the principal magistrates of Rome, together with its museum; in the centre of the quadrangle stands the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, very much over estimated in our humble opinion, as there is a tameness about the horse and the rider that we hardly expect to find in that age; but it is the theme of such universal praise that there is doubtless more in the design and execution than our great mind could entertain.

In the Museum of the capitol are many interesting works of art but that which struck us more than anything was the figure of the Dying Gladiator which, with the Laocoon in the Vatican, is in my estimation the most enchanting piece of sculpture in Italy. In the Venus the Medici, in Canova's Venus, and by far the greater part of other sculptures in Italy there is too much tameness in the features, and though the great connoisseur is able to detect expression in every mark of the chisel in the Italian marble we confess our inability to do so, but with

a few others the case is different, and particularly so with the Dying Gladiator, and one sees before one the very image of a dying man, the gradually drooping limbs, telling its own tale, while the expression on the face is so marked and descriptive of mental and bodily agony that one really does marvel how such an expression can be given in stone. One has seen many statuettes of this celebrated work, but they give one no sort of idea of the original which is life size, and they only lead one to appreciate the beauty of the figure itself the more.

In the museum is also the celebrated mosaic representing four doves drinking at a fountain, and called Adrian's vase, it is a coarse piece of mosaic but interesting as being the most perfect specimen of ancient mosaic in existence. The hall of the Dying Gladiator and the small sort of anti-room where the mosaic is inserted in the wall were both shut to the public on the day of our visit, being either under repair or under the housemaid, but a promise of "kind remembrance" procured us admission into the hall of the Gladiator when we found that the other "*curio*" was also invisible, but inasmuch as we had not then parted with our remembrance we had command of the position and were too old a sojourner among men not to make the most of it, thereby seeing both works of art, and the future traveller will not fail to observe that a silver key and a bright look out for his own interests will not fail to be of service in Italy, if nowhere else.

After seeing as much as could be seen of the other works of art in the museum during a hurried visit, consisting of sculpture, bronzes and ancient relics we returned to the quadrangle of the capitol and endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of some charitable Italian who would show us the Tarpeian Rock, which is reputed to be just above the site occupied by the present capitol. It was not such an easy matter as might have been expected, as after toiling up some steep steps leading from the capitol to a hill above, covered with small houses and enclosures, on arriving at the top we were sent down again, only to be told to retrace our steps to the top, and as this was in a broiling sun we did not appreciate these different directions, at last however we got hold of the right boy who brought us to the old "*custos*" of the rock. I must say that it requires some little stretch of the imagination to picture to oneself the old Tarpeian Rock as one stands in the old man's garden and is told by him that we were on the brink of that precipice which was the infallible Roman remedy for treason or any other little mistake in political life. Immediately under what was once the brink of the precipice are houses so that one might without much danger jump from the rock to the tops of them without great damage to life or

limb, and no doubt if these houses were away it would be an ugly fall but not so ugly as one's imagination had conceivd, still I suppose it was enough and if not there were doubtless many means and appliances at the bottom in the hands of willing agents to finish the "*good work*."

After bidding adieu to the old "*custos*," who seemed as old as the rock itself and from his withered and bronzed appearance to be a species of fossil likely to be as interesting a subject to the "*savant*," as his charge, we once more returned to the quadrangle of the capitol where Rienzi was supposed to have been murdered, sacrificed to the mad passion of a people utterly unworthy of such a man as the last Tribune, and only fit at that period to be trampled on by the armed heel of their own nobility or some Walter de Montreal, and one only hopes that past history will not be a dead letter to the present race, but that they will profit by it and learn to appreciate the form of government now swaying the destinies of what ought to be one of the finest countries in Europe.

We had sent our Jehu round to what may be termed the modern side of the capitol as though you can approach it from the Forum by a good carriage road, such is not the case on the other side which can only be reached by a flight of steps, and fine broad steps and easy of ascent they are, and we preferred to walk down them and to gain Rome by that side rather than retrace our steps by the Forum. On the left of these stairs is an old Roman milestone of the date of Vespasian, a very interesting old relic of bygone ages, but as there is not much latitude for decorative art in a milestone it will not surprise the reader to find that there is little difference between a milestone of Vespasian and one of our own about the time of the Georges.

We soon reached the bottom of the stairs and confided ourselves once more to our "*voiture*," and as we had had enough sight seeing for the day we turned our steps, or rather wheels, to the Pincian gardens close to the Piazza de Popolo, and thus drove along the whole length of the Corso, which may be said to divide nearly in half the modern or habitable part of Rome. The Pincio gardens are very prettily laid out and are ornamented with shrubs and trees of Italy, besides many exotic plants, and though the grounds are not extensive yet so much is made of them that they appear much larger than they are in reality. The prospects from some parts of the gardens is extremely pretty and it is from here when standing on the terrace overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, that you get the best view of Rome. It was not the season and consequently the gardens were not so thronged as they always are we believe in the early spring, but it was especially pleasant after a

somewhat fatiguing day, not to say night also, to sit on one of the seats under the shade of a handsome pine and see the Roman world parading before one.

Returning to the Piazza del Popolo by the somewhat steep ascent from the Pincio we drove to the Borghesi gardens which are within a few yards of the Piazza only outside the walls of Rome. These gardens may be designated "the park," and as the Pincio is the fashionable promenade during the season so the Borghesi gardens are the fashionable drive, there is nothing that we could see to particularly recommend the same drive, so after taking one turn round one way and reversing it for another round to see "the road" and the different "turns out" we returned to the hotel to refresh the inner man at the "table d'hôte" which was fixed for the horrible hour of six, just four hours too late and an hour-and-a-half too early, but as we were in the very locality where one is bound to do as others do we had nothing for it do but to submit to our fate.

The "table d'hôte" was not particularly good we must frankly admit, there were any number of dishes but if Rome had been under a siege one would have understood the various compounds of the made dishes, but as she was not we could not understand why one's digestive organs should be put to so severe a test. Our companions were mostly English, and one young party of the female gender had evidently been largely investing in Roman pearls of all colours, but why she should put half a dozen necklaces all on at once we could not imagine; she was travelling with papa and mamma and seemed to take some delight in the chagrin of the former who had been obliged to pay something awful for luggage, but which at the same time did not astonish us as one might reasonably come to the conclusion that she had been picking up adornments on their route as she had evidently done at Rome. We suggested that a little mortification now might save trouble hereafter when she might have a less indulgent guardian than papa evidently was, but this did not seem at all to meet her views as natural guardians were in her idea to be properly trained at the first outset; whether she will ever find a Leander to suit these views of hers we cannot tell.

It was now Saturday night and to our horror we found from a card hanging up by the door that the service in the English church was eight o'clock depriving one of much of that rest which we had so fairly earned.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART FOR 1869.

THE Annual Wreck Register has made its appearance in the midst of two calamities which are nearly overpowering in their vastness and destructiveness. The war which rages with such fearful havoc on the Continent of Europe, and the foundering of H.M.S. Captain in the Bay of Biscay, are amongst the disasters that will hereafter make the autumn of 1870 memorable in the history of the world.

War is, indeed, a terrible waste of all that binds together our sympathies and affections ; but calamities like those of the Captain, which overtake us without warning, can be more easily borne with patience and resignation, because we know that they have been inflicted by no earthly and transitory emperor or king. Moreover, the loss of the Captain in conjunction with that of the steamer Cambria on the Irish coast on the night of the 20th Oct., with the sacrifice it is believed of 170 lives, are some of those fearful incidents which by their appalling character, seem quite to overpower for the moment the daily and bloody records of the war.

These distressing reflections almost unfit the mind for a calm consideration of the 2,114 shipwrecks, with the lamentable loss of 933 human lives, which took place amidst the gales of last year on our coasts.

However, as there is a bright side to every picture, so, in regard to the records of this Wreck Register, we find that by means of the boats of the National Life-boat Institution, the rocket apparatus of the Board of Trade, and various other effective means, 5,121 lives were saved last year from various shipwrecks on our shores.

Our profound conviction is, that there is no greater valour displayed on the battle-fields of France in destroying human life, than in the heroism which is displayed by our life-boatmen throughout the dark hours of stormy nights, in saving human life. Take the following, amongst scores of others, as an illustration of our remark:—

The ship Queen of the Tyne was totally wrecked on the Corton Sands, off the Suffolk coast, during a gale from S.W. and heavy sea on the 29th Jan. The Lowestoft life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution put off and found the vessel on her beam-ends, with the crew in the rigging. From the position in which she lay it was a work of great risk to board her, she being on the most dangerous part of the sand, and the seas being very heavy. However, the rescue was nobly and safely accomplished, eight men being taken into the boat from the main-top-gallant-yard, which at times it was feared would have gone through

her, as she and the vessel rose and fell together. It was a most narrow escape for the poor shipwrecked men, for they would probably all have been lost as the flood-tide made, had not the life-boat gone out to them.

As briefly as we can, we shall now proceed with our analysis of the Wreck Register now in course of publication.

We find, as we have before remarked, that during last year 2,114 wrecks and casualties, including collisions, occurred on the shores of Great Britain, accompanied by the loss of 933 lives.

This is indeed a large number, but when it is remembered, that in the course of one year, about 400,000 vessels, having a tonnage of 70,000,000, entered inwards and cleared outwards from British ports; and that our commerce continues to increase; it is a cause of thankfulness that our coasts are not visited with more wrecks than even the large number already mentioned. As it is, however, such, casualties are of daily occurrence, and indeed so frequent are they, that their terrible consequences can hardly be fully realized. Still in how many a home must they be painfully felt, for almost every one of us has some relatives or friends connected with the sea.

The Register tells us that 2,594 ships were lost or damaged in the 2,114 casualties reported last year, representing a tonnage of 537,605, and employing 22,579 hands: in 1868 there were 2,131 vessels thus affected. Inasmuch as in cases of collisions, there must necessarily be more than one ship engaged, the number of vessels is in excess of the total number of disasters reported—each case of collision being only reckoned in the Register as one disaster.

This Wreck Register is the twentieth annual one issued—the first one having been prepared in 1850. Unfortunately some of the earlier returns are not so perfect as could be wished, and it is believed, that in the years 1855 to 1858, inclusive, all the wrecks may not have been reported, as the machinery had not then been organized so as to admit of the accuracy which this carefully arranged document presents, now that it is made up from official and reliable returns.

On dividing these returns into four periods of five years each, the following Table gives the average of wrecks reported since 1850:—

1850	660	Annual Average for Five Years	972	1860	1,379	Annual Average for Five Years	1,403
1851	1,269			1861	1,494		
1852	1,115			1862	1,488		
1853	832			1863	1,664		
1854	978			1864	1,390		
1855	1,141	Ditto	1,204	1865	1,656	Ditto	1,413
1856	1,153			1866	1,860		
1857	1,143			1867	2,090		
1858	1,170			1868	1,747		
1859	1,416			1869	2,114		

A glance at this Table shows that in proportion as the number of our ships has augmented, the number of wrecks has been steadily increasing; and it is also at once apparent that last year the number reported is in excess of the average of all previous years of which we have a reliable record—it being 367 more than in 1868, and 221 above the average for the past five years.

It is worthy of remark that 1866 and 1867 show the next highest number of wrecks noted; but in respect to that fact it should be mentioned, as indicative of the bad weather experienced in 1866 (which was the year when the London was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and the year when so many shipwrecks occurred in Torbay), that 926 disasters happened when the wind was blowing at force 9 (a strong gale) and upwards. The following year (1867) we were also visited with heavy gales in six months of the year ; and in one storm, which lasted from the 1st to the 3rd Dec., no less than 326 vessels were lost or damaged, 319 lives being unfortunately lost from them!

It is interesting to observe the varying number of shipwrecks which happened in each month of last year, and we therefore append a Table showing this, annexing also a column in which we have shown from what quarter the principal gales blew during such periods, by which it will be seen the total number was 2,114:—

Number of Wrecks.			Chief Winds in each Month.			Number of Wrecks.			Chief Winds in each Month.		
January	...	216	S., & S.S.W.	July	...	57	S.W., & W.S.W.	August	...	70	S.W., & N.W.
February	...	245	S.W., & W.S.W.	September	...	237	W.N.W., & S.W.	October	...	333	N., & N.N.W.
March	...	227	N.E. & N.N.E.	November	...	182	N.W. & W.N.W.	December	...	306	S.W., & S.S.W.
April	...	88	S.W.								
May	...	78	E.S.E., & E.N.E.								
June	...	75	N.N.E., & N.E.								

The most destructive gale in 1869 was the northerly one experienced on the 19th October.

As regards the nationalities of the vessels wrecked on our shores during the past year, 2,163 of them were British and 387 foreign ships ; while the country and employment of 44 are unknown. In classifying the voyages of the vessels, it is seen that 663 British ships were foreign going ; and that of the foreigners, 298 were making voyages to or from the United Kingdom ; 46 were passing our shores, and 28 were employed in our coasting-trade. The remaining 1,559 ships were engaged in the coasting-trade of the United Kingdom, with the exception of those whose country and employment are unknown.

The number of collisions last year was 461 ; and of the 1,653 wrecks and casualties other than collisions, 606 were total wrecks, and 1,047 were disasters causing partial damage more or less serious. In the

previous year (1868) there were 1,368 wrecks and casualties other than collisions ; while in 1867 the number was 1,676, or more than had been reported in any previous year since 1858.

Taking the average for the past fourteen years, including 1869, the number is, for wrecks resulting in total losses other than collisions, 484 ; and for similar casualties resulting in partial damage, 719 ; while, as we have just said, the number for the past year is 606 for total losses, and 1,047 for partial damage irrespective of collisions.

The accompanying new and enlarged Wreck Chart of the British Isles for the year 1869, enables the reader at a glance to fix on the position of each of last year's wrecks—every black dot on that chart represents such a casualty, while the several life-boat stations of the noble fleet belonging to the National Life-Boat Institution are also clearly indicated by a characteristic emblem.

It will be observed that very few parts of the coast are without the melancholy round 'wreck' dots ; but happily it is also noticeable that the 'life-boat's' mark is now to be found in large numbers on the Wreck Chart.

We now turn to the ages of the different wrecked vessels, as far as the same were known. For 1869 it is as follows:—Under 3 years, 198; 3 to 7, 406; 8 to 10, 218; 11 to 14, 308; 15 to 20, 314; 21 to 30, 436; 31 to 40, 229; 41 to 50, 112; 51 to 60, 53; 61 to 90, 32; 91 to 100, 2; unknown 286; Total 2,594.

A noticeable feature of this list is, that ships comparatively new are lost in greater proportion than those which are old. Thus we find that up to fourteen years 1,130 were lost, and from fifteen to thirty there were 750, while there were 341 old ships between thirty and fifty, and 87 very old ships, one of which was 94, and another nearly a hundred years old ! The last named vessel was a collier, and it had seven persons on board when it was wrecked, one of whom only was saved.

We have repeatedly, through the medium of this Journal, strongly called attention to the terribly rotten state of many of the ships above twenty years old ; in too many instances, on such vessels getting ashore, their crews perish before there is any possibility of getting out the life-boat from the shore to their help.

From a Table giving the localities of the wrecks, we have compiled, on an admirable plan suggested by Henry Jeula, Esq., the Honorary Secretary of the Statistical Committee of Lloyd's, the following particulars, giving the average percentages of the disasters according to the different parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom on which they happened:—

Parts of the Coast						Per centage.
East Coast: Dungeness to Duncansby Head (inclusive)						56.30
West Coast: Land's End to Mull of Cantyre (inclusive)						23.41
South Coast: Dungeness to Land's End (exclusive)						10.08
Irish Coast						7.00
North and West Coasts of Scotland, from the Mull of Cantyre to Duncansby Head; including the Northern Islands, Hebrides, Islay, Orkney, Shetland, &c.						1.84
Isle of Man, Scilly Islands, and Lundy Island						1.37
						100.

As usual, the largest number of wrecks occurred on the east coast, although the loss of life was not greatest there. The largest loss of life, during the ten years ending in 1869, was in the Irish Sea and on its coasts.

Owing to the admirable and detailed manner in which the Register is worked out, we are enabled to denote the mode in which the different wrecks were rigged. Thus we find that of those which happened in 1869, 98 were fitted as ships, 192 were steam-vessels, 706 schooners, 468 brigs, 327 barques, 265 brigantines, and 178 smacks, the remainder being mostly smaller craft, rigged in various ways. Schooners and brigs, as usual, furnish the greatest number of wrecks, that being the ordinary class of rig of our coasting-vessels.

The Table which distinguishes the wrecks in 1869, according to the force of the wind when they happened, is a highly instructive one. It is as follows:—

FORCE OF WIND.										VESSELS.
Calm	19
Light air.	Just sufficient to give steerage way	28
Light breeze	} With which a ship with all sail set and clean full, would go in smooth water.	1 to 2 knots.							100	
Gentle breeze		3 to 4 knots.							30	
Moderate breeze		5 to 6 knots.							178	
Fresh breeze	} In which she could just carry going free	Royals, &c.							220	
Strong breeze		Single reefs and T. G. sails							262	
Moderate gale		Double reefs and jib							77	
Fresh gale		Triple reefs, &c.							63	
Strong gale	Close reefs and courses							700		
Whole gale in which she could just bear close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail										157
Storm.	Under storm staysail	39
Hurricane.	Under bare poles	141
Unknown...	100
Total . .										2,114

This reveals the remarkable fact that no less than 177 wrecks happened

when the wind was either perfectly calm, or at most there was not more than a gentle breeze blowing, and that 660 vessels were lost in moderate, fresh, and strong breezes.

We notice that of the 606 total wrecks during the past year on our shores, not counting collisions, 74 arose from defects in the ships or their equipments, such as imperfect charts, compasses, &c.—45 of them, indeed being caused by absolute unseaworthiness—80 occurred through the fault of those on board ; 71 parted their cables, or dragged their anchors, and went on shore ; 57 were lost from damage to hull or the loss of masts, yards, or sails ; 119 foundered, 3 capsized ; and the rest were wrecked in various other ways.

It is a lamentable fact that, irrespective of collisions, 154 vessels should thus have been totally lost in one year, we fear, in too many instances, through the short-comings of man, attended, as these disasters too frequently were, with a deplorable loss of life.

And as regards those casualties, 1,047 in number, classed as “partial losses other than collisions,” it appears that 156 of them were caused by carelessness, and 72 by defects in the ships or their gear ; and, taking the record of the past ten years, we grieve to say that 3,249 vessels were either totally or partially lost from such really preventible causes in that period ; and the loss of life in such cases must of course, have been truly alarming.

We moreover find that 571 vessels were wrecked last year that were under the command of masters who held certificates of competency ; and that in 264 cases the masters held certificates of service ; while the large number of 1,135 were lost which were under the command of persons who were not legally compelled—as most assuredly they should have been—to possess such certificates of competency, besides 389 that had foreign masters not holding British certificates. In 235 cases it is not known whether or not the masters held certificates.

On analysing the tonnage of the vessels lost last year, it proves to be as follows:—Vessels under 50 tons, 462 ; 51 to 100, 616 ; 101 to 300, 996 ; 301 to 600, 371 ; 601 to 900, 73 ; 901 to 1200, 49 ; 1201 and upwards, 25 ; unknown 2 ; total 2,594.

As respects cargoes, it seems that 691 were laden colliers, 183 colliers in ballast, 139 vessels having metallic ores on board, 187 with stone ores, &c., 153 were fishing smacks, and 1,241 were ships with other cargoes or in ballast.

As usual the ships of the collier-class employed in the regular carrying-trade have suffered severely ; they numbered 1,200, or about half the whole body of ships to which accidents happened during the year.

Thus it is, in a great measure, that so many casualties occur on our coasts, for such is the notoriously ill-found and unseaworthy manner in which these vessels are sent on their voyages, that in every gale—even if it be one of a moderate character only—it becomes a certainty that numbers of them will be destroyed, as will be seen from the fact that 844 of them were lost in 1864; 934 in 1865; 1,150 in 1866; 1,215 in 1867; 1,014 in 1868; and 1,200 in 1869—or 6,357 in six years.

It is overwhelming to contemplate the loss of life from these, in too many instances, avoidable wrecks.

Turning now to the cases of collisions at sea off our coasts, which are often of a very distressing character, the number reported last year, as we have before observed, is 461; and of these 148 occurred in the day-time and 313 at night. The numbers given for the year 1868, were 99 in the day and 280 in the night. Those for 1869, again, give 90 as total and 371 as partial wrecks; and of the total wrecks no less than 29 happened from bad look-out, 16 from want of proper observance of the steering and sailing rules, 8 from thick and foggy weather, and 37 from other causes.

Of the partial losses through collision, 66 were from bad look-out, 53 were from neglect or misapplication of steering and sailing rules, 23 from want of seamanship, 33 from general negligence and want of caution, 11 from neglecting to show proper light, and 185 from other causes.

The nature of the collisions is thus given:—17 occurred between steamers, and 193 between sailing-vessels while both were under way; 76 collisions also happened between sailing-vessels, one being at anchor and the other under way; 66 between steamers and sailing-vessels, both being under way; and only 13 were caused by steamers running into sailing-vessels at anchor, 4 by sailing-vessels under way running into steamers at anchor; and none by one steamer coming into collision with another at anchor: 92 collisions also occurred through vessels breaking from their anchors or moorings.

The lives lost in 1869 were in 211 vessels, 132 of which were laden, 61 in ballast, and in the other 18 cases it has not been ascertained whether the vessels were laden or not. Only 166 of these vessels were entirely lost, the rest having only sustained partial damage. 435 men lost their lives in vessels that foundered, 118 in collision cases, 288 in vessels stranded or cast ashore, and 92 from other causes.

Nearly 170 lives were lost in fishing-boats overtaken suddenly, in too many cases, by heavy gales of wind.

Of the ill-fated vessels wrecked with the loss of all hands, little of

course is usually known, the entries in the Register being necessarily confined to the statement of their having sailed from one port to another; and, as they were never more heard of, it becomes necessary to state in ominous terms opposite to their names "Foundered, (supposed) total loss," the crew being numbered under the heading "Number of lives lost." How truly significant are these brief and telling words!

Large, however, as the loss of life is, it would of course have been vastly increased in the absence of the noble work performed in every storm by the boats of the National Life-boat Institution, the rocket apparatus of the Board of Trade, and various other successful means through which, under God's providence, thousands of our shipwrecked sailors were saved from a watery grave last year.

The following important Table, showing the casualties attended with loss of life on the coasts of the British isles during the past nine years is so interesting and instructive, that we can hardly omit it, as it is evident that it has been prepared with great care and intelligence:—

Year.	British Sailing Vessels.			British Steam Vessels.			Foreign Vessels.		
	Vessels wrecked with loss of Life.	Tonnage.	Number of Lives lost.	Vessels wrecked with loss of Life.	Tonnage.	Number of Lives lost.	Vessels wrecked with loss of Life.	Tonnage.	Number of Lives lost.
1861 ...	163	25043	638	7	1857	66	30	8297	169
1862 ...	124	20146	495	5	1739	119	16	6028	73
1863 ...	128	16110	500	1	467	33	22	2670	87
1864 ...	88	9545	392	8	3639	83	12	2215	41
1865 ...	137	19301	461	10	3666	136	17	4250	101
1866 ...	163	26092	703	9	3802	92	27	3797	104
1867 ...	230	31470	918	15	5301	195	34	6127	230
1868 ...	170	28059	678	7	2236	43	19	3570	104
1869 ...	175	29061	724	6	1457	19	28	4045	133
Totals for } nine years }	1378	204827	5509	68	24164	786	205	40299	1043

At the present time there are 223 life-boats on the coasts of the British Isles, under the management of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, besides 41 controlled by local boards alone. Again, the Rocket and Mortar Apparatus Stations now number 282, these being under the care of the Coastguard and the Board of Trade.

Wherever there is a dangerous spot on our coasts—provided sufficient men are to be found there competent to work a life-boat—it has been the constant aim of the Institution to form a life-boat station. Nobly do the gallant life-boat men answer to the call of duty, and constantly

do they show that they are ready to risk their own lives to save those of others.

Thus during the past twenty-two months, the Institution has contributed by its life-boats and other means to the saving of 1,847 lives from different wrecks on our coasts, in addition to 53 vessels rescued from destruction—making a grand total of 19,694 lives saved from shipwrecks since the first establishment of the Institution, in addition to property of incalculable value.

The tendency of the foregoing observations, and the whole tenour of this *Wreck Register*, must make it manifest to every one that the continuous and successful efforts which are being so strenuously made on our coasts—and never more so than during the storms of the last two or three weeks, by the National Life-boat Institution, the Board of Trade, and our boatmen and fishermen—must not be allowed on any consideration to falter, even for an hour. Hundreds if not thousands of persons are placed every storm in jeopardy of their lives by shipwrecks, and since the danger is constant, the provision against that danger must not be suffered to relax. The effects of the stormy elements, and the not unfrequent carelessness and ignorance of man, can only be even partially overcome by calculations and foresight corresponding to those which have so strikingly distinguished the conquerors in the present European conflict, “for peace has her victories no less renowned than war.”

We, therefore, do not hesitate to make a renewed and earnest appeal to the British public on behalf of the National Life-boat Institution, now absolutely and entirely dependent on voluntary support. We believe that no Society has stronger claims on public sympathy and support than an institution which contributes every year to the saving of hundreds of shipwrecked persons, who, in the absence of its noble life-saving fleet, would in all human probability perish—

“Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.”

SUMMARY OF THE SEASON OF 1869.

According to custom we present our readers with the Annual Summary of the past season, which perhaps for light and variable winds has not had its equal for some years, many matches having to be re-sailed and others abandoned; nevertheless the amount of club prizes as well as those from private members far exceed that of former years; the merits of particular yachts will be commented upon in future numbers.

Yachts names in *Italics* came in first but did not receive the prize.

Notes.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owner.	Value £	Starting Yachts.
ES ...	May 23	Muriel.....	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	100	Rose of Devon, Vanguard, Oiseau, Vindex
Class...	June 8	Vindex	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	80	Second prize
		Christabel	cut	52	Esq.	90	Third prize
		Gloriana	sch	148	A. Esq.	100	Pleiad, Gwendolin
		Egeria	sch	161	J. Esq.	90	Second prize
		Cambria	sch	193	J. Esq.	20	Third prize
2d Class	11	Flying Cloud.....	sch	75	Co	50	Astoria
		Egeria	sch	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	100	Cambria, Oiseau, Julia, Rose of Devon, Vindex, &c.
		Julia	cut	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	50	Second prize
3d Class	13	Cambria	sch	199	J. Ashbury, Esq.	70	Egeria, Flying Cloud, Hironde
		Hironde	cut	60	Lord H. G. Lennox	15	Second prize
ON.....	May 24	Muriel.....	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	100	Rose of Devon, Fiona, Vanguard
		Vindex	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	80	Second prize
		Egeria	sch	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	100	Cambria, Gloriana, Gwendolin, Flying Cloud, Druid
		Fiona	cut	73	E. Boucher, Esq.	120	Guinevere, Flying Cloud

21 1 1 2
13 1 1 1

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg.	Ton	Owners.	Value £	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL HARWICH...	May 28	Fiona	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.....	50	Vanguard, Julia, Vindex, Surge, Gloriana,
		Flying Cloud.....	sch	75	Count E. Batthyany...	20	Second prize
		30 Flying Cloud.....	sch	75	Count E. Batthyany...	25	and Commodore's cup—Anita
		Fiona	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	50	Surge
		Vanguard	cut	60	Lieut-Col. Verschoyle	15	Second prize
	Aug. 1	Lizzie	cut	20	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	20	Vampire, Chlora
		Ildegonda	cut	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Fairlie	cut	14	J. A. Limbert, Esq....	15	Syren
		Ocean Pearl	cut	14	Capt. J. G. Lyne	5	Second prize
		Ada.....	cut	3	A. J. Barber, Esq.....	7	Clara, Oscar
ROYAL ULSTER	June 25	Mabel	cut	5	H. A. Leverett, Esq...	3	Second prize
		Flirt	cut	7	J. Currell, Esq.....		Raven, Brunette, Amba, Eva
		Lady Alice.....	cut	8	J. McKenna, Esq.....		Steersman's locket
	July 18	Muriel.....	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	50	and Bangor 100gs. Challenge cup—Mosquito,
		Kilmeny	cut	30	P. S. French, Esq.....		Uimara, Phryne, Enid
		Venture	cut	15	J. M. Higginson, Esq.	30	Xema, Torpid, Eveleen, Glance, Foxhound
	Aug. 13	Ripple.....	cut	12	G. Murney, Esq.	20	Queen, Glide, Phantom, Lizzie, Magnet
		Naiad.....	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq...	10	Second prize
		Boreas.....	cut	10	J. Reid, Esq.....	10	Lady Alice, Raven, Flirt, Amba, Nil Despe-
		Brunette.....	cut	4	J. Moore, Esq.		randum, Eva
Mr. Higginson's gift.	Aug. 31	Boreas	cut	10	J. Reid, Esq.....	5	Second prize
		Lady Alice	cut	8	J. McKenna, Esq.....	5	Kite, Helen
		Brunette.....	cut	4	J. Moore, Esq.	7	Flirt, Nil Desperandum, Raven, Eva, Amba
	Aug. 31	Ripple.....	cut	12	G. Murney, Esq.	3	Second prize
		Flirt	cut	7	J. Currell, Esq.....	5	Lurline
			cut	12	G. Murney, Esq.	10	Venture
			cut	7	J. Currell, Esq.....	4	Raven, Amba, Lady Alice
	July 9	Magic.....	cut	10	— Bouch, Esq.		
			cut	10	— Bouch, Esq.		
			cut	10	— Bouch, Esq.		Florida

Regattas and Matches.	Date	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value £
ROYAL SOUTHERN. (Her Majesty's Cup)	July 19	Vanguard	cut	60	Lieut-Col. Verschoyle	100
Vice-commodore's gift	20	Ildegonda	cut	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	20
		Quiver	cut	12	D. Chamberlayne, Esq.	5
		Christabel	cut	51	Earl Annesley	40
		Flying Cloud	ech	75	Count E. Batthyany ..	40
ROYAL MERSEY	June 23	Mosquito	cut	61	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	70
		Phryne	cut	55	Tinley-Mason, Esq.	30
		Muriel	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	50
		Glance	cut	35	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	20
		Lizzy	cut	30	C. H. Coddington, Esq.	30
		Kittawake	cut	20	P. A. Iremonger, Esq.	20
ROYAL CORK	June 30	Muriel	cut	39	H. Bridson, Esq.	30
		Mosquito	cut	50	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	75
		Vindex	cut	43	A. Duncan, Esq.	26
		Mamie	cut	23	H. H. O'Brien, Esq.	30
ROYAL YORKSHIRE	July 1	Fiona	cut	75	E. Bontcher, Esq.	30
		Vampire	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	60
		Ivy	cut	18	Captain Cator, R.N.	20
		Coralle	cut	57	Captain Seddon	10
Mr. Gorthorne's gift.	Aug. 3	Waterwitch	cut	9	— Jones, Esq.	25
		Glide	cut	15	J. W. Griffith, Esq.	50
		Muriel	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.	50
		Nimble Thimble, Duda, Helen, Sybil, Myth Kittiwake, Anemone, Agnes, Lapwing Phryne, Eveleen, Lizzie				

Regatta and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value	Married Yachts.	
ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S Her Majesty's Cup...	July 12	Fiona	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq.....		Rose of Devon, Oimara, Fiona, Egeria, Mos-	
		Muriel.....	cut	39	H. Bridson, Esq.	40	Eveleen, Foxhound, Xema, Torpid, Vindex	
		Kilmeny	cut	30	P. S. French, Esq.....	20	Second prize	
		Lizzie	cut	30	O. H. Coddington, Esq.	30	Kittiwake, Queen, Siren, Satanella Glide,	
		Phantom	cut	20	D. W. Finlay, Esq.....	10	Ripple, Spray	
		Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq....	8	Second prize	
		Myrrha	cut	6	A. Falkner, Esq.		Amba, Peri, Mora	
		Oimara	cut	159	J. Wylie, Esq.	100	Second prize	
		Rose of Devon ...	cut	137	E. Johnston, Esq.	50	Fiona, Egeria, Gwendolin, Mosquito, Pleiad,	
		Muriel.....	cut	39	H. Bridson, Esq.	40	Enid, Vindex	
		Kilmeny	cut	30	P. S. French, Esq.....	20	Second Prize	
		Phantom	cut	20	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	30	Eveleen, Xema, Foxhound, Giance, Torpid	
		Queen	cut	15	W. R. Johnson, Esq....	10	Second prize	
ROYAL NORTHERN. July 22	July 22	Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq....	8	Lizzie, Kittiwake, Siren, Spray, Glide, Sata-	
		Amba	cut	9	F. Connor, Esq.....		nella, Ripple, Magnet	
		Muriel.....	cut	40	H. Bridson, Esq.....	40	Second prize	
		Naiad....	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq....	10	Peri, Myrrha, Mora	
		Kilmeny	cut	30	P. S. French, Esq.....	20	Second prize	
		Lizzie	cut	20	O. H. Coddington, Esq.	10	ance, Foxhound,	
		Mosquito	cut	60	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	75	Thetis	
		Enid	yl	42	G. Putland, Esq.	25	ilance, Eveleen,	
		Egeria.....	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq....	10	Naiad, Vision, Ripple	
		Maria	cut	35	A. Paterson, Esq.....	75	Oimara	
		CHANNEL MATCH	25				25	Second prize
								Aglaia
							10	Muriel, Xema, Foxhound, Dinorah

Winning Yachts.	Reg. Ton	Owners.	Value £	Starting Yachts.
Vanguard	cut 60	Lieut-Col. Varschoyle	100	Christabel, Hironde, Flying Cloud, Egeria, Arrow. Guinevere
Flying Cloud.....	sch 75	Count E. Batthyany...	100	row, Vanguard, Christabel,
Christabel	cut 51	Earl Annesley	75	Arrow, Hironde, Fiona, Diana, Sea Bird
Egeria.....	sch 161	J. Mulholland, Esq.		Guinevere, Flelad, Gwendolin, Shark
Iddegonda	cut 15	E. Langtry, Esq.	gs15	Gipsy, Little Nell, Phantom
Iddegonda	cut 15	E. Langtry, Esq.		Vampire, Gipsy, Folly, Phantom, Fairlie, Vectis
Folly	cut 12	W. Parry, Esq.	gs25	Vampire, Iddegonda, Fairlie, Little Nell, Gipsy
Muriel.....	cut 40	H. Bridson, Esq.	50	Fiona, Vanguard, Christabel
Christabel	cut 51	Earl Annesley	10	Second prize
Egeria.....	sch 158	J. Mulholland, Esq.	50	Flying Cloud
Flying Cloud.....	sch 75	Count Batthyany	100	Oimara, Fiona, Hironde, Muriel
Fiona	cut 78	R. Boucher, Esq.	50	Rose of Devon, Bird, Vindex
Rose of Devon ...	cut 137	E. Johnston, Esq.	20	Second prize
Ida	cut 11	H. Hocking, Esq.	12	Proserpine
Gwendolin	sch 179	Major Ewing.....	50	Tartar
Bird.....	y1 80	W. Bird, Esq.	20	Second prize
Egeria.....	sch 152	J. Mulholland, Esq.		Fiona, Gwendolin, Flelad, Druid, Marina
Fiona	cut 78	R. Boucher, Esq.	75	Guinevere, Oimara, Egeria, Rose of Devon, Van- guard, Christabel, Muriel, Tartar
Egeria.....	sch 152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	25	Second prize
Fiona	cut 78	E. Boucher, Esq.	60	Oimara, Gu mina, Devon,
Prima Donna.....	sch 30	Major Tharp.....	40	Second prize
Rose of Devon ...	cut 137	E. Johnstone, Esq.		Gwendolin, Guinevere, Tartar, Egeria, Marina, Psyche, Diadem

and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value £	Starting Yachts.
LFRED ... <i>Fourth Class</i> <i>Third Class.</i>	May 21	Alexander	cut	15	H. Dudgeon, Esq.....	12	Walked over
		Peri	cut	5	J. E. Rogers, Esq.....	7	Myrrha, Torment
	24	Wavecrest	cut	25	J. McCurdy, Esq.....	15	Syren, Kittiwake, Alexandra
	28	Kilmeny	cut	30	P. S. French, Esq.....	90	(£30 & Chal. Cup £50.)—Xema, Echo, Queen, Marriah, Torpid, Phantom
	June 2	Queen	cut	28	W. M. Johnson, Esq.	8	Phantom, Silren, Wavecrest, Mora, Queen Mab, Peri
	4	Xema	cut	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.....	25	Amberwitch Phœnix, Heroine, Torpid, L'Eclair, quilling, &c.
	6	Amberwitch	yl	51	R. J. Alexander, Esq.	10	second prize
		Torpid	cut	27	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	25	Phryne, Enid, Hero Amberwitch, 4
<i>in Match ...</i>	28	Torpid	cut	27	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	30	Xema, Kilmeny, L.....
<i>olland's gift</i>	July 11	Enid	yl	42	G. Putland, Esq.....	30	Phantom, Kilmeny
	15	Enid	cut	42	G. Putland, Esq.....	155	(£35 & Chal. Cup £120.)
	19	Xema	cut	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.....	21	Phryne, Persia, L'Eclair, Eveleen, Naled, Fox- hound, Heroine, Phantom, Hadassah, Tor- pid, Enid, Raven, Boreas
<i>bury's gift..</i>	Aug. 13	Kilmeny	cut	31	P. S. French, Esq.....	10	second prize
		Xema	cut	34	R. N. Batt, Esq.....	19	Handicap Match—Syren, Alexandra, Eveleen
.....	June 6	Fairlie	cut	14	J. A. Limbert, Esq....	15	Red Rover, Amethyst
		Red Rover	cut	15	S. Nighthingale, Esq...	5	second prize
MPES	May 25	Vanguard	cut	60	Lient.-Col. Verschoyle		
		Vindex	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq.....		
		Vampire	cut	21	T. Cuthbert, Esq.....		
		Oberon	cut	20	L. G. Moore, Esq.....		
	June 4	Fiona	cut	78	R. Boucher, Esq.....		
		Egeria	sch	152	J.....		
	June 10	Flying Cloud	sch	100	C.....		
		Egeria	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.....		

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts.
PRINCE OF WALES.							
	May 11	Iddegunda	cut	15	E. Langtry, Esq.	gs25	Vampire, Phantom, Leisure Hour, Lulu, But-
	June 25	Vampire	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	cup	Second prize
		Eva	cut	21	Low & Burd, Esqrs.	gs25	Clytie
	July 28	Phantom	cut	12	G. Bishop, Esq.	cup	Second prize
		Vampire	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.		Fairlie
		Eva	cut	51	Low & Burd, Esqrs.		Second prize
CHESHIRE.							
	May 28	Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	gal2	Magic, Brenda, Hermit, Annie, Florid
	June 21	Magic	cut	9	J. Bouch, Esq.	gal2	Florida, Brenda, Annie, Hermit
	July 30	Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	gs 3	Second prize
		Magic	cut	9	J. Bouch, Esq.	gal2	Naiad, Charm, Hermit, Gem
		Brenda	cut	8	J. Leitich, Esq.	gs 3	} Dead heat—Second prize
		Florida	cut	5	R. Bulley, Esq.	gs 3	
	Aug. 27	Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	gal2	Magic, Annie, Hermit, Wonderful,
		Wonderful	cut	9	B. Naab, Esq.	gs 3	Second prize
NEW BRIGHTON ...	Aug. 13	Naiad	cut	10	A. Richardson, Esq.	15	Frolic, Wonderful, Magic, Hermit
		Florida	cut	5	R. Bulley, Esq.	10	Brenda, Annie, Isabel
NORFOLK-SUFFOLK	June 9	Marguerite	cut		H. K. Thompson, Esq.	10	Letha
	July 7	Red Rover	cut		S. Nightingale, Esq.	10	Match with Syren
	Aug. 4	Halcyon	cut	8	I. Preston, Esq.	10	Oberon, Zoe
		Zoe	cut	9	J. Stanley, Esq.	10	Letha, Halcyon, Marguerite
		Letha	cut	10	S. Gandy, Esq.	7	Syren, Marguerite
		Halcyon	cut	8	I. Preston, Esq.	3	Second prize
		Letha	cut	70	L. Gandy Esq.	10	Handicap race—Red Rover, Vivid,
		Vivid	cut	56	S. Barrow Esq.		Ariel, Marguerite, Syr
		Halcyon	cut	64	L.		
		Belvidere	cut	62	H.		
BRIGHTON	July 19	Guinevere	sch	284	C.		
		Sarge	cut	52	H. Dessemer, Esq.		
WINTERMERE	July 20	Spray	cut		Forwood, Esq.		
							100 Wild Duck
							50 Elaine, Fairlie
							17 Emerald, Ripple

*Handicapped as being

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Big Ton.	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts.
TEMPLE	June 6	Dagmar	c	Fleuret, Esq.		Little Vixen, Clara, Banaboo
		Ocean Pearl	c	Lyne, Esq.		Second prize
		Rifeman	c	W. Antill, Esq.		Third prize
CLYDE	June 18	Ellen	c	R. Ure, Esq.	cup	Vision, Ripple, Thetis
	July 21	Muriel	c	H. Bridson, Esq.	30	Xema, Maria, Foxhound, Lella, Kilmeny, Eveleen
		Aglais	c	E. Powell, Esq.	10	Blairmore Cup—Perris, Isabel
		Phantom	c	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	10	Ripple, Naiad, Thetis, Vision, Fairy Queen,
		Boreas	c	J. Reid, Esq.		Raven
		Gabriel	c	J. Hamilton, Esq.	30	Gazelle, Linnett, Swallow
Corinthian Match	26	Phantom	c	D. W. Finlay, Esq.		Helen
Mr. Lockett's prize		Lella	c	R. Ferguson, Esq.		Second prize
Mr. King's prize	Aug. 20	Linnett	c	W. York, Esq.		Gitana, Charibel
MALAHIDE	July 5	Queen	c	W. B. Johnston, Esq.	15	Ripple
		Peri	c	J. E. Rogers, Esq.		Myrrha, Nikomi, Torment, Cygnus, Leo
	July 24	Idigonda	cut	E. Langtry, Esq.	15	Phantom, Gipsy, Wasp, Ibis
		Quiver	cut	D. Chamberlayne, Esq.	6	Third prize
		Zephyr	c	J. Maule, Esq.		
	July 25	Flying Cloud	c	Count F. Batthyany ..	50	Gwendolin, Bird
		Vanguard	c	Lieut-Col. Verechovla ..	50	Fiona, Rosebud
	July 28	Xema	c	R. N. Batt, Esq.	70	Phryne, Lizzie, Enid
		Glance	c	J. R. Rushton, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Muriel	c	H. Bridson, Esq.	50	Maria, Xema, Foxhound, Dinorah
	June 11	Rifeman	c	W. Antill, Esq.		Novica, Eden, Dagmar, Lula

THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT SELENE.*

BY ONE OF HER CREW.

ON THE 27th, started an early stir about the yacht. The stewardess went off with Joe, to the disgust of Vallance, who had expected the special honour of attending. He declared he knew all the town, and "she was full of rogues." A boatful of blind fiddlers were waiting to serenade the Selene out of the harbour. They had given the yacht welcome, and found backsheesh plentiful. They had taken various chances of playing the "Campbells are Coming," to win the captain. They had vainly tried "Erin's Isle" and "Boyne Water," to please any Irishman aboard. They were finally warned by Joe to keep clear.

From Malta to Mutapan.—By ten o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the Selene's mainsail was set, her boats hoisted, and enough of wind blowing to fill her canvas. Through the narrow creek, and under St. Elmo, the schooner edged towards the open water. Against the white houses, the terraces, the wharfs, the white sails of the yacht showed whiter as she glided through the ripple. In the haven white shadows shimmered, and under snowy walls the sunlight gleamed. No place so unlike the outer world had been seen, it was confessed, and while St. Elmo's light was closing, men still loitered about the rigging, unwilling to loose that wonderful sight.

The hills of Sicily edged above the horizon—the white cone of Etna, it was believed, glittered in the north. A faint mirage hung about the distant coasts. The breeze was freshening, and backing from the east into the south. The schooner came up with the wind, and before the darkness was stretching towards the southern heads of Greece.

The breeze came true, and the sky darkened down to windward. Lines streaked the blue, and the Selene caught the first of the shower squall. She went away with the wind, logging some ten knots an hour as she swept to the eastward. To leeward white clouds drifted about the blue hills of Calabria. Sicily lay behind us, and the dark waters of the Adriatic rolled far a-head. The night softened the breeze, and by the dawn the schooner lay in "a flat calm." The day broke clear and warm. The sea heaved without a ripple.

The Capes of Greece.—Light airs headed us, and till mid-day the yacht was coming up and falling off. By 4h. p.m. the breeze came away free, and was stiffened by the showers. With her starboard tacks aboard the Selene was shortening the distance, or, as Dougie said, "always taking something off the road." The air was sultry; the rain did not cool it. In the fore-castle a mutiny was brewing against the cooks for firing up the coppers. The heat under hatches was oppressive. Calms again delayed our way, and the crew got slumberous as the weather. Any one might have bounced as they pleased about the Aline or the Cambria. Phil declared in the gloaming

* Continued from page 585.

that the *Selene* had turned in for the night. The air was suspiciously calm; the wash of the sea sounded weary and sad. Quiet glances were cast at the bo'san's hammock to see if his big boots were on. They were not, and the watch felt they would have undisturbed slumbers.

Through the 27th the yacht made slow progress to the eastward, and all night she edged along under changing winds. Sharp edges came against the silvery line of the dawn. The mountains of the Morea were showing upon our lee bow. The *Selene* was drifting towards them with the gentlest ripple under her stern. The watch on deck were curious about the shaping of the land.

The hills showed like high lands about the Western Isles. It was like catching the Ru Storr, the bo'san thought; but Vallance believed more like the Rue Rea. It lay between Phil and Barker whether it might be like the Cornish coast or the hills about Loch Striven. If Barker had been urged to speak he would have said that Eden must have been very like the Kyles of Bute.

The schooner fetched fast in with the land. Among the ragged headlands to the northward, and stretching up the western shore lay "Navarino," for which Billy's grand-uncle had got a medal his mother had still in her keeping. Bluff Heads were passed, and a deep bay trended away to the northward. A long stretch brought the land again aboard. On our port bow the low cape of Matapan lay. The hills looked red and broken; the coast was savage and rocky. The hills inland were curiously like the northern ranges of Moidart. Steep gullies lay between the ridges; the sun threw dark traceries against the ruddy morrains. Villages like whitewashed clachans rested in sheltered places; upon the steeps rose watch-towers or ruined temples.

The Archipelago.—Opening Matapan, another gulf bent away to the northward, but we held on our course. In the gloom of the light on the island of Cerigo shone like a low set star. In the gloaming, the bluffs of its coast met the hills of Greece, but the narrow channel opened, and through it lay the Archipelago. The breeze hurried the schooner through the Strait of Cervi. The light showed like the Little Cumbræ, and Cervi might have been the Garroch Head. Cape Malea lay a-head, and the yacht was hauled round it to fetch the port of Athens. The square-sail was handed, and the yacht was snugged. A fleet of vessels were hauling round the Cape bound westward.

The wind freshened and hauled more to the northward. The yacht was feeling the crisp sea that swept from the Greek land. The *Selene* was travelling fast through the breaking waters. She was not going easy—the wind was lifting in her sails, the sea was tumbling wickedly, the old man was deepening in her shrouds. The mate had not much good to think the night; but they had their storm trysail aboard, and what more wanted? Harry thought growling no good so long as the canvas stuck the bolt rope. The bo'san knew about "Levanter" and "Norther," and had not much faith in the weather, and, by way of precaution, wore ..

sea-boots regularly, to the constant alarm of those who trusted to their warning.

"In for a Dusting."—The 31st of October found the Selene tossing about in cat's-paws, in sight of the Greek hills, laying black and rugged in the western sky. Karavi lay near us, and vapoury clouds hung over blue isles to the eastward. The morning was warm; the glass was going down at a wonderful rate. The Captain's impatient look grew more uneasy. No one spoke about the weather, but preparation was silently made. Clouds of vapour, like the smoke of a vast city on fire, came down with any wind that was blowing. The sea heaved in lumps. The hens gathered into the corners of the hencoops. The mate did suggest that the Selene was in for a "dusting."

The storm broke; the thunder peals shook the yacht, the lightning blinded the crew. Great flashes travelled down the conductors; it seemed as if the blaze played through the cabin. Our voices were lost in the ceaseless crash. The placid sea shadowed the fire; it seemed as if the lightning sank into the abyss. Old hands among the crew were scared. Dougie had seen nothing worse. The rain tumbled out of the sky. Noah's deluge could not have been heavier. The tanks might have been filled from the flood pouring out of the scuppers. The day was lost in the lurid light. The vanishing flash left it as black as midnight. The passing hours brought the gloaming, but the darkness made no change on the mirk. The wind rose and the sea came tearing from the black headlands of Ægina.

The storm swept landward, lighting up the gulf of Nauplia. Amid the blackness crimson streaks burst along the sea. Suddenly the hills screened the fire in inland valleys. The driving storm boomed fainter through the night. By ten o'clock the yacht was laying close-hauled for Cape Colonna with a double-reefed trysail, and before the dawn her canvas was heavy enough.

The day was patiently waited for. All night long the storm had-grown, and the sea was racing past us with its muffled thunder. There was anxious talk in the cabin, in the forecastle wise heads were shaken. The bo'san spoke irreverently enough of the Greek Isles to leeward. The schooner was still going on end; she was taking no green water aboard; the spindrift was driving with the squalls, and the Selene, as Harry had put it, was "in for a dusting."

In the breaking light nothing was near us. The yacht was forging a-head under her close-reefed staysail and inner jib. She was always getting nearer the weather shore. But the canvas over the schooner puzzled Phil and Billy. A schooner going to windward in a gale under three reef foresail and two reef staysail. "Why, that was a sight to see," said Phil. A schooner with her canvas over her nose that beat him entirely. "And besides!" said he, "The sea here would smother them racin' boats." Cape Colonna was in the clouds a-head, and under the rugged hills the reefed sails of a fleet hove-to could be made out. As the day went by we drew in upon the land. As the fetch shortened the sea went down; and by mid-

day the breeze was softening. The jib-headed tryssail was set, and the schooner fetched up the coast fast.

The island of Ægina was weathered; the black hills about Athens were made out. A streak of sunset struck the white ruin of the Acropolis, and by 6h. 30m. p.m. the anchor was let go in the harbour of the Piræus, the port of Athens.

The daylight tinted the hills about Athens, and brought out the craggy points of the encircled harbour. From the sea to the sea lay black peaks beyond green valleys. Athens slept in veiling mists; the light was shaping grim rocks and clustering trees. Through the haze white ruins were catching the ruddy glow. Inshore, all was mystery and vagueness. We lay where long ago, the galleys of the Greeks had lain, but victory had fallen to other flags. In the harbour were moored Greek vessels of war—Turkish, Russian, and English, conquerors in turn. The black hills inshore had not changed—the white temples were not wholly overthrown—but the sun shone on another world. The iron-clad Prince Consort floated our own ensign. French, Russian, Turkish, and Greek frigates drifted over their anchors. The harbour swarmed with feluccas, brigantines, and schooners, built after forgotten models. With the airs off shore came a horrible stench. Athens threatened to be no charmed city. Visible disappointment covered the faces of the crew.

The port of the Piræus looked somewhat like the East Bay of Gourock. "The Wherry" was even pointed to. Something more stately had been anticipated. What was expected no one could tell; but loftier walls had been shapen in the gloom of the night.

Small craft were running through the harbour "Heads." There was a stir about the level wharfs, where wonderful argosys had once been laden and unladen. People on shore were looking at our tall masts; boats were drifting about us; and bronzed faces were turned towards us.

The pestilence of guides was already unbearable. Black-bearded banditti were shouting from curious boats in broken English. Services were tendered in unknown tongues; and messages in not over-polite speech were passed between the crew and the braves who hung about the yacht's stern. The handsomest of the invaders pushed forward to the gangway. He looked up with the assurance that his dark eyes and comely features were the best passport to favour. Oaths in various tongues were bandied about; guttural shouts—sounds as villainous as "the fiddle of Vallance" could utter—told of savage hatreds. The guides were in such clothes as "touters" wear everywhere. They had sashes about their waists, in which knives were stuck, and even pistol barrels. Angelo hung by the gangway—he defied his comrades. The yacht was his capture, he would have no rivals. He praised his own excellent qualities, his own knowledge of English, which included such phrases as "dam rogue" when speaking of his comrades. He was courageous, and to prove it drew a double-edged knife and flourished it at the throat of his nearest antagonist.

He was recommended to keep that certificate out of sight, since it might not recommend him to the owner. He had a fierce way of showing

teeth, but his temper was softened by the fineness of his face. Angelo, it was confessed looked more like a picture than a cut throat, but there was something uncanny even in his smiles.

He was chosen from among the horde. He left with the owner and party after breakfast. His looks were sufficient to warn away troublesome people. His companions saluted him with cries of "teef," "robber," "brigand," as they pulled away.

The *Selené* was curiously watched by the crews of the vessels around. The bulwarks of a Russian frigate were crowded with intent observers. Round-headed, dark-faced, black-eyed ogres, the Russian sailors chattered and gestered over every movement of our crew.

A boat from a Russian frigate came alongside. An officer in naval uniform jumped on board. He asked if any one spoke English, and on being answered, he broke off into an extraordinary gibberish to which the captain listened in silence. Finding that the captain had not followed his unknown tongue, he turned towards the pilot, who was still on board, and asked of him if any one could speak English. "English vessel, English crew," answered the pilot, and the Russian again broke off into his jargon. The captain shook his head, the officer waved his hands, bowed, and got over the side, leaving the captain to guess at the cause of his visit, which, it was discovered, was to offer his commander's services.

The day was spent by the crew in overhauling the yacht, and during the evening the harbour rang with Highland reels and Jacobite music.

November the 3rd was occupied in overhauling the running rigging, refitting strained tackle, and preparing for another "dusting." It was communicated that the owner intended to send the crew on a trip to Athens, and treat them to what promised to be a fine excursion. The pleasant news made the work go swift and easy.

The Piræus of Athens.—The captain, pilot, Vallance, and the steward went ashore to secure carriages to "ship" the crew for Athens. A nearer view of the Piræus was obtained, and no pleasant impression was left. The shops were long, narrow places filled with goods piled about in odd places. Inside and among the merchandise cooking was done, an unsavoury flavour floated everywhere. "It's like the smell o' Stornaway when they're guttin' the herrin'," Vallance declared, "but no half so pleasant." Fried oil tainted the wind; the beach, the houses, the whole place was loathsome and heavy with the odour.

Inside the shops nothing bright nor striking was seen. The olive-faced Greeks were ready with bows, smiles and English words. Vallance thought little of the premises, and he contemptuously pointed to the family sleeping closet, reached by a ladder from the shop. He had seen a better hen-house at home. There was nothing heroic to Vallance about the modern Greeks, nor the ancient either.

In a café Greeks were found playing at billiards. Other Greeks were lounging and smoking; some were drawing their smoke through "hubble-bubbles," and Vallance was offered one of these. But he did not like it. "It would fill his stomach with wind."

The Expedition to Athens.—On the morrow, the captain, steward, and eleven of the crew were “shipped” for Athens, in carriages which scarcely differed from cabs at home. We drove along a rough road, in bad repair and not picturesque. Dark hills lay on either side. We passed through an open valley. Houses were visible among vineyards; cafés were by the wayside. We were sorely pressed by their attendants to have wine. The horses had a troublesome thirst, the little brutes were driven at racing speed, when the one driver thought he could pass the other. The sailors urged on the galloping. The pace soon carried us round a turn and into Athens.

We were not amazed at our entrance. The houses were dingy, rickety, and not steady like. Shops were plentiful, but were not tempting to look at.

We were driven to a large hotel, where the owner had arranged for a guide, and what besides might be wanted. We started with the guide; he spoke good English, and never ceased to speak. His walk broke into a trot, and we trotted after him. He was bent on horsing us through it, and he “sweated our jackets.” He kept telling us we had “just got one day to do it.” He took us to the Temple of Jupiter. The columns of white marble stood on flat land, covered with stones like “danders.” We looked up at the eighteen columns. They were as tall as the *Selene’s* mainmast, but they were some five or six feet thick. The steward noticed there were no joints to be seen, and no plaster used. How they had been rigged up beat us all. No shears could sling such unruly stones. One had fallen. “It had wanted guying,” Phil said. It was “dooled” with lead, and the fallen giant was looked upon sadly.

The amphitheatre was next entered. It was ruined and shattered; marble figures lay about everywhere. Phil thought it like the “wreck of a waxwork.” The Romans got their share of blame. The Romans had done a deal of devastation at home, but the devil lent a hand. At Athens the Romans had no such ally. Rows of arm chairs, cut out of marble, were placed where the “stalls” might have been, and the “names of the owners,” it was fancied, had been cut upon the back.

The Acropolis was escalated with a race. “The little Greek ran up the hill like a sailor up the rattlins.” Charley thought it even hotter work than the coppers. A guard house was reached; the soldiers in attendance were pleased to see us.

The Acropolis.—Steps led up to the ruins. Temple after temple was visited, but we could not even remember the names. Everything was curious and wonderful. The men listened awe stricken to the guide. They trod very lightly upon the marble flags. They would have loitered by the way, but the guide kept them flying and “ramblin’ like lichtenin’” through the pillared vistas. The height of the columns, “the setting of them, even with luff upon luff,” puzzled the sailors. They were not prepared for the size of the marble colonades. Some looked wistfully into old carved faces. Vallance wondered at their having their hair so curly. He asked

the guide "if the Greeks were reckoned 'niggers'." A contemptuous smile was the reply.

Barker asked the guide "who allowed the Romans to tunnel down the masonry." The guide would not answer, but Barker explained that the temples had been "heathen kirks." "It's easy seein'," said Barker. "Ye see they werena sanctified wark."

Some stood silent opposite sculptured faces. The old blanched look of the worn marble, the beauty of the lines, fascinated Phil, Joe, Billy, and Dougie especially. The others looked on, but not so patiently. The Englishmen were more easily moved. The Scotch amongst us were sadder. Dougie, the sailmaker, was stricken with wonder, and Barker confessed there was some "noble carving," upon the faces. "I should like to see what sort o' figger-heads they turned out. The chisellin' beats the printin' in Rothesay kirkyard," he said. It was pitiful to see so many shattered images. The Temple of Minerva was a source of marvel. The bo'san once sailed a brig named the Minerva. "She was owned in the Troon!" he explained, "but there might be some connection." All he remembered was that she had a gilt figure on her bow, but it was not so well carved as the heads about him.

A race to Mars Hill left all the lazy fellows lagging. When the place where Paul preached was named, caps were suddenly drawn off. Barker and some others looked towards the sky as if they expected a sight of the apostle in the clouds. A reverent feeling crept over us, as if some presence was by. The conversation dropped to a whisper. The guide's voice alone sounded in the silence of the noontide. We looked long and earnestly about us, and speechless slipped away.

The prison of Socrates was visited. Barker could not remember his name in the Bible, though he was well acquaint. Many ruins were looked at. We were shown the Temple of the winds. It was thought that "drum hoisting" had not been so long in practice.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A MEETING of this Institution was held on Thursday, 3rd November, at its house, John-street, Adelphi: T. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., W. H. Harton, Esq., Sir Frederick Arrow, Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, Captain De Ste Croix, John Griffith, Esq., Colonel Palmer, Eugene F. Noel, Esq., Richard Lewis, Esq., and Captain Ward, R.N. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to £480 were voted to the crews of various life-boats of the Institution for services during the storms of the past month.

The Two Sisters life-boat at Ramsay, Isle of Man, saved the crew, consisting of ten men, from the stranded schooner Gipsy, of Glasgow. The Kingsdowne boat, after remaining some time alongside the Norwegian ship

Hony Sverne, which had gone on the Goodwin Sands in a very heavy sea, rescued the master and mate from an inevitable death, they being the only persons then left on board the vessel. The Lowestoft life-boat *Lætitia* and the Corton boat *Husband* saved fifteen men from the wrecked smack *Olive*, of Harwich; and the Lowestoft boat also brought ashore on a subsequent occasion the crew of eight men from the stranded brig *Glenora* of Scarborough.

The St. Andrew's life-boat *Annie*, with much difficulty, took off the six persons on board the schooner *Let*, of Fredericksund, when she went ashore off St. Andrew's. The Augusta life-boat at St. David's saved two men from the smack *Transit*, of Cardigan. The Newbiggin life-boat the *William Hopkinson*, of Brighouse, rescued from destruction thirteen fishing cobles and their crews, those boats having been overtaken by the heavy gale. The Filey and Arbroath life-boat also performed somewhat similar services to distressed fishing boats.

The Christopher Brown life-boat, at Penmon, Anglesey, assisted into harbour the disabled schooner *Seven Sisters*, of Lancaster, and her crew. The Ayr boat *Glasgow Workman* rescued fifteen men from the barque *Orange Grove*, of Glasgow. The Ryhl life-boat the *Morgan* piloted the distressed flat *Flora*, of Runcorn, to a port of safety. The Port Isaac life-boat *Richard and Sarah* saved three of the crew of the brig *Stephano Grosso*, of Genoa. The Porthdinllaen, Cotten Sheppard life-boat helped to save the smack *Hopewell*, of Barmouth, and the ship *Alhambra*, of Liverpool, when they were in distress off that life-boat station.

The Llanddwyn life-boat *John Gray Bell* rescued the crew of five men from the wrecked brigantine *Meteor Flag* of Londonderry, and through the boat's assistance the schooner *Pacific*, of Belfast, and her crew, were also saved. The Clovelly life-boat *Alexander and Matilda Botefeur* was the means of saving three fishermen and the boat belonging to two of those men. The Wexford life-boat *St. Patrick* rendered material aid to the distressed barque *Saltee*, of Wexford, which was afterwards towed safely into harbour, and the Fraserburgh life-boat *Havelock* saved the schooner *Charle White-way*, of Runcorn, and her crew of five men, that vessel being on the point of going on the Cairnbulg Rocks.

It may be mentioned that during the heavy gales of the 13th and 14th ult. no less than 26 life-boats of the Institution went afloat to the aid of crews of distressed vessels, and that altogether the Institution contributed in the first ten months of the present year to the saving of 652 lives from shipwreck on the coasts of the British Isles, besides aiding to save 22 vessels from destruction in that period.

The thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. W. B. Liddell for putting off in a small boat, and at some inconvenience and risk saving the master of the smack *Ruby* of Glasgow, whose boat was capsized at Ardbeg Point, N.B., while he was endeavouring to reach his vessel during a strong wind on the 9th of September last. Various other rewards were also granted to crews of shore boats who had saved life from

wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2,500 were likewise ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments, and £1,000 stock of the funded capital of the Institution was to be sold out to meet the recent heavy expenses it had incurred.

A fine new life-boat, named the George Hounsfield, had just been stationed at Aldborough, on the coast of Suffolk, and new life-boats were also ordered to be placed at Pakefield, Suffolk; Buddon Ness, near Dundee; Buckie, N.B.; and Greencastle, county Derry. The people of Bolton, Lancashire, had, through Thomas H. Winder, Esq., and other gentlemen in that town, presented to the Institution the life-boat which was shortly to be publicly inaugurated at Kessingland, Suffolk.

A legacy of £399 17s. 3d. had been received from the executors of the late Dudley Costello, Esq., for another life-boat for the Sussex coast. Lady Vivian had also forwarded a first instalment of £145, which she had collected towards the cost of a life-boat. The officers and crews of the ship *May Queen of Alloa*, had likewise contributed £2 8s. 6d. to the funds of the Institution.

The meeting learned with much satisfaction that the Scotch fishermen were extensively adopting the plan of the safety fishing-boat of the Institution in the construction of their own boats.

A report was read from the Inspector of life-boats to the Institution on his recent visits to various life-boat stations, and the proceedings then terminated.

CAMBRIA AT HOME

THIS beautiful schooner left New York on October 26th, and arrived at Cowes on November 21st, after encountering some rough weather, she is now, we believe, the property of Col. Williams, having been purchased by him previous to her leaving English waters, delivery to take place on her arrival from America, her late owner, J. Ashbury, Esq., did not return in her having gone on a tour through California. We append her log:—

Oct. 26th, 1870.—The *Cambria* was ready for sea, but owing to unfavourable weather, remained off Staten Island until the 28th, when at 10h. 30m. a.m. weighed anchor and put to sea. Fresh breezes and clear weather. At 11h. a.m. left the yacht *Danntless* off the club-house, with a parting salute, which was returned by the *Cambria* by firing the farewell gun and dipping the colours, which was answered by hoisting the English ensign on the signal staff of the New York Yacht Club-house, 12h. 16m. p.m. Mr. Charles Brown, pilot, left the yacht outside Sandy Hook. Set the main-topsail and squaresail. 12h. 45m. p.m., passed the lightship and exchanged signals. 3h. 30m. p.m., abreast of Fire Island lighthouse, distant 10 miles. 4h. p.m., breeze freshening; down topsails. 9h. p.m., squally weather; in

squaresail. Course E.b.S. Distance run up to midnight 74 miles. First four hours wind N.W.; last three hours N.N.W.

Oct. 29th, a.m., strong breezes and clear weather. At 7h. a.m.; set balloon-jib, main-topsail, and squaresail. 11h. a.m. freshening breeze; in top-sail and double-reefed the squaresail; p.m., squally, and passing showers; lat. $40^{\circ} 26'$, lon. $60^{\circ} 0'$. bar. 30.25; distance per log 236 miles. 3h. p.m., fresh gale and squalls; in squaresail, close-reefed fore and aft sails. 7h. p.m. wind increasing, and sea rising; stowed the mainsail; lost the jib in the endeavour to take it in—was necessitated to cut it away to save the bowsprit. Very heavy squalls, with hail and rain throughout the night; heavy sea running. Steering E.b.S.½S., wind N.b.W. and N.

Oct. 30th, a.m.—Strong gale, with heavy squalls of hail and rain; shipped much water. 1h. a.m., hove the ship to, on the port tack, under the main-trysail and close-reefed fore-staysail. Lightning overhead, heavy cross sea from N.E. and N.W. 8h. a.m., moderating, heavy squalls at times with hail and rain; p.m., hard squalls; passed pieces of wreck, every appearance of it having been part of a large vessel, some time in the water. Lat. $40^{\circ} 27'$, lon. $65^{\circ} 38'$, D.R.; bar. 29.98. 5h. p.m., set foresail close-reefed, kept the ship away, let reefs out of fore-staysail, and set No. 3 jib. Distance per log 142 miles; E. true.

Oct. 31st, a.m., moderate and clear, set the mainsail reefed. 7h. a.m. out all reefs. 8h. a.m., light wind and clear, working round to E.S.E., and S. At 10h. a.m., wind freshening, heavy seamy sea from N.E. Noon, lat. $40^{\circ} 34'$, lon. $62^{\circ} 45'$, D.R.; bar. 30.9. 2h. p.m., double reefed fore and aft sails. 4h. p.m., fresh gale, and freshening, stowed the mainsail and set the trysail, took in the third reef of the foresail. At 6h. p.m., wind S.S.W., in jib, strong gale, incessant rain all night, distance per log 133 miles, course, N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E. true. From 2h. to 4h. p.m. wind north, from 4h. to 6h. N.E. and S.E., 8h. S.S.E., 10h. south.

Nov. 1st, a.m., commences with heavy gales with rain, very heavy sea running, hove the ship to on the starboard tack under the main-trysail and fore storm staysail. At 4h. a.m., moderating and fair, sea more regular. 7h. a.m., kept the ship away, split foresail, set squaresail double-reefed, and the fore trysail. p.m. fresh gale and clear, lat. $41^{\circ} 28'$, lon. $58^{\circ} 52'$, bar. 29.95, going 10 knots all the afternoon—thinking we have the chance of making a very fine passage home. 8h. p.m. set No. 3 jib, distance by log 182 miles, course N. $6\frac{1}{2}$ E., wind 2h. a.m. S.S.W., 4h. to 12h. west, and W. b. N.

Nov. 2nd, a.m., fresh breezes and clear wind, steady all night. 10h. a.m. set mainsail with two reefs in. p.m., cloudy weather, lat. $42^{\circ} 3'$, lon. $53^{\circ} 48'$, bar. 30.12, wind steady all day. 8h. p.m., moderate, distance per log 234 N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E. true.

Nov. 3rd, a.m., light winds, and clear weather. 4h. a.m. all reefs out, set main-topsail and squaresail. 10h. a.m., wind freshening and working to the north, in squaresail: p.m. light winds and cloudy weather, sounded bottom 85 fathoms sandy mud, on the S.W. edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, lat. $43^{\circ} 8'$ north, lon. $51^{\circ} 0'$, light variable winds throughout '1:

afternoon. 9h. p.m., wind freshening from the S.E., in topsails and housed the topmasts. 10h. p.m., double reefed the fore and aft sails, distance 137 N. $5\frac{1}{2}$ E. 2h. to 6h. a.m. wind W.b.N. 6h. to 12h. N.W. 12h. N. 6h. to 8h. p.m. S.E. 8h. to midnight, S.E.b.E.

Nov. 4th, a.m., fresh breezes and cloudy weather, passed several fishing schooners at anchor fishing on the southern edge of Grand Bank. Fresh breezes all night. At 4h. a.m. moderating. 7h. a.m., out all reefs and set main-topsail. 8h. a.m., bottom 29 fathoms, sand and shell: p.m. fine weather, lat. $44^{\circ} 37'$ N., lon. $48^{\circ} 45'$ W. 4h. p.m. freshening from the S.E. in topsail and struck the mast. 5h. a.m. breeze still increasing, took two reefs in the fore and aft sails. Smart sea from the E.S.E., distance per log 127, N. 4 E. From 2h. till 12h. a.m. wind S.E.b.E., 12h. to 6h. p.m. same, 6h. to 12h. course S.S.E.

Nov. 5th.—a.m.: Fresh breezes and clear, wind S.S.E. 4h. a.m. moderating, out all reefs and set the main-topsail. 8h. a.m., light winds and cloudy. Noon, wind S.E.b.E., veering round to the eastward. Lat. $45^{\circ} 54'$ long $45^{\circ} 56'$, bar 30.39. 1h. p.m. wind freshening; in topsail and housed the topmast. 4h. p.m. fresh and clear; light winds all night from E.S.E. Distance per log. 138 miles. Course, $5\frac{1}{4}$ E. true.

Nov. 6th, a.m., light winds and clear. 4h. a.m. tacked ship to the S.E. light winds. Throughout the forenoon wind from east and E.N.E. Noon light winds and foggy. Lat. $46^{\circ} 58'$ N., long. $44^{\circ} 33'$, bar. 29.95. 3h. p.m. wind backing round to the northward; very light with thick fog, which continued throughout the remainder of these 24 hours. Distance per log, 84 miles. Course, N. $4\frac{1}{2}$ E. Wind, N. to N.E.

Nov. 7th, a.m.; commences with thick fog. At 8h. a.m. set the main-topsail and squaresail. Noon, still foggy. Lat. $47^{\circ} 2'$, long. $42^{\circ} 50'$, bar. 29.96. 3h. p.m. breeze freshening; in squaresail. 4h. p.m. fog cleared off, and at 6h. p.m. was fine and clear. 8h. p.m. wind working round to the northward and eastward. Distance run, 69 miles. Course, N. $6\frac{1}{2}$ E. true.

Nov. 8th, light winds from the eastward all the forenoon. At noon, lat. $47^{\circ} 22'$, long. $39^{\circ} 4'$, bar. 30.16. At 3h. 30m. p.m. tacked to the northward to meet steamer in sight, she steering west. At 4h. 30m. passed close to her, proved to be the S.S. City of London; many passengers on board, who gave us three hearty cheers *en passant*, all of which we stood in need of, having met with and encountered so much head winds, and such heavy head seas. Some party on board the friendly stranger very kindly, and with great presence of mind, threw overboard a tin box containing three of the latest dates of home papers, which we picked up with our dinghy; thereupon we started away to the S.S.E. Distance run per log, 155 miles. Course, N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Nov. 9th, a.m.; commences with fresh breeze from E.S.E.: tacked to the northward and eastward. At 4h. a.m. wind freshening; in two reefs fore and aft. At 7h. a.m., fresh gale with heavy sea on from the eastward; stowed the foresail and jib. Noon. Lat. $47^{\circ} 30'$, long. $37^{\circ} 40'$. D. R., bar 30.20. Ditto wind and weather. Sea still increasing; stowed the mainsail, and set

the fore and main trysails. 8h. p.m. fresh gale, with heavy squalls and high sea from E.S.E. to E.N.E.; Cambria doing well in the heavy cross seas which were running. At 9h. p.m. in fore-trysail and hove to, and continued lying to on the starboard tack throughout the night. Distance per log, 56 miles. Course, N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ points E., true.

Nov. 10th, a.m. Fresh gales and clear weather. At 8h. a.m. the gale somewhat moderated; set the fore-trysail. Head reaching. At noon. Lat. $48^{\circ} 16'$, lon. $37^{\circ} 43'$ bar. 30.44. We have only made four miles "westing" during the past 24 hours. Distance, 49 miles. Course, N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

Nov. 11th, a.m.: Moderate gale, with cloudy weather; out reefs of fore-staysail. Wind E.S.E. Noon. Lat. $48^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $37^{\circ} 12'$, bar. 30.36. p.m.: Moderate gale, with a very heavy cross sea running from the southward and eastward. At 8h. p.m. increasing gale, with high sea: close-reefed the staysail. Distance per log, 48 miles. Course, N. 3 points E. true.

Nov. 12th, Moderate gale from S.E.b.S. all these 24 hours. Ship head-reaching. Noon. Lat. $49^{\circ} 50'$, lon. $35^{\circ} 59'$. bar. 30.20. 8h. p.m. moderating, but squally. Distance, 58 miles. Course, N. $3\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Nov. 13th, a.m., commences with continued moderate gale from the southward and eastward, accompanied with cloudy weather and a cool "taste of Labrador." Took in the main-trysail, and set the mainsail double-reefed, also the jibs. At 4h. a.m. set the foresail double-reefed. 8h. a.m., weather moderating; shook out all reefs, and set the main-topsail. Wind, S.E.b.S. to S.S.E. Noon. Lat. $50^{\circ} 33'$, lon. $34^{\circ} 6'$, bar. 30.14. 4h. p.m. wind light; working ship to the eastward. 6h. p.m. tacked to the S.E. At 9h. p.m. breeze again freshened from E.S.E.; in main-topsail, and housed topmast. Distance per log 83 miles. Course, N. 5 points E.

Nov. 14, fresh breeze right ahead E.S.E. all the a.m. Noon fresh and clear; lat. $49^{\circ} 29'$, long. $31^{\circ} 24'$ bar. 30.18. At 2h. p.m. another steamer in sight, standing west. At 3h. 30m. p.m. stranger distant two miles; signalled to her, proved to be the steam-ship City of Brooklyn; showed her ensign, and as she was steering to the westward she was very soon out of sight. Mem: never saw so few vessels crossing the Atlantic before. Have not seen single sail beyond the two steamers and the fishing vessels on the Banks since our departure, and no one on board ever had such a hard passage to the eastward, the crew and all hands getting downhearted and pretty well pickled with brine. Distance run, 125 miles; course S. $5\frac{1}{2}$ points E.

Nov. 15, commences with moderate breezes from the eastward. At 8h. a.m. heavy swell getting up from the N.E.; 9h. wind E.N.E., got the topmast up and set the topsail; noon, fresh and clear; lat $48^{\circ} 35'$, long. $27^{\circ} 52'$; bar. 30.26; 3h. p.m., breeze freshened, took in the topsail and housed the topmast; 7h. p.m. wind increasing from N.E.b.E., double-reefed the fore and a sails. Distance run, 144 miles; course S. $6\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Nov. 16, a.m.; strong breezes from N.E. to E.N.E., with very heavy sea making the ship lurch very heavily to leeward. Stowed the mainsail and set the main-trysail, which eased her very much.—p.m.: fresh gale from the northward, squally, with rain and very heavy sea from the N.E., close-reefed

the foresail. Noon: lat. $48^{\circ} 17'$, long. $22^{\circ} 00'$, bar. 29.96. At 2h. p.m. gale increasing, with a heavy sea running, hove the ship to on the port tack under the main-trysail and storm-staysail reefed; wind N.E. At 11h. p.m. lightning in the same quarter. Distance run per log, 245 miles; S. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Nov. 17, a.m.; commences with heavy gales from N.E., with very squally weather, and heavy sea running. Ship hove to, and riding over the seas beautifully. At 4h. p.m. wind moderated. Taking every advantage of the favourable aspects of wind and weather, set the foresail closely reefed, ship's head fore reaching: p.m.: fresh gale, and squally. Lat. at noon $47^{\circ} 54'$, long. $20^{\circ} 21'$, bar. 30.16. At 1h. 30m. p.m. sea going down. Out reefs of storm fore-staysail; kept the ship away, E.S.E. 4h. p.m., moderate gale, with squally and showery weather, which continued throughout the night. Wind E.b.N.; distance per log, 72 miles; course S.b.E. true.

Nov. 18, a.m.; fresh breezes, sea going down, but still squally. Wind variable, and at 4h. a.m. became light from N. to N.W. Set jib: two reefs out of foresail at 8h.; baffling airs all the forenoon. Set the squaresail and full foresail. Wind became moderate from S.W. p.m.; freshening breeze with rain, from W.S.W.; in squaresail. Lat. $48^{\circ} 6' N.$, lon. $17^{\circ} 11'$, bar. 29.80. 4h. p.m. strong breeze, constant rain throughout the p.m. At 7h. p.m. double-reefed the foresail and mainsail. Barometer fell to 29.48. At 8h. p.m. wind shifted round to N.W. and backed to N.N.W., and ceased raining, jibed over. Wind fresh; clear weather throughout the night. Distance run, 128 miles; course N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E.

Nov. 19, a.m.; commences with moderate gale, and squally weather; wind north, which continued throughout the forenoon. Six a.m. fresh and clear; squalls more moderate; all reefs out of the foresail and forestaysail. At 8h. a.m. set small squaresail. Wind N. b. W. At 10h. a.m. set the mainsail; lat. $48^{\circ} 30m'$, lon. $11^{\circ} 53'$, bar. 29.44. p.m., fine weather. 6h. p.m. wind getting lighter and clear, and continued so throughout the night. Distance, 223 miles; course, N. $7\frac{1}{2}$ E.; wind W.N.W.

Nov. 20th, a.m.; moderate breeze from N.W. to west, very heavy swell from N.W., causing the ship to roll heavily; down foresail and mainsail to keep them from bursting. Ship under squaresail only throughout the night. At 2h. 30m. a.m. less sea on, set the foresail and mainsail with two reefs in; sounded, no bottom. At 8h. a.m. got 86 fathoms, coarse sandy gravel. At noon strong breezes. Lat. $49^{\circ} 06'$, lon. $8^{\circ} 50'$, bar. 29.60. At 3h. p.m. passed American ship Enoch Talbot, steering same course up channel. Memo: one hour-and-a-half after passing her had her hull down astern. At 4h. p.m. fresh gale and squally, threatening rain and wind. Took in the squaresail and three reefs in the foresail. At 5h. increased gale, treble reefed the mainsail. At 6h. 30m. p.m. launched the sea messenger overboard, containing our despatches and notes of position. Lat. at noon $49^{\circ} 18m.$, lon. $7^{\circ} 32'$, continued fresh gales, with rain, and squally towards the evening. Distance run per log, 123 miles. Course, N. $6\frac{1}{2}$ points E. true.

Nov. 21st, — a.m.: strong gales, squally with rain, stowed the mainsail, 2h. 30m. a.m. sighted Lizard Lights, bearing N.E., 15 miles. At 3h. a.m.

the light abeam. Distance 11 miles. 6h. a.m. split the foresail close reefed whilst setting the squaresail; down foresail, and set the squaresail double reefed. Noon, Start-Point, bore N.E.½N. Distance, 14 miles. Squally all day, with showers of hail and rain. 2h. p.m., wind moderating; out reefs of the squaresail. 5h. 15m. p.m. abreast of Portland Lights. Distance 8 miles off. 7h. 45m. p.m. saw the Needles red light ahead, bearing east. 8h. 40m. p.m. down squaresail and set the foresail repaired. 9h. 30m. p.m. passed the Needles light. At 9h. 40m. p.m. passed Hurst Castle; fresh wind and squally, with passing showers. At 10h. 15m. p.m. passed Yarmouth. We now felt the effect of the first of the ebb tide. At 11h. 30m. p.m., stowed the mainsail, wind dropping. Out reefs of foresail. At 1h. a.m. let go the anchor off the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, and fired a couple of guns to announce our return. From Sunday mid-day to Monday midnight distance run per log 323 miles. Course, N. 6½ points E.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Nov. 2, at the club house, a large party of members and guests having previously assembled at the house dinner, which was admirably served by Mr. Powell, the house manager. Ten new members were elected, including the following yacht owners:—B. A. Arnold, Esq., Christabel, cutter, 51 tons; Capt G. E. A. Ross, Heron, cutter, 49 tons; and Capt W. Crosbie-Harvey, Lizzie, cutter, 28 tons. Several yacht owners are proposed for the next ballot on Wednesday, Dec. 6. The schooner Helen, 280 tons, J. Blyth, Esq., has sailed from Plymouth, and the clipper cutter Oimara, 165 tons, J. Wylie, Esq., from Southampton, both for the Mediterranean. The schooners Flower of Yarrow, 230 tons, Lord Suffield, and the Leonora, 117 tons, Col G. H. Dempster, are also outward bound during the present month.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above club was on Monday, November 21st, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The chair was taken by C. Borrás, Esq., and after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed some gentlemen were elected members of the club. The following are stewards for the annual dinner, to take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St James's, on Tuesday, Dec 13, of whom tickets may be had:—The Commodore, the Vicé-Commodore, the Rear-Commodore, the Treasurer, Mr. Undersheriff Crossley, Messrs. E. S. Bulmer, Edwin Croesley, J. S. Earle, Telford Field, William Green, Marshall Hall, S. F. Oriel, W. H. Ridgway, W. H. Trego, R. Tress, John Tull, James Vickers, E. Vigers, Wellborne, and R. J. Wood.

New Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above club, preceded by a house dinner, at which a numerous party of members sat down, was held on Nov. 10th at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, the Commodore J. D. Lee, Esq., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting have

been read and confirmed, A. C. Sherriff, Esq., M.P., and C. Hayman, Esq. of the Niobe cutter, 40 tons, were unanimously elected members of the club. A. Wilkinson, Esq., brought his prize, won by the Gloriana in the Harwich match of the club in 1869, for inspection. As winners of prizes in this club have the option of selecting whatever they please, A. Wilkinson, Esq., had chosen a pair of very antique cups, which as specimens of their class of art were much admired.

Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—This club held their final meeting for the season of 1870, at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on Monday evening, the 14th November, the Commodore in the chair, all the flag-officers and a large number of members being present. The accounts of the past season were first read and audited by which it appeared that the gross income for the past season reached £517 12s., and the expenditure £481 17s. 4d., out of which £446 7s. had racing prizes, £2 2s. Life-boat Society subscription and the residue, £33 8s. 4d., in expenses of management, printing, matches, &c., leaving a balance of £35 14s. 8d. in the hands of the Treasurer, which was ordered to be deposited in bank, at interest, until next season. The club sailed during the year thirteen distinct races, including those to and from Holyhead, and from Bangor (Belfast) to Lamlash, and has been favoured generally with excellent weather for their matches. The number of members have gradually grown until it has nearly reached the limit (200) of ordinary members prescribed by its rules, and after striking out the names of five gentlemen whose subscriptions remained unpaid, and selecting two others in their room, the list now stands:—Life members, 11; ordinary, 196; temporary, 2; honorary, 3—Total, 212. Number of yachts 87. Several motions were brought forward and discussed, one to adopt the Commercial code of signals, with a supplement, on the plan of the New York Yacht Club, for the use of the club; and another to allow members to compound their annual subscriptions by a life payment of £10, such members however not to be reckoned in the number to which the club is limited, being carried. A committee was appointed to enquire into the proper definition of "a yawl," which had caused much discussion during the racing season in this and other clubs, their report to be sent in at the meeting on the 12th of April next. The annual dinner was fixed for the 24th January, another committee being appointed to manage it, and the club poet was requested to have a new song written for the occasion. The meeting then separated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The annual dinner of this club took place on Monday at the Freemasons' Tavern, —Cecil Long, Esq., the Commodore, presiding. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts —Percival Turner, Esq., the treasurer, proposed "The Prince of Wales Yacht Club." He observed that the club had now been in existence for 20 years; he hoped it might long continue to flourish for the advancement of the sport of yachting.—E. Knibbs, Esq., proposed "The Flag Officers," who, he said, had most zealously discharged their duties. The Commodore was always at his post, whether afloat or ashore. He was the first in the club, and the last to leave; and

they could not find a man who, by his bearing and conduct, had won more universal respect and esteem. Their Vice-Com. was a thorough yachtsman, and devoted as much time as he possibly could to their service. The Rear-Commodore was equally deserving of praise, though he regretted to say that ill health had latterly deprived the club, to some extent, of his valuable services.—The Commodore expressed the gratification he felt at their appreciation of his services, and assured them that he would do all in his power, by the expenditure of time and exertion, to command success. As yachting clubs increased and advanced the more time and application became necessary to uphold the position of the body, and nothing should be wanting on his part to conduce to the continued and permanent prosperity of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The Vice-Commodore returned thanks with the expression of his earnest wish at all times to advance the prosperity of the club. The Rear-Commodore was unfortunately not present to express his acknowledgments. Several other toasts followed, including "The Treasurer and the Rest of the Officers," and P. Turner, Esq., in returning thanks, said that he had had the honour of being their treasurer since the formation of the club, which he looked upon as his child, and for which he had ever been happy to devote his time and energies.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above club was held on Nov. 9th. The chair was taken by J. Boyd, Esq., the commodore, faced by I. Pick, Esq., the vice. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the following officers of the club, including the sailing committee, were appointed stewards, with leave to add to their number, for the anniversary dinner of the club on Wednesday, the 14th proximo:—The flag officers, the Treasurer, Hon Sec., cup bearer, Sir C. W. Dilke, M. P., and W. Boggett, Esq., J. B. Bonnin, Esq., J. Gould, Esq., J. Gardner, Esq., J. Harris, Esq., T. Keen, Esq., A. Keep, Esq., G. D. Lister, Esq., W. L. Lowe, Esq., J. A. Farnfield, and J. W. Thompson, Esq. The expediency of the annual ball and its time of fixture having been fully ventilated, it was unanimously resolved that that event should take place on the last Friday in January or first in February next, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

Temple Yacht Club.—The monthly general meeting of this club was held on Nov. 3rd, at the club-house, —Thompson, Esq., presided, and —Fleuret, Esq., occupied the vice-chair. —Warren, Esq., jun., of Woolwich, was unanimously elected a member. A handsome field-glass was presented to the late Commodore, —Hildersley, as a token of the recognition of his long services to the club. This was subscribed for by the members, and was presented by —Thompson, Esq., amidst great applause.

FINE ARTS.

WE HAVE to thank Mr. Bridson for a print of his successful cutter yacht *Muriel*, in which she is represented winning the Royal Albert Cup, August 19th, 1870. It is from a painting by Mr. Arthur Fowles, of Ryde, and drawn by Mr. T. G. Dutton; it is almost needless to say that it is rendered with that accuracy for which they are so celebrated, adding another gem to our collection of yachting portraits.

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